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MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

COLONEL MACERONI,

LATE AIDE-DE-CAMP TO JOACHIM MURAT,
KING OF NAPLES—KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
AND OF ST. GEORGE OF THE TWO SICILIES—
EX-GENERAL OF BRIGADE, IN THE SERVICE OF THE REPUBLIC
OF COLOMBIA, &c., &c., &c.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE LIFE OF

COLONEL FRANCIS MACERONI.

DURING the entire journey King Joachim appeared overwhelmed with mental suffering; he took no rest and scarcely any nourishment the whole of that long period. No sooner was the Emperor Napoleon informed of the withdrawal of King Joachim from the command of the army without his permission than, filled with indignation, he wrote a letter expressive of it to his sister, the Queen of Naples. Two days afterwards he addressed his brother-in-law at Naples, reproaching him with the want of moral and passive courage, and concluding with the following remarkable passage:—"I think that you are *not* one of that number who hold the lion to be dead; but if you should so calculate, you will find yourself mistaken."* These letters of the Emperor arrived at Naples a few days subsequently to the arrival of the King, who appeared to be in a state of mind difficult to describe. Instead of entering his capital he descended at the palace of Caserta, where the Queen and his children awaited him. It was observed that the meeting with his wife was not quite such as might have been expected, or in accordance with their usual demonstrations

* This is one of the letters which we shall see falsified and misdated by Lord Castlereagh in 1805.

of confidence and affection. This circumstance gave rise to various reports about court intrigue and calumnies, supposed to have been the cause of the King's unexpected and precipitate return.

Although it must be allowed that King Joachim had conducted the army entrusted to his command into convenient and comparatively safe quarters previously to his leaving it as above described, the Emperor Napoleon, over and above the displeasure he had expressed by letter to his sister and her husband, thought fit to give public evidence of his anger by causing to be inserted in the *Moniteur* an official announcement in the following words :—"The King of Naples being ill has left the command of the army and placed it in the hands of the viceroy of Italy. The latter is more accustomed to great administrations, and has the confidence of the Emperor."

Stung to the quick by this certainly unjust comparison, or rather open insult of his brother-in-law, the King addressed to him the following remonstrance which, having never appeared in this country, I will venture to transcribe in an abridged condition.

"Sire,—The wound inflicted on my honour is given, and it is not in your Majesty's power to heal it. You have insulted an old companion in arms faithful to you in your dangers, not little instrumental to your victories—the sustainer of your greatness; the re-animator of your waning courage on the eighteenth *Brumaire*.

"When a man, you say, has the honour to be allied to your illustrious family, he should do nothing to peril its interests or cast a shadow upon its splendour. And I, Sire, say to you in reply, that your family has received from me as much honour as it has conferred through my alliance with Caroline.

"Although a King, a thousand times have I sighed for those times when only an officer I had superiors, but no master. Become a king, but in this high station tyrannized over by your Majesty, dominated in my family, I have felt more than ever the want of independence—the

thirst for liberty. Thus do you afflict—thus do you sacrifice to your suspicions the men who are most faithful to you, and who have served you best in the career of your stupendous fortunes. Thus was Fouché immolated to Savary, Talleyrand to Champagny, Champagny himself to Bassano, and Murat to Beauharnais—to Beauharnais, who with you has the merit of dumb obedience, and that other merit (more grateful still, because more servile) of having cheerfully announced to the senate of France your repudiation of his own mother!

"I can no longer withhold from my people some restoration of trade and relief from the evils which the maritime war has brought upon them.

"From what I have said to your Majesty and of myself, it is evident that our mutual and ancient confidence is somewhat shaken, but, maugre the wrongs I have endured, I am still your brother and faithful brother-in-law. (Signed) "JOACHIM."

This letter, written and dispatched in the heat of passion being irrevocable, King Joachim conceived that the choler of the Emperor would know no bounds, and he therefore began to think seriously of his means of defence. And here I must mention a circumstance which is known but to a very few individuals, but which will be held of importance by all those who take an interest in the progress of European civilization and social improvement. The more free and prosperous communities there exist in the world, the more must *this* free and great commercial nation, Great Britain, derive benefit by the interchange of produce and the absence of despotic caprice.

So early as 1810, several enlightened Neapolitans and two other men of name, station, and ability, belonging to other parts of Italy, began to make together the following reflections: As I was myself, even at that early age, in the confidence of most of the leading men of energy and intellect in Naples and Rome, and of others who from other parts of Italy, congregated to those centres of political operations, I am able to speak of many things which have

never found their way to the public. The circumstances which formed the basis of the hopes and operations of these organs of the patriots of *La Bella Italia*, were, that Murat was audacious, ambitious, easy of counsel, and thirsting for all fame of an honourable and beneficial nature. The French Empire was the sole centre and prop of the new order of social improvement, and the abolition of privileges; but it did not yet possess that species of solidity in the minds of the masses, derivable from TIME,—and the obedience of the army, the respect of the people, the fear of foreign nations,—that is the power of France,—depended on the life of Napoleon. This life was exposed, not only by the ordinary casualties of human existence, but by the "chances" of war, and the *possible* overthrow of power from various combinations unforeseen. Thus, this vast mass of power and means of social improvement was, in fact, exposed to sudden fracture and overthrow. The only means of deriving sure and lasting advantage from this wonderful combination of French and Italian *present preponderance*, was to form a union of the various inhabitants of Italy, which should cause a national mass to agglomerate, to which the recent assimilation of laws, civil and military institutions, riches, desires, and common interests of the hitherto heterogeneous sectional divisions of Italians, would smooth the way. This union of Italy might in reality be considered as *morally* effected, and nothing more was wanting to make it so politically, than a fitting opportunity, which, in such changeful and eventful times might occur at any moment, and a *man* adequate to the occasion and the purpose, was to be found ready in the person of Joachim, king of Naples. These cogitations having been communicated to Murat, he kept them profoundly secret, not only from his ministers, but even from his wife, whose communications with her brother excited his fears.

The King of Naples, rich beyond measure in military glory, *comparatively* poor in civil merit, and in the hopes inspired in social philosophers, should, in order to unite the hopes and suffrages of the Italian patriots, have turned his energies towards the cultivation of all good opinions, giving to his people constitutions conformable to the wants and intelligence of the age, and in external affairs remain faithful but not subject to France; the enemy to the enemies of France, not from personal enmity, but from befitting alliance. Such were the means that the King of Naples should have employed for the legitimate conquest of Italy. Such were really his intentions; but circumstances induced him to act after the fashion of a conspirator, and, in fact, with some spice of the delinquency of one.

The conspirators (I will venture to call them) who had before blown the flame of discord between the Emperor and his brother-in-law, and excited in his mind ideas of independence and aggrandizement, did not fail to avail themselves of this return of the King from Russia in a state of discord with the Emperor, to represent to him the favourable juncture as being now arrived; Italy, ill guarded by French troops, and all Europe in arms, but stationed along the banks of the Elbe. Napoleon was checked, and not likely to return to the full assumption of his past power, at least not before the independence of united Italy might be achieved, and then perhaps supported by other powers for the sake of circumscribing the dominion of France. All these splendid contemplations, arranged with art and ardour, were proposed to be embodied into a first measure of offering peace to England.

We are now in the first month of 1813, and for the moment, I will leave the King of Naples at Naples, and accompany my readers in my peregrinations about Rome, on the way to which, I have lately introduced them to the

bears, wolves, lynxes of the neighbourhood,and to the fish, ducks, and estuaries of the celebrated lake of Fucino. However, as I am bound to introduce myself and my doings to my readers, in a work with such a title-page as this has, in something like consecutive biography, I must, to avoid anachronism, go back to Naples for a moment, previously to proceeding with my sojourn at Rome, in 1812 and 1813.

In 1811, I instituted an archery club at Naples, amongst the principal young men of the upper classes of society, and many of the generals and chief officers of the French army. How to get bows and arrows, was my only dilemma. But having been always in the habit of practising mechanical work, I was not long before I succeeded beyond my utmost expectations. I tried walnut, ash, elm, large rattan canes,—but at last I fixed upon accacia and yew. To obtain these woods, I ransacked all the carpenters' shops, and timber yards of Naples, and, moreover, I sent to Rome, where yew is abundant, and obtained from there a great number of trees of admirable straight grain, which would throw an English bowyer into extacies. After making above a score of yew and accacia bows, with which my friends and myself shot as well as the members of any archery club in Great Britain, I thought of the absurdity of taking so much trouble, in constructing bows of wood, when all the various appliances of steel shew that that substance is by far the best we can possibly adopt for the formation of a spring. I mention this in pity for the many amateurs of archery, who with wooden bows, strain every nerve to draw the arrow to its proper point, and then are rewarded by a spring or re-action of the wood, of less than half the velocity which would have been furnished by a bow of steel of similar weight and length. The short horn bows, of the Chinese, Calmucks, Hindoos, &c., have twice the spring and elasticity of the very best yew or

other wooden bow; but, being too short, the propelling return is too brief to communicate the due velocity to the arrow, which, according to the average of human stature, should be about three feet long, so have a propelling push of about two-thirds of that length. It is wonderful how mankind are disposed to follow their noses, and every old mere *usage;* hence the *wooden* bow manufactory, when *steel* would answer the purpose far better, and at half the cost. Should any reader of mine, desire to know who ever made a steel bow for me, I can point out a clever locksmith at Paris, named Georges, who in 1814, lived in the Rue Castiglioni, near the Tuileries. The steel long bow he made for me, was five feet two inches long, gradually tapering from the horns to the centre, which was made of sufficiently prehensible thickness, by being surrounded with a cylinder of wood about an inch or more diameter. Let my toxophilite readers try a long bow of steel, and they will thank me for the suggestion.

Shortly after I had introduced archery into the court circle at Naples, the Swiss merchants and *employées,* at Naples, to the number of more than twenty men of wealth and taste, constituted an analogous club. Our aristocratic union had been contented with a large marquee tent, to set up on the occasions of our meetings,—but these Swiss gentlemen took a piece of ground on Capo di Monte, built on it a beautiful Swiss thatched cottage, with permanent butts, and every convenience, not forgeting all desirable arrangements for good cheer. Further, a renowned maker of bows, called an *Arctiste,* of Lausanne, supplied his Swiss customers at Naples, with a collection of the most beautiful-looking-backed bows, that ever I saw in my life; but the arrows were out of all proportion to the bows which were six feet long, the former being only eighteen inches, and the too flexible bows propelled them, when drawn to the head,

scarcely fifty yards. With the bows and arrows made by mine own hands, I arranged some matches between my club and the Swiss, and we beat them hollow. I found that my bows would shoot two hundred yards, with an elevation of not more than twenty degrees. But I have no more space for archery and will proceed to cricket, which I established in like manner, and out of the same elements that had formed the archery union.

My cricket club included almost every man (not in his senility) of the Neapolitan court, of the French and Neapolitan chief authorities, military, naval, and administrative. The first difficulty was to get bats and balls; I set to work and made both with my own hands. Our archery tent, served for the cricket play, which we always followed up, by a field repast of maccaroni, cold fowls, hams, tongues, &c., and store of wines As most of the parties who enjoyed the pleasures of these cheerful and healthful unions, are yet alive, and as I am persuaded that they will look back with pleasure to such happy days of unreserved friendship and enjoyment, I will record the names of as many as I can on the spur of the moment call to mind. First we had the three sons of the Prince Colonna Stigliano, Ferdinand, Marcantony, and Carlo; the Prince Cariati, Prince Gustave of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, and (without more titles) Roccaromana, Monteleone, Carracioli; two of the Riario Sforza, A. Buousolazzi, Count Scotti, Campomele, Pandolfelli Lansilao, La Greca, Noja, Cassano Serra, Cirella, Angri, Marcantonio Doria Collona, and many other Neapolitans. Moreover, Counts Cicogna and Crivelli of Milan, and of the French, General Lanus, Colonels Franceschi, Rose, Fillieulle, Chief Commissaries Delandes, Ricamier, and others, amongst which I must not forget to mention my good friend Rambaud, with whom my readers are already well acquainted; and a most

excellent player he was. A worthy Englishman, named Jones, was also of the party, and a good player, we shall see him by and by, a distinguished diplomatist. Our first games were played in the fields behind the *Ponte della Maddalena*. We afterwards played in the Royal gardens of Capo di Monte, where we pitched our tent, and were several times honoured by the presence of the Queen and her children who came to see us play, the latter partaking in the sport. By subscribing a small monthly sum each, and from the produce of fines, exacted from those members who failed to attend, or who came too late, we had ample funds for our trifling expenses.

Out of the same personal materials, with the addition of many others, I established a weekly dinner party, which was held first at Janiot's, of whom I have spoken, and afterwards transferred to Antonio's at the Villa Reale. This weekly dinner, soon became celebrated, and excited much public attention. I was the president, and my friends piqued themselves upon observing all my directions, of which we made bye laws, relative to toasts, drinking, speechifying &c., in accordance to the English usages. Such a union had never been heard of at Naples, if we except the Masonic lodges and festivals, which since the Government of the French had been sanctioned by the police. For such of my readers as have not *resided* in Italy to form any idea of the cheapness and excellence of the living in that wonderful country, it would be necessary for them to understand the extraordinary variety of delicious articles of food, appertaining to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, of which we have no knowledge whatever in this country. At this dinner of the *Imperturbabili*, as we called ourselves, every delicate as well as substantial dish abounded. Each began with a bottle of excellent Falernian or Lachrymæ Christi wine by his side, not such "*vin ordinaire*," as you

get in France, but such as in that country would cost six francs a bottle. Our pastry, confectionery and dessert were admirable, ending by a cup of *proper* coffee and liqueur. For all this we only paid five shillings a-head. To be sure, we drank a large extra dose of champagne, hock, claret, &c., which I did more out of compliment than taste; for with the exception of the champagne, to the amount of a glass or two, I preferred the neat Neapolitan wines to any of the French. While speaking of wines, I would recommend my readers, who like brisk, sparkling, effervescing wines like champagne, which are particularly grateful in hot weather, whenever they may be at Rome, to call for the best vino d'Orvieto, which has not the maukish sweetness of some champagne, but all the effervescing, thirst-laying qualities. At Naples, they will find a white wine very similar to the Orvieto, called vino Asprigno d'Aversa, the best qualities of which are really equal in flavour and "bouquet" to the hock of Johannesberg, being at the same time as brisk as champagne. The qualities of wines in Italy, putting the differences of atmospheric temperature aside, depend upon the localities, soil and training. In the plains where the soil is rich, several different crops are growing simultaneously below; either mulberries for the silk-worms, or poplars for firewood and mushrooms are growing, at intervals of about twenty feet. Cherry, apple, peach, almond or locust accacia often supply the place of mulberries or poplars, over many thousand acres. On such lands, the vines are trained up the trees, and pass in picturesque festoons, from one to another. But when the soil is rich, and the trees high, the grapes are produced at such a distance from the ground as to yield a wine, very abundant in quantity, but comparatively weak in quality. There certainly are some exceptions and limitations to this rule, because in situations of sloping sides of mountains and in vallies exposed to

reverberating rays of the sun, the grapes, however highly suspended, produce most excellent and powerful wine. Just about St. Eufemia and Maida, for instance, the wine grown in that way is stronger than port, with the fragrance of Hermitage, it is called Vino del Diamante. The light sparkling wine I have above recommended called Asprigno, is the produce of the rich lands about Aversa, seven miles from Naples, which with three growing crops below, is covered with mulberry and fruit trees up which the vines are trained to the height of thirty feet. The best and strongest wines, are produced from dry rocky soils,—hence those called Falernian from the Basaltic grounds of Cuma, and Lachrymæ Christi from the lava of Mount Vesuvius. In order to secure moisture to the roots of the vines, even at the end of the hot dry Italian summers, and in such soils, they are, in the first instance, planted in holes from eight to twelve feet deep, which is a very expensive operation. Of course, a bed of solid Basaltic lava, often interrupts the sinking of such pits, but fissures are looked for, and the holes are always made as deep as possible. In planting all sorts of trees, be it remembered, that the holes should never be round but square. In a circular hole the growing roots will run round and round, without penetrating, as if confined to the limits of a flower pot, but in a square one, upon getting to an angle, in they will go and extend themselves abroad. In many countries, vast extents of coppice wood is grown for the purpose of furnishing every seven years, a crop of wood for hoops, hop-poles, bakers faggots, and in France, fire-wood. An error prevails in the management of this crop. The woodmen cut the shoots from the stumps, close to the ground, and leave the lower ends to all the effects of evaporation and vegetable "bleeding." I have, on several occasions recommended friends of mine who possessed such property, to cause the

wood-cutters to be accompanied by a man or boys with spades, and so sson as the stumps are cleared of the crop of poles, to cover them over, and daub or *seal* them as much as possible with wet earth, or if possible with clay. And my friends as well as myself, have lived to find the great advantage of my suggestion, by the succeeding crop being fit to cut again, two years sooner than before.

I have seen vineyards covered and destroyed by the lava and Rapilla from Mount Vesuvius,—and no sooner was the surface of the lava cool, than the indefatigable and intelligent farmers, would employ a number of men, women and children to break the outer scoriæ with hammers, and conveying earth from a distance, very speedily re-establish the fruit-bearing attributes of their land. Thus were the recently-formed volcanic islands of Stromboli, Volcano and others of the Lipari group, rendered productive and inhabitable. After the rough scoriæ were broken, earth was brought from the neighbouring islands and even from Sicily; and now Stromboli and Volcano, which have only arisen from the bottom of the sea, within the last fifty years, having gradually extended their conical bases, as I have elsewhere described, are now inhabited by several hundred families who, by dint of intelligence and industry, enjoy a comfortable existence.

A stream of lava left to itself, is many many years before exhibiting any signs of vegetation on its surface. Of course, the first productions consist of lichens, which decomposing, furnish hold for other vegetations of similar but enlarged species. Then come mosses, then coarse grasses. When once these graminous tribes become established, their decomposed parts soon form deposits of vegetable detritus or mould, in the recesses and cavities; then ferns which supply much substance at the mere expense of the atmosphere, produce a layer which, on so uneven a surface, offers facilities to

intelligent industrious men,for the application of their labour. But, I mean to say, that a stream of lava, in an elevated situation, not flanked on both sides by cultivated land, is more than twenty years before it produces a blade of coarse grass, even in the hollows. The subterranean heat retained by the lava, stimulates vegetation in an astonishing degree, when once it can be established.

To return to, and put an end to, our weekly dinners of the *Imperturbabili*, I will mention, that the minister of police of Naples, Maghella, was informed that language of a very free and bold description was often held at our table, and that *I* was foremost in discussing the merits of state affairs, whenever the conversation on passing events offered me an opportunity. The conversation to which the informer particularly alluded was the following: When King Joseph arrived at Bayonne, on his way to assume the Crown of Spain, he published a decree, called a "*Royal Statute*," concerning the kingdom of Naples, of which he was as yet the acknowledged sovereign. This "*Statuto Reale*" was nothing more or less than a veritable constitution, which it was declared imperative on his successor to adopt.* It provided at chapter 8, for the establishment of a representative legislative assembly, or parliament, composed of one hundred members, selected from the clergy, nobility, landowners, and merchants. But the king was to elect eighty out of these hundred puppets, and only twenty were to be chosen by electoral assemblies named by the king. Although the application of this constitution to the kingdom of Naples was consented to, and guaranteed by, the Emperor Napoleon, Murat had never said a word about it after mounting the throne of Naples. Now I happened to speak of this matter one day after dinner, and remarked, that it was just as well

* See Vol. i. p. 303.

that our king had *not* set up this *statute*, inasmuch as his government, conducted under his own benevolence and good intentions, was far better than such a mockery of a constitution which might have suited some people in the sixteenth century, but surely not the Italians of the nineteenth. I also ventured to surmise, that the Emperor had patronised this production for the purpose of gaining popularity with the Spanish people, on whom he was about to confer a king in the person of his brother Joseph. Further, in my conversation, I frequently alluded to the comparatively greater liberty of England, but certainly always predicated the vast and satisfactory difference which existed between the dark, ferocious, monkish despotism of the expelled Bourbons, and the government of Joachim,—despotic, certainly in *principle*, but acting with liberality under equal laws; commerce, science, art encouraged, every social and municipal good, progressing. However, it seems that *any* conversation on such matters alarmed the police minister Maghella. He sent for me; and after a few minutes' conversation, he accepted my invitation to dine with us at our next weekly meeting. He came—eat, and drank, and talked as much as any of us—and on several other occasions favoured us with his company. The only one of our comrades who did not relish his company was the Prince Mecklenburg Schwerin, who said he could not abide Maghella, because, for all he was a minister of state, it was for the police department, and in his part of Germany every person connected with the police was looked upon as infamous. The prince, I think, must have had some other private reason of dislike, because he was of far too liberal a mind, and open, kind, good-natured a disposition, to seriously entertain such vagaries.

From the 25th of January, 1813, to the 10th of February, the cold was so unusually intense at Rome, that the lake in

the magnificent villa Borghese was frozen over sufficiently for skating. At that time there were no English travellers at Rome, but many German and Dutch visitors of rank and fortune. Amongst others, I became most intimate with Barons Rochow, of Potsdam, and Echardstein, of Berlin, of whom I shall have occasion to speak at the capitulation of Paris in 1815. These young gentlemen, about half-a-dozen other foreigners, amongst which the French emigrant, Count Dutertre, and Mr. Landou, besides my Neapolitan friend, Ciccillo Caracciolo, and myself, in all about a dozen, formed a dinner union, so as to dine together every day (when not engaged *en ville*) at an hotel in the Piazza di Spagna. Any member might propose and introduce a friend; otherwise our party was exclusive; and here again I will observe on the excellence and cheapness of living in Italy. We always had six or eight capital dishes, including game of all kinds, good wine and dessert, and all for three shillings a head.

Some of this pleasant party were in the habit of walking out together every day. An English gentleman, who was sojourning at Rome for the study of painting, named Hullmandel, very often joined us, and soon became a member of our table. This was a most valuable acquisition, as all those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hullmandel must be well aware of. A decided genius in his art, he possessed social and convivial qualities of the very highest order, and was a welcome guest in many of the first houses at Rome. The last day or so of January, Rochow, Echardstein, and myself, happening to walk through the villa Borghese, discovered that the ice upon the lake would bear our weight. Immediately the desire to skate assailed me, we went to dinner, and afterwards visited every smith's and ironmongery shop we could find, in search of skates,—but none were to be found, and nobody could

possibly comprehend what kind of instrument we wanted. At last, in the shop kept by the widow of a German smith, in the Via Condotti, we were told by the old woman herself, that she thought she could remember how some twenty years ago her good and dear departed man had made for himself an apparatus answering to the things which we described, and, after rummaging over a heap of lumber, she actually gladdened our eyes with the view of as neat a pair of "slippers" (steel, not glass) as ever I had put upon my feet. But we were, three skaters — ambitious of displaying our feats — so novel to the inhabitants of Rome. What was to be done! A thaw might supervene. What a singular occasion lost. The skates discovered were mine,— but I generously decided on sharing with my ambitious friends the honour of having been a skater at Rome. So taking them to pieces, I gave the making of three pairs of irons and screws to the good old relic of the German, and promising to pay for the work its weight in silver,—in twenty-four hours, the irons of three pair of skates were finished. In a similar way I got the wooden parts constructed by a cooper,—the straps by a saddler; so that on the 1st of February we started four skaters on the lake of the villa Borghese. These exhibitors of so novel a sport at Rome were Barons Rochow and Echardstein, Mr. Landou, a Frenchman,—and myself. I think Hullmandel was also of the number.

The news spread far and wide in the "dull" city of Rome of the wonders performed on the ice by Maceroni and his friends. From mid-day till three o'clock the gardens were thronged with the equipages of all the "fashionables" of Rome; and thousands of "promenaders" came to see the unheard-of spectacle of people "flying over the ice." Ladies, who at first shuddered at the sight of others standing on a support considered to be so fragile, very soon

took confidence, and were seen walking arm in arm upon the slippery surface. At last the 10th of February brought a thaw, and I doubt whether the subjects of his holiness have ever since seen a similar exhibition.

The French authorities were very numerous in Rome at this period, and they formed a section of the most delightful, social intercourse. It was on this occasion that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Madame Barthe, the present minister of justice at Paris; Colonel Desmoulins, whose Polish wife was universally admired for her very extraordinary stature, beauty, and simplicity of manners, and Monsieur Norvinse de Monbreton who was the French Chief Commissioner of police at Rome, and has since greatly distinguished himself as a literary man of the first calibre, by his contributions to the minutes of the "Institute" and to the "Nouvelle Biographie des Contemporains," a work of great extent, in biographical and critical research. General Miolis, the French governor of Rome, now called the second city of the French empire, represented the regal authority, as the young king of Rome was not yet of an age to occupy the royal palace prepared for his residence with all the appropriate officers and arrangements. The balls and dinners given by Miolis were very splendid, and altogether the presence of the French contributed to brush off a great deal of the apathetic rust contracted by the Roman nobility and upper classes in their constant intercourse with dull, intriguing priests.

It may be as interesting to physiologists as to "men of the world" to learn, that the four most beautiful of the leading ladies of "rank and fashion," at this time accounted the most attractive in Rome, and preserving all the real freshnesss and buoyancy of youth, were all just turned forty years of age. These were the Duchess of Santi,—of Cesarini, Nanna Candalore, and Lalla Cataldi. I could mention

many other cases of the durability of Italian female beauty, especially at Rome, Bologna, and Milan. Many of the Italian female peasants, from constant exposure to the influence of a hot sun, certainly suffer in the early tanning and crisping of the skin. But the contrast will be well exemplified by looking at the women employed in the silk *filatura's*, and other unexposed employments.

The Roman school of fencing is an humble rival of that of Naples, and very inferior in its attributes of point—not foil. The best fencer at Rome was a fine young man, a hatter by trade, and shortly after my arrival, a master and Assaltanti, whom, of course, I engaged, spread such reports of my fencing prowess as to bring about a grand match between the hatter and me. All the fencers of Rome assembled. We fought sixteen rounds; he hit me twice; I hit him sixteen times; five of which hits he got before he touched me the first time. I received the second hit from becoming negligent and tired of poking him. The Roman school of fencing has a very particular and unique feature, which is called *la ceduta*; but which, as Englishmen are no lovers of that art, it would be tiresome for me to describe, and for them to read.

A very singular piece of antiquity exists in the lake of Nemi, of which I have never seen any mention made by travellers. On the north-east side of the lake, in about forty feet water, lie the ruins of a large floating palace constructed by the Emperor Claudius or by Nero. The lakes of Albano and Nemi are the craters of extinct volcanos, from which, at the time when they were covered by the sea, has proceeded all that vast quantity of tuffo and puzzolana which covers the *Campagna di Roma.* The high, steep banks of these circular lakes, covered with most beautiful trees and villas, cause one side of the water below to be constantly sheltered from the wind. Hence a floating habitation will give the choice of shade and shelter, or sunshine, as the

season may require. The way in which I became acquainted with this sunken palace was quite accidental. Being one evening in my punt about to lay some eel lines, the fisherman whom I employed told me, that the best place in that vicinity was "about the old palace." I stared and looked about. What palace? said I. I see plenty of houses and cottages, and ruins, on the hills around, but they are not even quite at the water's edge. My man rejoined:—"I mean about the wooden palace *under* water in which the Emperor Claudius used to live." Delighted and excited by this announcement more than I should have been by the capture of a thousand eels as big as the mast of a ship, I hastened to the spot, but the declining sun had sunk below the high crater wood-clothed margin of the lake, and looking down into the limpid waters, all seemed dark and blue, and nothing could be seen but the hills and trees, and my own anxious physiognomy reflected in the watery mirror. However, I laid my lines, the hooks being baited with the thighs of frogs, and next morning I found fourteen eels, all about a pound a piece, and some of three pounds weight. Moreover, a brilliant sunshine enabled me to see the sunken palace, which appeared to be about one hundred feet square and fifteen to twenty feet high. How did I then regret not having the command of a diving-bell! What most curious and precious objects of antiquity might not be found in the interior of this construction? But this discovery I must leave to some future traveller, who may have the means of causing a diving-bell to be constructed at Rome, and know how to use it. As for myself, I mentioned the discovery to General Miolis, the imperial locum tenens, or Governor of Rome, and also to the learned antiquary, Mr. Norvinse de Monbreton, but nothing was done. I still entertained the hope of achieving the investigation at some future period; but great political

events so soon and rapidly succeeded, as to place the matter out of my power and thoughts.

It was really astonishing how every place that became occupied by the French was speedily improved in every way that the ingenuity and good taste of man could possibly devise. He who had left Rome when under the withering leaden influence of the Popish theocratic government and returned thither only three years after its having been constituted a portion of the French Empire, would surely think that Aladdin or some powerful enchanter had been exercising his beautifying and restoring art! Old houses pulled down; new ones erected; new roads, walks, and fountains. The *forum Romanum* (*Campo Vaccino*) covered with antique buildings—the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, the temples of Jupiter Stator, of Peace, of Antoninus Pius and Faustina, &c., entirely cleared of the thirteen feet stratum of rubbish that covered its original level and partly buried the ancient buildings, so as to present the original pavement. The same process was completed in the square containing the column of Trajan. The sewers, including the main one or Cloaca Maxima, were cleansed and restored to their original purpose. The squares and streets cleared of the heaps of dung and filth (immondezzaj) of which I have already spoken. The entire city brilliantly lighted up with similar Argand lamps with parabolic reflectors as at Naples. In fine, the whole face of the place so washed, altered, and improved, that I doubt whether its holy father, the Pope Pius VII., whom the Protestant minister, Castlereagh, sent back to Rome in 1814, could recognise its identity.

The moral and social improvements kept pace with the material. The introduction of the Code Napoleon; open trial and excellent police; certainty of punishment; abolition, of course, of all asylums for criminals; schools estab-

lished; convents turned into manufactories or academies; in fine, every thing done to promote peace, happiness, and instruction; to diminish crime and suffering.

Under this system violence and assassination ceased. The Romans, who some years previously had assured me that their blood was so hot, and their sense of insult so acute, as to make it impossible for them to refrain from the use of the stilo, now became "cool as cucumbers." The absurd and Draco laws of the Popes against the *carrying* about the person sharp-pointed knives, and even against using such at table, became obsolete. People were not troubled about what weapons they *carried* any more than they are in England; but the *improper use* of them was sure to be visited by condign punishment. Very few murders or homicides occurred during the French dominion at Rome. But one very curious case took place while I was there in 1813, which I will venture to give to my readers.

As I have before taken occasion to predicate, gambling is the most prolific parent of every vice, crime, and degradation which can possibly afflict humanity. Gambling was the cause of the murder I am about to recite, and gambling will, as long as it is tolerated in society in any shape, either in private company, in skulking "hells;" in splendid licensed shops of financial infamy; on the stock exchanges; the race-course, or in the aristocratical club dens,—spread vice and misery around, pollute the minds of men, and convert thousands of useful, honest members of society into hardened, desperate villains.

A merchant at Rome named Venturi, an importer of manufactured goods, of considerable property and fair repute, became addicted to this vice, which in a year or two led him into an abyss of embarrassment and confusion. His most intimate and constant friend was a gentleman of landed property, and a considerable dealer in wheat, who had latterly

been frequently called upon to supply his pecuniary wants. On one or two occasions, when applying for the aid of money, Venturi had remarked that his constant friend and benefactor had taken the sum required from a large chest, or rather escrutoire, in his bed-room. One night, after having had a very severe loss at play, Venturi retired to bed in a state of mental agony and distraction, which was particularly remarked by his unhappy, suffering wife and family. Early next morning, he arose and went out at an hour quite unusual to him. He proceeded to the house of Garofalo, who was yet fast asleep in bed. A servant, however, was up and engaged in cleaning the fire-place of a room next but one, to that in which Garofalo was reposing. The door was opened to him by this servant, (a fine young man whose corpse I saw) and no sooner was it shut again than, informed of his master being asleep and alone, Venturi drew from his pocket a hammer, with which, at one blow he felled the servant lifeless to the ground. He then rushed into the room where slept his friend; but it appears that here his horrid resolution failed him; for, instead of slaying the sleeping man he woke him, and, in the most agitated and incoherent manner, told him how he had just killed his servant! "Killed my man," cried Garofalo, "what for?"—"He refused to admit me to your presence and even struck me, whereupon I gave him such a push as, unfortunately, caused him to fall backwards with his head upon the fire 'dogs,' and—he is dead." Garofalo, with surprising presence of mind and affected coolness, replied—"Well this is a very bad job, but we must try to get over it; but what was it that you wanted with *me* at this early hour?" "I want two hundred dollars immediately!" exclaimed Venturi, staring wildly. "Very well—very well—open that drawer and help yourself; and, above all, sit down and

calm your agitated mind; I will get up and see what can be done with the corpse, and how you may be put in safety till the matter is hushed up." While Venturi counted the money, Garofalo dressed himself and observed a stilo sticking out of a side pocket of the other. "What did you intend to do with that stiletto?" asked Garofalo; "why to tell you the truth, *my dear friend*, to kill you if you had refused me the money I have asked you for." Not at all relishing this further disclosure, Garofalo hastened to complete his toilet, and, under pretence of going out to fetch a confidential man to remove the corpse, he left Venturi in his house and locked him in. As it may well be supposed, he hastened to the nearest police station and returned in a few minutes with half a dozen gendarmes. Venturi was conveyed to prison and shortly afterwards tried for the murder. I assisted at the trial, and was much interested by the ingenuity and presence of mind displayed by the accused, who was actually not far off from turning the tables on his intended victim, by making him appear the murderer instead of himself. He declared that on his arrival at Garofalo's door, he heard a violent altercation inside between the deceased and his master; and, finally, the sound of a blow and a heavy fall. That Garofalo opened his door and begged him for pity and old friendship's sake to aid him in concealing the occurrence; and that, further to secure his silence, he gave him the two hundred crowns which were found upon him. This version of the affair was so ably set forth both by the accused and by his eloquent counsel, as seriously to stagger the jury, the judges, and, above all, the public who were present, including—*not myself*, who knowing Venturi to be an inveterate gambler, felt quite ready to suppose him ready for the commission of any crime. However, one circumstance set the fact in its true light. I have stated that Venturi killed Garofalo's

valet with a hammer. This hammer was found and produced in court, but the accused most stoutly maintained that it was the property of Garofalo, who, being a bachelor, had no other to swear to the contrary than himself, and the hammer might have been introduced into his house by the murdered servant. But the attorney-general, who was a Frenchman named Boché, (married to a cousin of my own, daughter to Nanna Galli) called into the witness box a lad of good education, who was a kind of apprentice or clerk to Venturi. After closely examining the fatal hammer, he asked the lad if there was not a hammer in his counting-house? The reply was in the affirmative. Holding it up, he asked whether the one he held in his hand was like that which he had had there. "Yes—just such a one," said the witness. But the counsel for the accused was ready to remark that hammers were instruments of very great similarity of shape, certain kinds being all alike except in size, the one produced being a claw hammer, such as might be required for opening packing cases, which both Garofalo and Venturi had occasion to do in their line of business. Monsieur Boché asked the clerk if he could possibly remember any mark upon *his* hammer or its handle, by which he could recognise it? After some reflection he replied, that about a week before it was taken away, he well remembered having driven a large pin into the end of the handle, and that the pin was an *unsilvered* one. Upon this, the tool was handed to the court and jury, and there, surely enough, was the pin just as described! This was conclusive as to the ownership of the tool, and some other circumstances amongst which was the finding of a razor that had belonged to Venturi on the table in Garofalo's bed-room, produced a verdict of guilty against the accused; and very great was the satisfaction it gave to the public, for in reality serious fears had, at one period of the trial, been

entertained, that the guilty party would have succeeded in shifting the charge from himself to his intended victim!

The instrument of judicial execution of the sentence of death, is in France the guillotine. This machine was substituted for the gallows, in every country occupied by the French. I think, from the personal sensations I have experienced on such occasions, that the effect of an execution, on the spectators, is much stronger in the case of beheading than in hanging. However, *I* am an enemy to the punishment of death altogether, and cannot conceive how civilised beings can take such an atrocious pleasure in witnessing the dying agonies of their fellow creatures!

Notwithstanding my usual repugnance to such spectacles, which I never had intentionally attended, I felt a curiosity to see the death of this wretched criminal, so I applied to the commander of the gendarmes, who gave me a place close to the scaffold. For the information of those who have never seen a guillotine, or the use of one, I will just describe the instrument and the process in as few words as possible:—

The base of the guillotine is a hollow cube of boards, about twelve feet square, supported on wheels, which are concealed by the planking, the top forming the floor of the scaffold, which is attained by steps and bannisters from the ground. On one edge of this platform, arise two vertical parallel spars of wood exactly similar to a pile-driving machine, and in grooves along the two inner surfaces of the spars runs the knife, as the driving weight does in the pile driver. The knife does not present its edge horizontally but diagonally, at an angle of forty-five degrees, from side to side; it is about a foot square, and the upper side or back is loaded with some twenty pounds of metal. On a level with the floor of the scaffold, is a solid block, which receives the knife, but the patient's head is not placed upon

that block, but fixed just above it, between two pieces of wood, which embrace the neck, exactly as the two parts of the common village "stocks" confine the feet of the petty delinquent. The knife is drawn up to the top of the shafts by a rope, where it is retained by a kind of latch staple and a spring. Another cord on the other side, being pulled by the executioner, sets free the knife, which, passing with its diagonal edge, close to the surface of the stocks, that embrace the neck of the culprit, shaves off the head, and would do so without the slightest check, were half a dozen human necks placed one over the other. There are two ways of placing the culprit under the knife; one is to strap him to a board, which, pivoting on its centre, is brought to the perpendicular for that operation, and then turned with the man upon it, horizontally, so as to bring his neck into the lower half-hole of the stocks, the other half of which being instantly pushed down, confines the head as above stated. At Rome, this pivoting plank was not used, but the culprit being made to kneel on a step below the stocks, the neck was there secured. And this is a briefer method than the strapping to the plank.

A dark dismal cloudy day in January, 1813, was appointed for the execution of Venturi,—and at the same time was also executed a Roman gendarme, who, in a fit of jealousy, had killed with his sabre a beautiful girl, who served as a model to students in painting and sculpture. The fatal instrument was erected in the midst of a square, of which I forget the name, and hung round with black. Two decent coffins provided by the relatives of the sufferers were ready to receive them. Instead of the vast crowds, which in England are usually seen to attend such spectacles, there certainly were not a hundred persons present besides the guards and priests attendant on the ceremony, and the greater portion of those lookers-on were foreigners.

The deep solemn chaunting of the *Miserere* was now heard, as from a distance the procession approached the silent square. Not a word was uttered, save a low murmuring sound when the two sufferers were seen advancing, each supported by a priest on either side, who recited prayers that were repeated by the dying men. The gendarme walked with a firm and quiet air, but Venturi was with difficulty supported by those who were endeavouring to console him. The former was executed first, and uttered not a word or gave the least sign of fear or agitation. Venturi kept screaming out "Gesu! Gesu! Gesu!" until the falling knife cut short his last pious ejaculations. The head remains in a kind of wire receptical, on a level with the neck hole in the "stocks." The executioner immediately seized it by the hair, and placing it on a wooden platter, containing saw dust and a large sponge, held it up in exhibition all round the scaffold. I distinctly saw the eyes make two violent rolling movements,—then fix for ever. The bodies, upon being deprived of the heads, made only one considerable motion, which was—from a kneeling bent down position, the legs and thighs stretched out behind, so as to place them in a straight line on their *faces*. The coffins being placed underneath the scaffold, the bodies were let down into them through a trap-door. The jet of blood was prevented from flying over the pavement by being caught in a receptical, which conducted it into a vessel out of view. Thus ended the affair of Venturi and Garofalo. The latter evinced the same generous feeling towards the unhappy widow and children, as he had during so long a period shewn to his would-be murderer.

Not more than three or four other executions occurred at Rome, during the whole period of the French dominion, and this paucity of judicial deaths, was certainly not occasioned by impunity of crime, but by its wonderful

diminution. Thanks to the Castlereaghs and A'Courts, with their Popes and other "anointed," Italy again soon produced its proportionate share of "*joy in heaven.*" Such are the fruits of morality being founded upon the belief in Creeds, and on the observance of any set of rights and ceremonies, distinct from real visible motives to good and to utility. The priests and legislators pretend to be so blind as not to see the universal fact, that it is the stronger *present* motive to do right alone, which can prevent the doing wrong; that vice is *error*, or *mis*calculating self-interest,—and virtue *knowledge*, which being able to compare the sums of good and evil, decides according to the evident balance. Why, therefore, but to keep mankind in darkness and dependence, is the wholesome moral *fact* concealed, that virtue is happiness, and happiness is virtue? Why is it preached that the path of crime is "broad and easy;" and that of virtue, narrow, thorny, crooked? Why is currency given to so vile and palpable a falsehood, but for the purpose of tacking to it the profitable assumption, that their reverences alone, can shew the way along this pretended "thorny crooked path," upon which these reverend guides have taken care to build their innumerable *toll-houses!* Why do they preach the demoralizing doctrine of "expiations," and the "remission of sins," which was invented by their predecessors, to gain the patronage of such sinners as the murderous Constantine, and gifts of lands, and shrines, and palaces,—donations, which still remain monuments of the atrocity and stupidity of the givers, and of the pandering crime-fed knavery of the receivers? How will the preachers, to the trembling criminal, prove to us who tremble not, that the injury inflicted on society by the commission of a crime, can be obliterated by what they call repentance? How can a thing once done be made *not* to have been done? What do they mean by the word repentance? Is it positive

or negative, active or passive? Is it a moral alcali which neutralizes the acid of evil done? Let them point out in how many cases it is even *possible* that the wound inflicted on society, by the commission of a crime, can be healed by the criminal hand that gave it! If there be really any thing in this "repentance," why do not the "Doctors" make their confederate brethren of the legislature and the civil power, accept of repentance as an expiatory substitute for the gallows and the whip? The fosterers of crime as a passport to Heaven—these preachers of repentance, *which they say can never come* too late, must surely see the gross absurdity and evil tendency of such delusions! They surely do,—but they also know, that such are of the stoutest of the many hocus pocus links of that chain with which they keep mankind in grovelling bondage. "Repent," they cry:—"Repent with our assistance, and through our holy ministration! Believe us 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons!' Come therefore, oh! sinners unto our fold, unto *our* house—the house of God! The man Venturi, who the other day was guillotined—poor soul! is surely '*gone to glory;*' for on the scaffold he most devoutly trembled, and in his last dying speech he fervently confessed his '*faith*' and said, moreover, that solely from not having reverenced *us* enough, and kept the sabbath holy, was he brought to such an ignominious end!" Thus, instead of shewing what virtue really is, the "Doctors" wrap it up in dark mysterious mummery, disguise its beauteous healthful form in the grim garments of conjuring imposture, which ever and anon they change, and patch, and alter, to suit the base temporary purposes of their "vested interests."

Virtue will ever be a rarity on earth, so long as men are led astray from the true and real motives to be virtuous. Shallow and contemptible is the assumption of the various

religious sects, that every virtue attaches to the doctrines and professors of their particular creed. The instructors of youth, should shew that which is of such very easy demonstration,—that *virtue is happiness, and happiness is virtue;* that virtue is our *present* happiness; that to seek it, so as not to interrupt the happiness of others, IS MORALITY; that to assist others in the acquirement of happiness, is generally to promote our own; and to do so when such assistance does not immediately benefit ourselves, is the maximum of virtue. But according to the system of the "Doctors," instead of demonstrating to a child, (for instance) that to put its finger into the fire,—that is to commit a fault, would subject it to *immediate* pain, these *instructors* tell it, forsooth, to refrain from the act, by reason of its being "forbidden" under threats of *future contingent* punishment in "*another* world!" Instead of telling the people that what they give in benevolence is registered to their credit above in heaven, with ten thousand per cent interest ("a hundred fold") payable in the *other* world, why do not the "Doctors" shew the fact, that *benevolence* is the virtue of virtues; for that in the ratio of its predominance in a family, in a city, in a province, in a nation, in the world, will the quantum of evil or suffering be diminished, and that of happiness increased; that were benevolence generally to prevail, a community, a nation, the world, would be but as one great "benefit society," or community of mutual insurance against calamity!

It certainly cannot be said that every virtuous individual is as happy and successful in external matters as he may individually deserve, and we would wish him to be. But the reason of this is obvious, and proves the rule that all would be happy if all were virtuous. The *few* virtuous men meet not with reciprocity in the present state of society. The study of human nature and of the social

system, can alone benefit society. But the teachers of mankind exhort them to direct their only care and solicitude towards the affairs and things of "the *other* world," and to leave all those of *this* world to the enjoyment of the kind legislator-pastors, who feel such tenderness for our *future* welfare! Our teachers ought to shew that, IT IS AN INHERENT LAW OF HUMAN NATURE, THAT THE MORE VIRTUOUS MEN THERE ARE IN A COMMUNITY, THE GREATER AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS WILL THAT COMMUNITY ENJOY. A virtuous community will elect virtuous legislators, virtuous legislators will form good laws and institutions, which again will maintain the people virtuous,—that is—happy.

So sure as that a stone cast up in the air will fall again to the surface of the earth, so must the commission of a crime or error produce to some one or other a proportionate revulsion of evil, that is pain. If we imagine a crowd, a multitude, a community, in close propinquity, and some or all of the individuals composing it casting up stones in the air,—in proportion as these are heavy and numerous, will be the quantum of pain inflicted on the aggregate of those on whom they sure must fall. The business of the legislature is, first, as much as possible to prevent the throwing, by pointing out the consequences to the throwers, and secondly, to increase the tendency of each several stone to fall upon the head of him who cast it.

I have often figured to myself a kind of moral diagram, if I may so call it, as though made by an eccentric chuck lathe, consisting of a circle, with the word *happiness* in its centre; around it are placed the virtues, *benevolence, justice, temperance, and diligence*, to which might be added *cleanliness*, all tending with harmonious intersecting radiations towards the common centre. These cardinal virtues, like the primitive mechanical powers, are found to resolve themselves one into the other, by which their actions and

combinations are similarly simplified and illustrated. Thus justice is as analogous to *benevolence*, as the wheel and pully are to the lever; and *diligence* is unto *temperance*, what the wedge and screw are to the inclined plane.

But to return to Venturi and "repentance," and all the other miserable brutal criminals all "gone to glory," I opine, that the only expiation they could make for the evil they have inflicted on society, is not in crying —Gesu! Gesu! Lord, Lord! and then being sent to cause "joy in heaven," but by being made for a period, or the remainder of their lives, to labour on the roads and other public works, and so make some little reparation for the evil done. If the effect of *example* is desired, to deter the viciously disposed,—the victims to ignorance and mis-education from the commission of error (crime) then is *not* the killing a malefactor speedily out of the way, the proper method of effecting any such purpose. No sooner is the felon buried, than the remembrance of his punishment has passed away. And who has seen that punishment?—some few individuals, and for one brief instant! But gangs of wretched hopeless felons—dragging after them their rattling chains, engaged in constant labour under the public gaze, would be seen by all and frequently. However, I cannot enter upon this subject which would require far more space merely to allude to a couple of points, than I can afford in this work.

Baron Rochow and myself were constant companions, and in our walks about Rome we were in the habit of attempting every difficult feat of climbing and leaping that fell in our way. One day a party of us consisting of Rochow, Hullmandel, Landou, Count Du Tertre, and myself, paid a visit to St. Peter's church. Around the church, at the spring of the roof, is a broad cornice, and Rochow and I amused ourselves and horrified Landou and Du Tertre, by leaping across the chasms formed by the cornices of the pilasters!

Upon arriving at the top of the "lanthern" on which is the ball and cross, we mounted the little iron ladder that turns under the ball like the "futtock shrouds" of a ship's top, and got to stand upon the ball. The French had placed there a lightning conductor rising about ten feet above the summit of the cross, to which it is attached by strong screw staples. By means of this rod (nearly two inches in diameter,) we got upon the cross top, and then I "swarmed" myself up the conductor, so as to embrace with my thighs a flange which at two feet from the point receives four thick wire stays attached to the ball below. In this position, my head was actually two feet above the golden point of the conductor. The wind, being very high, caused me to sway from side to side, in a manner unpleasant to behold, while Hullmandel, Landou, and Rochow were standing under me, on the arms of the cross. They all three resolved upon taking my place; so after attaching with copper wire, to the point of the conductor a little leaden plate with our names engraved thereon and a ribbon six yards long, I descended to the cross, and my comrades, each in succession, swarmed up to the top of the conductor. The sight of so singular a performance had attracted a crowd of people in the grand square before the church, and the chief "*Custode*," or church keeper, took it into his head that something strange and treasonable was performing. The long ribbon he took to be a signal to the enemy's ships that might be on the coast, only twelve miles distant; in fine he did not know what to make of us, so forthwith he sent for a police officer who came with a file of soldiers, and waited for our descending to the door of the stairs that opens into the church. Arrived at this door it was opened by the prudent *custode*, when we were received by the soldiers with fixed bayonets, very much to our surprise and to the bewilderment and terror of a German and

two Italians, perfect strangers to us, but who happened to be descending the church at the same time. The anxiety of these gentlemen to make our captors believe that they had nothing to do with the "conspiracy," made us laugh so heartily as to leave us little power of speech to persuade the police officer, of the truth of their vehement assertions.

The guard house from whence this file of soldiers had been fetched, was in the once redoubtable palace of the Inquisition or "holy office," so into one of the apartments of that execrable sacerdotal fabric, were we ushered and confined. As we were all four equally well known to General Miolis, the Governor of Rome, one or other of us (I forget which) wrote him a note explanatory of the fact, and of our situation. As soon as the hilarity which our story excited in him, had somewhat subsided, the Governor sent an aide-de-camp with an order for our instant release. Rochow, Landou and I, went to a party at which we were engaged, and Hullmandel hastened to his favourite and most agreeable society at the Princess Ctzartoryski, where to the delight of the excellent Princess and her chosen circle of wits and cognoscenti, he displayed his extraordinary powers of telling a good story, and depicting to the very life, the miseries of the non-conspirators, with every word, tone, and gesture.

On the summit of the castle of St. Angelo, is the bronze statue of an angel, thirty feet high, represented as the *real* angel appeared to a certain holy pope upon the cessation of a pestilence, sheathing the sword of Divine vengeance. The right arm of this angel (or pestilent demon) is lifted up on high, returning his sword, stained with the blood of thousands of innocent, men, women and children, into its scabbard. Now Rochow and I conceived the foolish idea of climbing up to the sword hand of this celestial executioner. We mounted the marble pedestal by a ladder, and then did

actually contrive, by aid of the folds in the scanty angelic robes, to get astride upon the pugnacious fore-arm of the Cherubim. But now,—how to get down again was the question. All those addicted to tree-climbing will understand me. In mounting, we can see before us,—but in descending, it is a different matter;—and there was not a friendly fold or projection of anything like an horizontal nature. However, safe down at last we both got, not without having been several times on the point of calling for a ladder, in despair of doing without one.

The river Tiber is very rapid, and in March very cold. Rochow was totally ignorant of swimming; but one day while walking along the banks of the river, and talking of confidence, presence of mind, &c. upon falling into the water,—Rochow said, that if I had sufficient confidence in *his* coolness, he had quite enough in mine, and in my swimming powers, to trust to my carrying him across the river. Our clothes were off in a minute. I tied a handkerchief to each shoulder, and, giving him the same instructions as I have, in another part of this work, inculcated to those who swim on horseback—that is, not to press upon me, but stretching himself out at full length behind me, with just his mouth above water, allow me to draw him along; we started—Rochow, always blithe and gay, obeyed my injunctions to a tittle, laughing all the while. The strong current carried us down several hundred yards beyond the right line across. Our clothes were on the other side, but the water was too cold to allow me to take him back again, so our friends Echardstein and Du Tertre brought them to us over the Ponte Molli, near which we had landed.

In one of my walks with Barons Rochow and Echardstein, we happened to look into the market which is held in the square before the Pantheon. Observing a peasant who had

a litter of four young wolves to sell, we approached him, and Rochow, who was always primed with ready wit, demanded the price of one of the cubs, adding, "I will buy one, provided you will engage that it is *a gentle, good-natured little wolf.*" The peasant smiled at his apparent simplicity, and answered, "Che vuoi fratello!—son' tutti Lupi!" "What would'st thou have, brother?—they are all wolves!" We were so pleased with the capital, simple answer of the man, that we instantly presented him with a crown, but did not buy a cub, as he would not warrant it "good-natured." "*Son' tutti Lupi,*" became a very common saying at Rome and Naples, and is so to this day when any one is talking of the *general* character of clergy, kings, lawyers, thieves, &c. Continuing our round, we entered the hospital of "*Spirito Santo,*" where I had been previously introduced by my acquaintance, Professor Morechini, the discoverer, in that very year, 1812, of the magnetic power of the violet ray of solar light. After observing, with much pleasure, the comfortable, cleanly, and other excellent features of this celebrated hospital, we walked up and down the wards allotted to the men, of whom many were quite "bed-ridden." Here we found exemplified the old saying, that "what is bred in the bone, will never be out of the flesh." One of the multifarious heads which the pestilent hydra-monster, gambling, rears in Italy, as elsewhere, is the iniquitous, authorised, and encouraged game (a source of public revenue, too), called a lottery. The species of lottery established in Italy is, perhaps, more injurious to society than was the English lottery; because, in the latter, it was less in the power of the poor or industrious classes to stake their money, the smallest fraction of a ticket costing a pound sterling. But, in Italy, any sum can be played, and in so many various ways, as to attach to the gambler some notion of skill in his method of playing. Most of my

English readers are not aware of the system of Italian lotteries, which, if any thing in the shape of gambling could be otherwise than iniquitous, might be called beautiful, simple, and, at the same time, varied. Ninety numbers, from one to ninety, are put into an urn; of these only five are drawn out in the usual way before magistrates, &c. and the public. The method of playing is as follows:—The lottery offices are distributed in every part of the capital, and in the provincial towns. Supposing I enter an office and stake a shilling upon Nos. 6, 14, 21, 32, 47, this is called playing a *quinterno*, and, should those five numbers be drawn, I should win a very large sum, the exact scale of which I do not remember, but something like five thousand shillings. A sum staked upon three numbers is called a *terno*, upon two, an *ambo*, upon one, an *estratto*. If, upon playing a *quinterno*, I choose to reserve the advantage of winning something, if only one, two, three, or four out of the five numbers be drawn, I win proportionately less than if I had bet on the whole five only. The same refers to playing *terni* and *ambi*. If I play a shilling upon Nos. 6, 27, 49, and say "*terno secco*," should one or two of the three numbers come out, I gain nothing, but should the three be drawn, I gain much more by this "*terno secco*" than had I spread the chance over the *ambo* and *estratto*. If I play a shilling on one number, 88, for instance, I may play it as *estratto* that is drawn, or as *eletto* which is drawn, first, second, third, fourth, or fifth of the five always drawn. Many other combinations of play I will, for brevity sake, omit; but I must not forget to remark on the demoralizing, injurious effect of this lottery upon society, especially on the productive classes and small annuitants. The English lottery was bad enough, but these of Italy are far more pernicious. Not that there is any fraud or unfair play, which is impracticable, but because such small sums can

be staked so as to produce large winnings, and the system of the lottery is so combined as to take a very strong hold upon the imaginations of the people. Almost every word in the Italian language, every incident, has its number attached to it. A large dictionary is compiled of this matter, so that whatever unusual thing we see, or hear, or happens, the book will tell us what numbers are to be played. A man hanged is one and eight, it then rests with you to sagaciously add the number of the day of the month or of the week, or any other thing, so as to make out a *terno* or quaterno, &c. You see blood on the pavement, look to your lottery dictionary—blood, No. 16—street or road, No. 46—Wednesday, No. 67; these are the numbers to play. One winter's night at Rome, the female members of a respectable family told me that they were going, after supper, to seek for numbers to play in the lottery, and asked me to be of the party. We had a good supper at ten o'clock, and, shortly before twelve, we all started from the house, and proceeded to a church noted for the production of lucky omens. The church, of course, was closed, but the party knelt down on the steps, and, muttering some superstitious gibberish they called prayers, waited in silence for some sign or sound, out of which the numbers might be extracted that would gain a fortune in the lottery. The first omen we remarked was, an owl flying round the spacious square, and screeching vehemently. "Put that down," said a sagacious matron of the company. Next, some rats were seen on a neighbouring heap of rubbish. "Rats, rats!—mark that! What number corresponds to rats? Hush—hush—we have neither heard or seen enough." Here I was heard to kiss a beautiful young girl of the party, who reproved me for the untimely attack. "Put down kiss," said a young man who was rather annoyed at this last omen, "what number is that in the dictionary?" Here a little commotion ensued,

and I could keep my gravity no longer. The presence of an unbeliever at such augurial operations, is supposed to invalidate their efficacy; so my loud laughter having scared away the presiding angels or fairies, the victims were held to be no longer favourable, and the party returned home. The next step was, to decide on the *real* and veritable signs and tokens which providence had given in reply to the hymns and exorcisms of the devout applicants for lottery luck. This discussion took up some time, but was at length settled. The money was staked on the numbers decided on—but, alas! nothing was won, for which the old ladies said, they might thank themselves, for having taken with them such an unbelieving free-thinker in augury as I was.

Sick, bed-ridden persons, especially the poor inmates of hospitals, are supposed to have an extraordinary power of giving lucky numbers for the lottery. So as Rochow, Echardstein, and myself were, as I have just observed, perambulating the wards of the hospital of Spirito Santo, we were addressed by many of the occupants of the beds, who offered us slips of paper, some containing five numbers —*quinterni*, others terni, ambi, and even humble single estratti. Sixpence or a shilling was gladly received for these revelations, which would infallibly put a thousand pounds into the purchaser's pocket. So, as an excuse for doing good to our "souls," by giving to the poor, we took several lists of numbers, and then lighted our cigars with them.

In the year 1810, a Mr. Guebard, brother to the Swiss banker of Spanish loan notoriety, farmed the Neapolitan lottery, for which he paid eighty thousand pounds a-year to the government. He took me all over his principal office, and a most curious sight it was. From every lottery office in the kingdom, lists were daily, and from those of the capital, hourly received, with a statement of the sums

depending on the drawing of certain numbers out of the ninety; so that when it was found, that, if certain five numbers were to be drawn, a sum would be won in the lottery of such magnitude as to cause serious loss to the undertaking, such numbers were *closed*, and no more stakes taken upon them. In order to find out this fact, more than fifty men were day and night employed in algebraical calculations, called castelletti up to the day of the drawing of the numbers, so that, on any day, and at any hour, the director of the lottery could tell what sums he would have to pay upon the drawing of any five numbers out of all the possible combinations of fives, threes, twos, or ones, of the ninety. A most stupendous operation this of careful calculation and extraordinary regularity in the management. Let any of my mathematical readers set to work and calculate how many combinations of five, four, three, two, and one number may be formed by drawing five numbers out of an urn containing ninety! Guebard was unlucky, and lost a large sum by this lottery. A most strange coincidence occurred of some execution or public event, which I do not well remember, to cause a multitude of people, in two successive lotteries, to play on the same numbers, which actually were drawn to the ruin of the concern. Guebard was afterwards assassinated in his counting-house by a man who owed him money, and thought himself aggrieved, and who was condemned to be branded on the forehead, and to work in chains for the rest of his life. I have already stated my opinion of such species of punishment being, in all respects, far preferable to hanging or guillotining the culprit outright; because, in the first place, should intimidation, example, and fear of similar punishment, be regarded as useful in deterring from crime, a culprit thus punished, remains as a horrid spectacle to the depraved, for years instead of minutes. And if it be asserted, that some reparation to society should be made by

him who has injured it,—some years labour on public works may be available.

Many things of useful application may be learnt by travellers, if they will but go about with their eyes open on all occasions, when in the fields as well as in churches, and in galleries and palaces. Were I to treat of a tithe of the improvements which might be borrowed from various parts of Italy in agriculture, the irrigation of garden land, the succession of crops, the economy of manures, the usages between landlord and tenant, &c., I should require an entire volume for the purpose. But I have been tempted to mention *en passant*, a few little points that struck me as new, and unremarked upon by other travellers. The mowing season also being at hand, (1837) brings to my mind a hint on the subject of scythes, which I will give in a few words.

The common scythes are formed of a plate of steel, increasing in thickness from the edge towards the back like most other cutting instruments. The consequence of this formation is, that, as the blade wears away in breadth through use and sharpening, its edge becomes thicker and thicker, till the angle is too obtuse for the purpose of cutting. Razors have the same defect, to remedy which, a French cutler, some thirty years ago, made their blades of a thin piece of steel of one thickness, and then backed them with a rib rivetted on like a tenanting saw. A patent has lately been taken out in this country for making scythes on this plan. I have seen and handled them, and find that they answer very well; but the mowers complain of these patent scythes being dear, as they cost from seven to ten shillings each. Very few mowers, I should think, *having* a common scythe of their own, would feel disposed, or if disposed, be able to throw it aside to buy a patent one, after the fashion of the French razor. By the use, however, of a very simple contrivance, the edge of the common scythe

may be kept as thin as desired, until it is entirely worn out, and which little expedient I wish to suggest as one that has been in use in Italy, time out of mind. Every mower in that country carries with him, conjointly with his whetstone, a little steel-faced hammer and a little anvil; the hammer has a longish head, like those used for driving tacks, brads, &c. The anvil consists of a bar of iron about one foot long. One end presenting a square surface of about an inch, faced with steel, and tapering to a point at the other end. At three or four inches below the head, an iron disc, or double loop-like scroll, is welded on to the bar; the bar or anvil being driven into the ground (the hardest spot at hand) can enter no farther than the disc. The scythe being then laid with its edge flat on the anvil-head, is beaten with the little hammer so as to reduce it to that degree of thinness which the wear and sharpening is continually depriving it of. An Italian mower performs this operation two or three times a-day, and thus the blade is kept thin and drawn out in breadth for a long period of time. The anvil would, perhaps, be more conveniently portable were the disc removable from the bar; it might be of cast iron about three inches diameter—a bit of stout sheet iron would be less liable to fracture.

An Italian plan for improving the crop of figs may be applied in this country to other fruit trees. The operation I allude to is called *caprification* from *caprificus*, the wild fig tree. So soon as the male flowers of the fig trees begin to show themselves, the Italian and Greek peasants place a large bough of the wild fig tree in the midst of every orchard fig tree, and this enhances both the quality and the quantity of the crop. On an analogous principle, I have, these many years past, hung up, in the midst of a filbert tree, a bough of the wild hazel-nut tree when covered with the "catkins," or male flowers, about the end of February. These catkins

furnish an increased supply of "farina" to the filbert tree, and, moreover, act, in all likelihood, with the stimulus and prolificacy of cross-breeding; at least, the process proves advantageous to filbert as well as to fig trees.

I further beg to call the attention of British agriculturists to the use which is made in Italy of "couch grass," which, in this country, is collected in the fields into heaps and burnt in pure waste. The long gramineous underground shoots of couch grass, in French called *chien dent*, in Italian, *gramminia*, when fresh dug up are crisp, tender, and of a flavour not unlike asparagus, but sweeter. Sarsaparilla is a near relation to it; and Italian physicians as frequently order decoctions of the one as of the other to their scorbutic patients; and some assert, that the gramminia is the better detergent of the two. But this is not the purpose to which I should like to see gramminia applied in this country, but as a most excellent, wholesome, and favourite article of food for horses. The children of an Italian peasant will follow the plough and the harrow, and collect as much couch grass roots as pays for their own keep. After the couch is picked, it is well washed and becomes as white as snow. It is then tied into bundles of about two feet long and six inches diameter, then kept in, or well sprinkled with, clean water until served out to the purchaser, who himself generally throws the bundles in the never-failing clear fountain of an Italian court-yard before he gives it to his horses. Of this gramminia or of carrot, the Italians always give to their horses (in the spring and summer at least) a certain number of bundles every day at twelve o'clock. Upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling worth of gramminia is thus annually sold by the peasants, to the inhabitants of the city of Naples alone. In this country, every bit of this valuable provender is burnt on the ground which produces it. In Italy the

peasants are very thankful for being allowed to pick couch grass from off the fields, and often pay for it; in England many hands are employed, at wages, to pick it up and burn it.

While I happen to think of it, I will mention a method by which I found, that, in one summer, I could make new wine like wine ten years old. The *Lachrymæ Christi*, and some other of the strong Neapolitan wines, and also the Montepulciano of Rome, when new, are exceedingly thick and overcharged with colouring and tannine matter, besides tartar. I had of course remarked that, in the case of many chemical solutions, the precipitations contemplated through the action of re-agents, were much accelerated and increased by exposing the solution to the alternate action of heat and cold. I thought of applying the same principle to wine, in order to quicken the deposit of the superfluous colouring matter, which is here on bottles, called the "crust." I transferred a quantity of Lachrymæ Christi, only six months old, as black as ink, and very strong, into some dozens of large glass bottles, called, at Naples, *damegiani*, each of which contains about twelve quarts. Instead of corking the *damegiani*, I poured some oil into their necks, and then placed on them a little earthern pot inverted. The *damegiani* were then placed on the flat roof of my house, in the month of May, and suffered to remain thus exposed to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the cool night air for four months. The wine in the necks of the bottles, being only covered by oil, was able to rise and fall, as it expanded and contracted, like the fluid of a thermometer; while the column of oil prevented the escape of alcohol or aroma in the shape of vapour. The effect produced on the wine went far beyond my expectations; for I afterwards found, by comparisons, that even *one* month of such exposure in the summer, will improve wine more than five or six years keep in a cellar,

or any artificial process of "*fining*" whatever. Besides Lachrymæ, I treated Falernian, Maida Diamante, Asprigno d'Aversa, and other wines in the same way. At the bottoms of the *damegiani*, a mass of black colouring matter, containing much *tannine* and tartar was formed, two inches thick, so that the wine must be carefully drawn out, when ripe, by a syphon.

During my residence at Rome in 1812, and 1813, I found a much higher relish, and had a stronger power for appreciating the beautiful and interesting objects which are constantly presented to our view, than I had experienced ten years previously when only in my early adolescence. Reflections on everything I saw came crowding into my mind; and I did not fail to commit them to paper, together with a multitude of facts and anecdotes, which I deeply regret having lost for ever. As I have before stated, the iniquitous and arbitrary police of France, did twice deprive me of the whole of my papers. Amongst these memoranda, I had a little essay on the extraordinary encouragement which the *customs* and state of *quasi*-civilization of the ancient Greeks and Romans, furnished to the arts of architecture, sculpture and, painting. The *national* encouragement of these arts in part proceeded from a general love and admiration of public virtue, especially manifested during the independent existence of the intellectual, glorious, and really self-governing community, called the republic of Athens. Sparta, that mechanical nursery of *artificial* beings—not *free men*—is out of the question. In a free community which neglects to honour the memories of such of its members as have devoted their energies and lives to the public good, little value can, in the minds of the majority, be attached to *public* virtue and disinterested services. In Greece and Rome, the statues, tombs, pictures and other monumental records of those who had deserved

well of their country, were to be seen in every place of public resort. The baths, theatres, temples, the tombs *along the high roads*, were covered with the effigies of departed public benefactors. The contemplation of these objects was in some degree an incentive to honourable ambition, and the great demand for tombs, temples, statues, paintings brought those arts (which were also favoured like poetry, by primitive simplicity of manners, climate, &c.), to that perfection which we have hitherto endeavoured in vain to reach.

But there are other considerations on the cause of ancient supremacy in the fine arts. In the case of poetry for example, it may be asserted, that with the advance of society the simple characters of heroic poetry decline. The elements, which in a rude community produced the perfection of the art, are smoothed, controlled, and generalized in an improved and complicated state of society. The rude language of nature furnished the true poetic strain. Every one who has read a copy of verses, is now in the habit of despairing of ever seeing a second Shakspeare, and speaks disparagingly of living poetic genius. We are accustomed to consider the earliest poets the best, so why should we be surprised at the latest being called the worst? Simple men, as well as children are most susceptible to the influences of romance, which give way to the awakening effects of cool philosophic reason. The poetical temperament can only pervade society in its infancy; at least as far as "heroic" poetry is concerned. The child trembles at the terrific story, and in some degree believes in the monsters, metamorphoses, and deeds of fable,—joins in the fairy revel—takes allegories for matter of fact, communes with angels, Seraphim and Cherubim, ascends into heaven, descends into hell, and cherishes all the vagaries of imaginary compositions. But the grown up man, like the grown community,

at length learns the unembellished lessons of *experience*—he looks to realities, to proofs, to facts, and is no longer cheated by the most happy illusion—the most blissful article of "faith." An enlightened age is influenced by facts and by philosophy, the previous age of demi-civilization, is poetical and romantic. As the poetical temperament subsides, the sciences, philosophy, and a relish for fact or *truth* prevails. Men become apt to look upon poetry and the fine arts, as more ornamental than socially important. I have not space to discuss the merits of this case, but such I take to be the fact; and I think that the same causes that tend to damp the flame of poetic enthusiasm, have likewise operated the decline of the arts of painting and sculpture. I might add architecture, which in all private constructions in England is sacrificed to the most narrow sordid calculations of the "*juste necessaire.*" The age of chivalry and blind adoration is gone. Men no longer worship fictions, fear supernatural agencies, burn old women for witchcraft, or go into fits like the rhapsodists of Greece, when reciting the verses of Homer. The Augurs, Brahmins, Popes, who have so long lain with paralyzing weight on our poor dreaming species and fattened on its agonizing sweats, have always known full well how to avail themselves of that unhappy weakness of the human mind, through which it is so much more disposed to relish the excitement of their marvellous tales than feed on wholesome reality and truth. It is in the mythologies that poetry and the fine arts have found excitement and support. The prophet, poet and musician were at one time synonymous. These joined in "holy league" with despots and with ruffians, the multitude have been infatuated; and like the Lapland or negro jugglers who sell a "fetish" or a wind, both priest and ruler have almost ended in giving credit to their own figments and impostures.

I have heard it asked "why deprive the happy Mythologist of his enjoyment—of his poetical fancies—of his *meta*-physical dreams? "Why disturb ideas which console him?" So might reason the Brahmin, the Bonze, the Fetish negro, the Cherokee, and above all the Musselman. And alas! with still more fitness might such arguments for fiction be applied to those contented happy beings in Bedlam, who, suffering from a more spontaneous, but perfectly analogous disorder of the brain, have the "*benefit*" of such consolation" in imagining themselves kings and queens, gods and goddesses; for who will assume, that qualities which would not be applicable and beneficial to society at large, can ever be so to the individuals of which the community is composed!

By reflecting on the facts conveyed to us by history, it is easy to see how the bard, the prophet, the poet, the priest, the king, assumed, or rather usurped dominion over the multitude.

The internal arrangement or organization of savage hordes subsisting on the *spontaneous* provisions of nature, produces a considerable degree of intelligence; at least sufficient in cases of importance to overrule force and passion by counsel. At last came the appropriation of animals and the cultivation of the earth. This very much complicated the question, so that the condition of pastoral and agricultural life became more perplexed and turbulent than even that of savage hunting hordes. This, I take to be the reason why many men of good intellect, but of strong passions and hasty determinations have not scrupled to prefer savage to civil society, as the happier condition. Sure enough, it is far better to look for protection and redress in one's own right arm, than to be dealt with "according to law," in communities where the "law" is made by a faction, and for the benefit of a faction, or class, and out of the reach of the poor.

If invention, labour, and employment of time, had only produced sustenance for those employed, society would certainly have advanced but very little by the art of cultivation. But labour produced a *surplus*, and contention arose about its enjoyment. The aged and infirm, orphans, and those who defended the community, were the first to receive a portion of the surplus produce. Next came the jugglers who pretended to cure the ills of body and mind—to prognosticate good or evil fortune—to propitiate the demons of thunder, hail, rain, and winds, and then to procure a good berth for their dupes after death.

It is evident that the earliest societies inverted the order of nature, by transferring the disposal of the surplus produce from the producers, to persons who pretended to keep the peace, or do service by supernatural powers. The first inventive and laborious cultivators having appropriated certain portions of their general produce to their priests, warriors, and chiefs, (kings) considered that what they had retained was competent to support themselves and their unlimited increase. They did not know, any more than do the masses of the present day, that the producers must labour for the non-producers, and that the more there exists in a community of the latter denomination of beings, which we may well call drones, the more *must* be the labour of the producers, maugre all the fallacious cant about the expenditure of wages, pay, salaries, &c., disbursed by the monopolisers of wealth, the keepers of servants, soldiers, horses, priests.

This error soon led mankind into dismal difficulties and misery; for the soldier, the priest, the prince, converting the claim of social aid into a right of property, contentions sometimes arose, in which the cultivators and producers succumbed and gradually sunk into the tenants and slaves we now behold them. There is, however, a vital principle

in society, of a kindred nature to that of individuals. Infancy gives place to manhood, and the children of men will soon arrive at that stage of intellect which will no longer brook the sway of usurped authority.

We have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of quack architects of constitutions, often mere soldiers, who instead of observing the laws of nature, have seemed to regard those of romance and priestly hocus-pocus. Jupiter is said to have produced a Minerva, all mature and even armed cap-a-pie. In an uneducated community no "constitution" thus formed at once, can possess the powers of mature deliberations. No constitution can endure, that is not formed by the determined will and *judgment* of the mass of the people; a standing army *may* exert an act of *Ignis Fatuus* brilliancy, but such is not a *permanent* improvement. A breath has made it and a breath may mar it. All the social improvements of mankind are, like the productions of nature, caused by successive expansions of *force*. The universe is ruled by a *force*; nothing but concording *force* will produce anything stable.

I had almost forgotten to say something about ballooning, in which I was about this time more or less engaged at Naples, and to my great disappointment missed not only an opportunity of making an aerial voyage, but had the still greater chagrin of losing a large Montgolfier balloon, with which I had reckoned upon taking many a trip, and on proving to the world the superiority in some respects of the Montgolfier or fire balloon, over those filled with hydrogen gas, particularly in the matter of voluntarily rising and falling in search of different currents of air, such as I have often seen to exist at the same moment at different altitudes.

The science, or rather diversion, of aerostation has latterly been much revived in England; but although many clever men have devoted their attention to the subject during the

last twelve years, nothing essentially new or important has been elicited. This comes from the sterile nature of the thing itself. No one, as the homely saying is, can "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

In 1811, Madame Blanchard, the widow of Blanchard (who, with an Englishman, crossed in a balloon from Dover to Calais), arrived at Naples with her balloon. An ascent was ordered, by the King (Murat), to take place from the *Campo Marte*, on an occasion when there was to be a grand review of troops. In consequence of my known chemical propensities, the King ordered the talented Giovanni Dall'Armi and myself to make all the preparations, and superintend the inflation and ascent of the balloon. It was settled that I was to have ascended with Madame Blanchard; but owing to the exhibition having been countermanded, on account of the weather after operations had began, and then re-ordered, the balloon was not sufficiently buoyant at the hour appointed, to carry two persons; so I, to my great chagrin, was left behind. Madame Blanchard had in her possession a Montgolfier balloon, which she sold me for forty pounds. With that balloon I purposed making a series of experiments upon that principle alone, on which, in my opinion, balloons can ever be made to take advantage of the various currents of air crossing each other at different elevations in our atmosphere.

It is quite astonishing to observe how so many men of good sense can talk of propelling and directing a balloon through the air on principles derived from "the way of a ship on the sea." A vessel either on or in a mass of water can be propelled even against a current of that water, because the density of the medium allows of a power being applied of a velocity within the reach of our physical organs to produce. But for a power to be applied (in an analogous way) in the car of a balloon against the air in

which the whole machine is immersed, it must have six hundred times the velocity of the stroke, which will produce the same effect upon the water. Some persons say,—"We will take up a steam engine, &c." But the more weight you take up, the greater must be the dimensions of your balloon after all; but it is loss of time to argue such a matter; it is evident that no power can draw a balloon against the slightest zephyr but one which would place the car and the balloon on an horizontal line together, like a horse drawing a cart. With regard to the elongated and fish-like shapes that have been so often proposed, the fallacy is still more afflicting. When there is no power of propulsion through the fluid, how can the position of the elongated body be decided. Even a barge going down a river *along with the stream* has not the least power of steerage by the rudder, because it does not go *through* the water, but *with* it: without *external* power applied, either of traction, oars, or wind, it goes along sideways, or any way, just as it may happen. Another fallacy in the ideas connected with an elongated fish-like balloon is also of a serious nature, setting aside the physical impossibility of propelling it. How is it to be kept in an horizontal position? A balloon of such a shape (like Egg's, the Pall-mall gunsmith, of Colonel Lennox's "Aerial Ship") being filled with gas, and set up without any load, would certainly be liable to rise in any way but the one desired. If, to prevent its bursting by the expansion of the gas, it were only three quarters, or two-thirds, full, it is ten to one but that it would rise up endways. If a net car, &c., were to be attached to it with a load of passengers, it would double up into the shape of a crescent—that is, if the gas did not rush to one end (which is most likely), and so defeat all the fish-like calculations of the constructors. A stout back bone to the fish balloon might prevent the doubling up I speak of, but

it would not save it from the chance of going up endways, much to the inconvenience of the travellers in the car beneath; but it is absolute waste of time to dwell on such nonsense. It is a pretty thing to see a balloon ascend when you are near it at the time, and will answer the purposes of the proprietors of public gardens. The near view of any large mass in motion, such as a ship launched, a huge tree falling, &c., &c., conveys a novel and peculiar feeling to our senses.

A balloon filled with hydrogen gas, provided with sand bags for ballast, &c., &c., can only rise by throwing out ballast, and descend by allowing an escape of gas. It is evident that these operations cannot be repeated beyond a certain limit, because you have no means of replenishing the *ascending* power. A Montgolfier balloon is inflated and rendered buoyant by means of flame just like the paper "fire balloons" of our tea-garden entertainments. A Montgolfier balloon made of cotton, "broad cloth," forty feet diameter, will carry up four persons. A circular grate or fireplace of three feet in diameter is suspended concentrically in the inferior opening of the balloon, which opening is about seven feet in diameter. Around this opening is a wicker gallery (instead of a car, as in the gas balloon). The persons in this gallery being provided with a store of little faggots of dry wood and a long-handled fork, keep up the fire by supplying it with fuel. When it is desirable to descend, the fire is allowed to wane,—an increased fire occasions a rapid rise. Thus, it is absolutely at the discretion of the aeronauts to rise or fall as long as their fuel endures.

The fire-grate is provided with an hinged cover, so that it may be extinguished at once, or the bottom of the grate may be let out so as to vacate all the fuel.

With such a balloon, even when the fuel is all expended,

a fresh supply may be had almost anywhere, and thus the search after various currents of air may be far more successful than with one of hydrogen gas. I look upon the Montgolfier balloon as less liable to accident than the other, which is liable to burst, or to fall too rapidly through any over opening of the valve. The flame from the fire-place of a Montgolfier balloon ascends vertically into the interior without the slightest vacillation. To protect the cotton tissue of the balloon from sparks, it is quite sufficient and effective to saturate it with a solution of alum. I lost my Montgolfier balloon before it came into my possession by its being seized at the Turin Custom House as English cotton goods. I, however, made a smaller one myself; by experimenting with which I have arrived at the above conclusion, but shortly, having other things to attend to, there ended my ballooning project. But, should I ever again be "worth" one thousand pounds, I will give to man dominion over the air as full, at least, as now he has upon the waters, and so effect the greatest of all possible changes in the physical and moral condition of our species. Flying is a purely *mechanical* act in bird, or bat, or insect, and my discovery is purely mechanical. The specific gravity of a vampire and a man, are equal. We cannot swim from London to New York as fishes swim, plunging in the water, and then wagging our tails; neither can we fly as birds and bats fly, by any analogous action of our members, which are forty-nine times less powerful than a pigeon's wing. I know that those will laugh at this announcement who whilome laughed the laugh of idiot scorn at steam and gas, and every other useful novelty. But they will see, if only I be not starved to death before I get the money, that flying in the air, by purely mechanical means, is far—far more simple and easy, than any appliance of steam or gas whatever.

One of the *useful purposes* to which I could think of applying an hydrogen gas balloon, as well as a kite, would be the establishment of a communication betwen a stranded ship and a lee shore.

About three years ago, I addressed a letter to the Mechanics' Magazine on that subject, but I cannot say in what number it appeared.

I gave a detailed description of the apparatus required.—The portable gas company, compress thirty volumes of gas into one, into vessels of thin sheet iron, with ovoidal ends. Such a vessel, charged with one thousand cubic feet of the best gas, might easily be fitted into the bottom of a large cask. The empty balloon being placed over it, and communicating by a tube and stop cock. In the same cask might be arranged a long cord of the lightest and best materials. The whole apparatus properly made and packed, would always be ready on deck like a mere water cask.

The balloon once up, by adding more rope to the thin one belonging to it, must come at last into contact with the edge of a cliff, or with the surface of any lee-shore. The balloon might also be made to take up a small grappling, composed of three or four shark hooks tied back to back.—I fear, however, that there would be considerable risk of the balloon being torn by the yards, &c. of the ship, before it could be got clear of it. In the case of a low coast, without cliffs, or high rocks—an empty water cask, protected by sacking, &c., would take a line on shore as well as a balloon. Apropos of water casks, and provision casks, I have suggested, many years ago—that if, as those become empty they were to be bunged up and stowed, so as not to be washed away, their buoyancy would prevent the vessel from sinking, even when she were full of water. All the trouble is in well bunging up the casks when they become empty.

Poor Madame Blanchard was killed, I think in the year 1819, through the gas of her balloon being ignited from some fireworks which she let off in her car.

In the defiles of the Appennines, both in the Papal and the Neapolitan territories, such of my readers as have ever been there, must have remarked a number of round towers, about sixty feet high, placed so as to overlook some glen which leads into a cultivated valley. I am told that the hills of Ireland abound with towers of a similar description, and they are attributed to the ancient Druids, or some religious purpose. The round towers of the Appennines have the *appearance* of great antiquity, and of course many of them may be very old, but some I have known to be built in my own time, and still *look* as old and rough as any of the others. The fact is, that they are built by the peasants with very rough stones, and generally in calcareous districts where stone and lime are cheap, so as to allow of their being of a strong and massive construction. Whatever may be the origin of the round towers of Ireland, and the purposes they served to the builders, so much disputed about by Irish antiquaries, certain it is, that the round towers of the Appennines are constructed for and fulfil a very different purpose than Druidical or any worship whatever. True—the victims to these Italian constructions are generally roasted, but not alive, as were the victims of the Druids. The fact is, that these towers in Italy, are built for the express purpose of catching wild pigeons, which, twice a year, but especially in October, pass through the country in vast numbers. I have seen cartloads at a time brought to Rome. They are of the kind here called wood-pigeons; very large, and particularly in October are very fat, well flavoured, and very cheap. The method of catching them is as follows:—A net similar to the quail net I have already described, is stretched across the glen, about

a hundred yards below the tower, on the top of which is stationed a man—perhaps two—provided with a store of round white stones, and skilful in the use of the sling. On the side towards the net, that is, towards the entrance of the glen, the tower is furnished with a parapet and small loophole. The pigeons, after passing the day, feeding in the plains below, assemble towards evening in great flocks, and betake themselves to the woody hills to pass the night. The people in care of the nets below, are well concealed, as is also the slinger at the top of the tower, which looks rude and old, and bears no trace of being inhabited. A flock of pigeons is soon seen flying up the glen, at not more than forty or fifty feet above the ground. Just as they approach the nets, the slinger throws a large white stone, so that it appears over the pigeon's heads falling towards them. On this, they all simultaneously dive downward, and so fly plump against the net, and are captured; some by their heads sticking in the meshes,—but a great number by fluttering down into a doubling of the net contrived at the bottom of it. From the positions of the much talked of round towers of Ireland, it will be easy to see at a glance whether or not, they were intended for this bird-catching operation I have described.

In speaking of the safety gunpowder magazine, which I projected at Naples in 1810, I have offered some remarks on lightning conductors, and I have since stated how Rochow, Hullmandel, Landou, and myself, "swarmed" up the main conductor above the cross of St. Peter's church. This church is indebted to the French for the protection it now enjoys against the effects of atmospheric electricity. The engineers who placed these conductors were not content with placing one only upon the cross, but every salient angle of the church top is also protected by one ten feet long, one inch and a half diameter, and branching points of pure

gold. The staples by which the conductors are attached to the walls at intervals, all the way to the ground, are very judiciously made of marble in lieu of metal, and the copper screw bolts which fasten the marble staples to the walls are isolated far away from the iron conductor. The French Government of Rome expended twenty-five thousand crowns in this operation.

Previously to the protection of the church by conductors, much damage was constantly being done to it by lightning. I remember one occasion, when several massive stone steps of the stair that leads to the uppermost gallery were shivered to pieces. The ball of the cross, which is of copper, is riddled with cuplike cavities, in the centre of which is a little globe of metal which has evidently been in a state of fusion. Some of the holes go through the metal; most of them very nearly so. The *custodi* who live on the top of the church, told me that, when the electric fluid strikes the conductor, or rather *flows* into it, a kind of a ringing, hissing noise is heard, and a strong smell between garlic and sulphur. This is, in fact, the smell of the electric and galvanic fluids, elicited by our electromotive apparatus, —of phosphorus, sulphur, of hydrogen gas, and other substances which approach nearer in simplicity to the primitive substance, of which all on earth, and the earth itself, is but part and parcel—that is the substance of the sun. But, before I say any thing further on the subject of volcanos, waterspouts, or any thing relating to cosmogony or geology, I must introduce my readers to my ideas on the latter studies, on which rests the base of all things. Meantime I will add a few more words about St. Peter's church, and then return to Naples, at an epoch when great and stirring things are preparing for the page of history. Of course it cannot suit my plan to go over the particulars of the construction, or any of the wondrous beauties of this

stupendous fabric. That has been achieved or attempted by many other travellers in works familiar to the public. Indeed, by following this plan, I find that I have nothing further to say on the subject, except that it may be useful to builders to know that wherever the least crack appears between the smooth ground clinkers with which the top of the church is beautifully paved, it is filled up with melted sulphur. The same is applied to the honeycomb holes in the Travertino lime stone of which the steps, cornices, &c. of the outside and top of the church are formed. Sulphur is found to be less liable to decomposition by the sun, air, and water, than any other cement. My readers are perhaps not aware that on the top of St. Peter's church there are regular workshops and "hords," for carpenters, masons, painters, glaziers, &c., who, with their families, live up there from one year's end to another. Before I take leave of Rome this year, I must not forget to state for the benefit of those who are addicted to the study of natural history, that the curious Lizard, called the Gecko, which has the faculty of walking quickly upon the smooth vertical surface of a glass window, is not confined to tropical climates, but may be seen in great numbers both at Rome and at Naples, by any body who chooses to look for them about the tops of the houses on a summer's evening. They live in holes in the roofs of houses and barns, and the walls of gardens. The Gecko Lizards of Rome and Naples, are of a mottled grey colour, commonly called pepper and salt. The pupils of their eyes are of a rhomboidal lozenge shape, like that of the viper, horse, goat, and sheep. But the most curious feature of their construction is their feet, which enables them to run on a vertical surface of smooth glass. At the ends of their five toes, they have very sharp hooked claws, sufficient to support them on a rough wall; but underneath each toe, there are fourteen or fifteen transverse folds of skin, which

look very much like the laminæ on the underpart of an open mushroom. These skins act by the centre of the pockets being drawn up, while the thin-fringed edges are in close contact with the smooth surface, on which they walk in such a way as to form a vacuum just as we see boys lift up a smooth stone of many pounds weight, by pressing on it a circular piece of wet leather attached at its centre to a string. If the point of attachment to the string be not air tight, the experiment will fail.

In all likelihood the feet of our common house-flies, are similarly or analogously constructed. And also the hind feet of the great walrus, by which he climbs up the almost vertical sides of icebergs. The suckers of the arms of the cuttle fish and polypus act on the principle of vacuum excited by the animal through the tubular arms. The Italian Gecko is not more than four or five inches long, and is a most harmless little animal, although he partakes in the calumnious imputation of poison attached by the vulgar of all countries, to all reptiles, and even insects who have the ill-luck to have an ill-favoured appearance. These little animals live on flies and small coleopteri, as do their also much-lied-about cousins, the salamanders, who so far from living in the fire, are no where to be found but in cold wells and very damp vaults of ruins. They cannot even endure the noon-day sun for a minute.

In the month of March or April, 1813, many of my friends and members of our cricket, archery, and weekly dinner clubs, of which I have spoken, arrived at Rome from the Russian expedition. Amongst these were the Duke of Roccaromana, minus five fingers and sundry toes; the Prince Campana, ditto; Prince Cariati, ditto; General Pepe, the same; Rambaud only two top joints of fingers the worse. In fine, all more or less crippled either by wounds or frost. Of the magnificent regiment already

named of Horse Veleti, all sons of gentlemen, which entered Russia, seven hundred and eighty strong, only thirty-six remained. Both Delorme and De Segur have told us how few remained of the fine Italian army of sixty thousand veterans. I forget how melancholy few it was.

In May, 1813, I started for Naples, but on my way took up my quarters at the shooting box of the Duke of Braschi, in the midst of the Pontine Marshes. My object was partly to shoot quails and catch fish, but principally to look into the causes of the failures towards the draining of that vast, fertile tract of country. I am convinced that there are two main errors committed by engineers in their arrangements for the drainage of swamps, and the prevention of bars being formed at the mouths of harbours and rivers. As an exemplification of my remarks on these subjects, I will begin by calling the attention of my readers to the circumstances of the river Pò in its lower course through the territory of Ferrara; and these will apply to most rivers which are liable to overflow their banks, and few or none are not so. The floods of winter bring down with them an immense quantity of gravel, sand, mud, and other washings from the upper grounds. These being successively deposited *on* the bed of the river, and the more so *if the river be enclosed by dykes, cause that bed to rise, and I take it that the error has been, in continuing to rise the height of the bank from year to year in order to keep in the water.* Though this process, continued for centuries along the margins of the Pò, the bed of the river has become elevated more than twenty feet above the lands for many miles above its estuary! Now, without reference to any mechanical agency of "dredging" or "ballasting," I am of opinion, from what I have seen, that had the floods been allowed every year to spread right and left without any confinement, the deposit they would have left behind them

on the contiguous land, would have maintained such lands on a level, that is, as the bed of the river rose so would the land. The gradual deposit of the mud, &c., my agricultural readers well know would do the land much more good than harm. But now that there is a difference of above twenty feet to fill up, how are we to do it by this gradual process of a yearly deposit of a few inches? Besides, to let the waters into the fields with such a fall would be a difficult operation, which, for the sake of brevity, I will not stop to discuss. But there are thousands of localities where the process, to which Dall'Armi and I gave the name of *culmination*, might be successfully applied. In such cases, the water of the winter floods should be allowed to run freely over the banks, which should by no means be raised more than is absolutely necessary for towing paths, if such be required. All dykes or banks should be eschewed, because where there are some such only here and there, they cause the water to rush into contiguous places with injurious violence. The process of culmination is particularly successful if practised high up a river much liable to winter floods proceeding from the mountains; because, in such a case, a very large portion of the alluvial detritus carried along by the water, will be spread far and wide, instead of being successively, according to the size and weight of its particles, deposited along the bed of the river so as to raise the level of it. On the banks of the Volturno, not far from Capua, an acquaintance of mine, one Baron Dini, who tripled an already ample fortune by growing cotton at the time of Napoleon's continental blockade, found, that in consequence of some embankments on that river, his cotton lands were longer under water than he could wish. I advised him to allow them to be freely inundated every flood, and by this process he actually soon raised them six inches above the lands of those who tried

to keep out the water. He even went to the expense of raising mounds around his lands, both in the view of getting all the deposit and quieting the complaints of his neighbours; and his land became the best in the district.

With regard to the Pontine Marshes and the Maremme of Italy generally, the plan has been to dig canals intended to carry off the waters to the neighbouring sea. But some how or other, the banks of these canals have been gradually raised until the bottoms of them are often much above the level of the contiguous fields. Nothing but pumps can ever get the water out of these fields into such canals. The water from the uppermost of these lands, at the origin of the canals, does have a little flow into the sea; but on a flat, sandy lee shore, every grain of sand carried down by the stream is met by the advancing waves, and, unable to make its way to any distance from the shore, is deposited in the shape of a "bar" across the mouth of the estuaries. I have fished, swam, and waded along several of these draining streams and found plenty of water, until my near approach to the sea beach, and then I have always found a mass of sand thrown back by the surge that has often enabled me to walk across the estuary dry footed. Now it does appear self-evident to me, that under such circumstances and localities, at least I mean to those I am speaking of, where there is no tide, and eight months fine calm weather, that if a powerful steam "ballasting" machine, be employed to keep up a small channel at the estuary, the marsh would speedily be drained. When the floods of winter came down, I would allow them gradually to inundate all the land, and in a very few winters the bottoms of many of the drains would be the dryest portion of the place. There would be no need for locks to prevent the ingress of the rising tides, as of such there are none. Now I hold for certain that it would be a magnificent speculation for any

of my scientific, mechanical, and monied readers, to cause some of these dredging steam machines, which we see on the Thames, to be constructed, and taking them to Italy, secure to themselves those great advantages and remunerations which have been offered to any successful attempter of such drainages. Thousands of acres of the finest land in the world would be one of the rewards at the option of the speculator. If any such speculator should seriously entertain my suggestion, I offer myself as his foreman, clerk, or stoker, or any thing in the way of labour. I am still vigorous, robust, and active, although fast getting on to fifty years old!

The plan of allowing the mouth of a sea port to be open to the sea *beach*, on the strength of being able to clear away the deposit or bar before it, by means of keeping up the tidal or any other water and then letting it rush out at low water to clear away the entrance, is, I am confident, a very fallacious expedient in the long run. In 1822, I saw such a contrivance applied to Dover and Ramsgate harbours. I have not been there since, or have heard any thing about them, but I would wager that the experiment has not given satisfaction. It is not possible for any such issue of water to carry the deposits any great distance from the shore through so dense a medium as the sea; besides which the rising tides as well as the surge, tend continually to cast back materials to form a bar. The mouths of any such artificial harbours constructed on a sandy beach, instead of opening at right angles, that is perpendicularly to the line of coast, should enter very obliquely, and the side from which the flood tide runs should be protected by a pier or breakwater, to prevent the current driving sand into its mouth. No stream or current rushing out of the harbour should be allowed. *That* will form a bar instead of preventing it.

No drainage will be perfect which, instead of being effected by the laws of nature, is attempted to be achieved by artificial means, such as dykes, pumps, &c.; save and except the mere opening of a channel in the sand in such places and under such circumstances as I have depicted on the coast of the tideless Mediterranean or the Black Sea, where I have observed similar cases. It is evident, that in all places where the level of the rivers, canals, or the sea is far above that of the adjacent land, such must have been produced by the hand of man, erroneously raising the margins of the waters until a mole, a water rat, or any malignant person may drown an entire community! The situation of the Polesine del Pò of Holland and other places, is ticklish in the extreme!

I should have a great deal more to say on this subject of swamps and ports, but I have already exceeded the necessary limits which, confined as I am to an assized number of pages, I can devote to any one item of remark.

On my return to Naples in 1813, I betook myself to the regular study of anatomy and surgery. In this I was joined by my friend Don Michelino Serra, son of the celebrated patriotic Duchess of Cassano.* We made an engagement with a distinguished demonstrator of anatomy at the hospital of the "Incurabili" of Naples, so that we might receive a private and especial demonstration every day immediately after he had finished his lecture to the students of the hospital; the same "subjects" serving for them and for us. But with regard to "subjects," there was never any dearth; as all those who died in the hospital and were not claimed to be buried by their friends, were sent to the dissecting table if required. We found, that this

* It is from the estates of Cassano, in Calabria, that most of the liquorice and manna is supplied to the English market.

instruction was far superior to that which can be communicated to a crowd of students, all of whom cannot possibly be in actual contact with the table and the "subject," much less handle and closely examine the parts under demonstration. Our lessons lasted above an hour every day, and our preceptor, a most amiable and intellectual man, in excellent practice, was satisfied with a ducat (three shillings and sixpence) from each of us.

During this course of six months, which was begun *ab ovo*, and continued in the most regular order, from the bones to muscles, attachments, brain, intestines, veins, arteries, nerves, &c., &c., we were more advanced in our study in consequence of its *method*, than a usual attendance at a "theatre of anatomy" could effect in years.

During our course we met with several interesting cases, both morbid and congenital, and this is the only reason for my saying a word about it. It may be, that my readers, skilled in anatomy, have heard of such cases before; but I have not. One case was of an elderly man, whose transverse colon intestine was covered with numerous round bones exactly like button moulds, minus the hole in the middle. These bones, formed between the two membranes of the gut, were about the eighth of an inch thick, spongy in the middle, harder on each surface, very similar to the texture of the fresh bones of the skull. They were placed close to each other like spangles on a garment; but each and all were isolated. The man had died of a disease of the heart—I think, ossification.

Another very curious case was, an acephalous child, or one born without a head. It had a face, and a handsome one; but all the cranium, from the eye-brows to the first vertebræ, on a level with the mastoide processes, was wanting. A circle of black hair went round the edge, from whence it seemed as if the whole skull and brain had been

clean cut off. The interior of this circle was covered with a pink skin, under which was a thin layer of cellular membrane, which closed up the openings into the œsophagus, the nose, mouth, and ears.

When I first saw this headless child it was alive, and of a most healthful, vigorous make and bearing; but the poor little boy only lived eleven hours, and died without any apparent cause. It happened to die just as our lecture came on, and, consequently, our kind instructor took the opportunity of giving us the benefit of a close examination into its singular formation. He sent for Cotugno, Bruno di Amantea, Savaresi, and Sementini, all well known in the world of science and in the healing art. Singular, certainly it was, but only as regarded the entire want of brain, for in every other respect it was quite perfect. My principal anxiety was to ascertain whether, in the absence of a brain, the nerves would be complete. They were so. The great sciatics along the legs and thighs were as thick as quills; but when they approached to the spinal cord, or *medulla oblongata*, instead of joining that main of all the nerves, they stopped short, and terminated in points, within a few lines from the *Caudæ Equi*. Several other pairs of nerves which ought to have *entered* the spinal cord had stopped short in their progress, within an eighth or a quarter of an inch distance. In no other part was there any congenital or morbid disorder. But the circumstance of the nerves being perfectly formed in the limbs and other parts, without any communication or contact with a brain, or spinal cord, constitutes a very important feature in physiology, because it clearly *proves* that the nerves are not emanations or prolongations *from* the brain, but that they are formed primitively *in the other parts*, and then proceed *to* the brain, as rivers (vulgarly called "arms of the sea") are formed on the land, and then progress to join the main

deposit—the ocean. I have seen a case of a large wen, or tumour, being excised from a man's thigh. It weighed thirty-two pounds; but, instead of presenting a mass of granulations, indurated lymph, &c., it was filled with nerves, arteries, and veins, that had evidently *originated in its substance*, and given it life and growth.

One day, the subject on the table being a youth of about eighteen who had died of "water on the chest" and general debility, we found, between the bladder and the rectum, in the cavity of the abdomen, which was suffused with water, a fœtus, perfectly fresh, very imperfect, and confused in its formation, but whose features and other parts could be distinctly defined. It was much enveloped in coagulated lymph, and altogether weighed about a pound. I know that cases of this nature, and of a much more complete and surprising formation, have occurred both previously and since the one I am speaking of; but I mention what *I* actually saw, thinking that physiologists have not bestowed sufficient pains on the explanation of such phenomena, as extra-uterine conceptions and abdominal *incubation* in the male subject.

Whilst attending this hospital I had the good fortune to witness many other uncommon cases, both congenital and morbid; but I cannot find space for their recordal. One interesting circumstance I will mention regarding the antiseptic and *de*putrifying powers of charcoal. My friend, Giovanni Dall'Armi, had constructed a filter, formed of layers of broken brick, sand, but principally coarsely-pounded charcoal. In order to put the efficacy of this mechanical and chemical arrangement to the severest possible test, Dall'Armi sent his filtering barrel to our hospital. To produce a skeleton, the bones of which shall hold together without wire by their own ligaments, the assistants of the establishment, after cutting and scraping off the flesh

as close as possible with a knife, placed the skeletons into certain large cisterns, where they are macerated in water, till nothing but the joint ligaments remain attached to the bones. In one of these cisterns there were several human skeletons undergoing maceration; and the water, not having been often changed (as it ought to be), was of a dark brown colour, and most fœtid smell. Doctors Cotugno, Savaresi, Bruno di Amantea, Angelo Della Leonessa, Sementini, and several other well-known public men of genius, saw a basin of this horrid water taken from the macerating cistern, and poured into the charcoal filter. In a few minutes it passed through into a crystal goblet, from whose bright substance it could not be distinguished; the goblet was handed round, and all the parties present tasted of it, and declared, as I now do, that it was perfectly free from taste, or smell, or colour.

It was about this time that I discovered the efficacy, and applied, corrosive sublimate to the paste used in book-binding, map-lining, &c., as an infallible preservative against those insects which destroy books and papers principally for the sake of the paste used in the bindings. I also applied a solution of the same substance, worked up with linseed oil, to my leather portmanteau and to my water-boots. In 1814, while purchasing a map at a shop at the bottom of St. James's Street, in company with my old friend, Tom Williams, and Sir Robert Wilson, I remarked, that men in the shop were packing up maps and books in cases made of tin, which were then soldered up. I was told that this was a necessary precaution against insects; and that the termites, or white ants, will eat up a deal box or a leather trunk in a night. Upon this I explained to the map-seller (I forget his name) the sure effects of corrosive sublimate both as applied to his paste, to the wooden boxes, and to leather portmanteaus. He had the good sense to listen to me, and to

try my suggestion; and many years afterwards he assured me that it had had the most complete success. Both Sir R. Wilson and Tom Williams are still alive and hearty, and will, I dare say, remember my introducing into England the use of corrosive sublimate as above stated in 1814, a use which has lately been so much extended to the great benefit of patenteed speculators. My readers may also, perhaps, like to know, that a grain of corrosive sublimate added to a bottle of ink will infallibly prevent its ever becoming mouldy. Mouldiness being a real vegetation, the corrosive sublimate poisons and destroys that vegetable life. Sugar of lead will have a similar effect on ink. This preservative I introduced at Naples in 1813. When I shall by and by have to speak of yellow fever, typhus, plague, cholera, &c., I think I shall be able to point out a specific *preventative*, if not a cure, which, perhaps, the professors of the healing art may condescend to try. But, as a preliminary note, I may as well declare, that I consider the plague, yellow fever, and typhus, to be caused by animalized rudiments, or rudimental atoms, or attempt at organization, brought into existence by the favourable circumstances of heat, moisture, a stagnant atmosphere, together with the evolvement of hydrogen gas, which forms *dualites*, or galvanic accordances with oxygen, taking possession of the humours of the human body; so like that strong effort at animalization, or vegetative movement, which we see in the conversion of timber into dust, or countless millions of real fungi, attempting to convert the whole of the human frame into rudimental atoms like themselves. The "dry rot" in timber is the conversion of the whole substance into minute vegetales, or fungi. The plague, typhus, yellow fever, and perhaps cholera, is, in my idea, an analogous attempt at converting the human frame, or humours, into animalized rudiments, most probably *immeasurably* more minute than the dry rot fungi.

Charging the blood and humours, then, with minute but repeated doses of corrosive sublimate would probably, by analogy, destroy or disgust the rudimental atoms that in cases of plague, typhus, &c., endeavour to convert our humours into their like. I have had ocular demonstration that in warm latitudes, during a long calm at sea, a powerful sun acting on a stagnant surface of water, particularly salt water, which is so much more electric than fresh, after a few days of such condition, various and strange gelatinous animalizations appear on the surface; some elongated, like little serpents; others spherical, and some tubular; all of which appeared to me to owe their origin to the state of the atmosphere, the water, and the temperature.

Before leaving Rome, Rochow and I climbed up to the top of the pyramid of Caius Sextus by screwing projecting pieces of steel on to the soles of our shoes, and carrying with us each a hammer and a bag of large nails. I only mention this boy's freak in order to remark how *even* the pyramidal form, which is the most substantial in architecture, is liable to be destroyed in a climate that allows of the growth of plants in the joints and interstices of the best constructed stone walls. The great blocks of which this pyramid is built are in innumerable places forced asunder, two or three inches, by the expansion of the vegetation that covers it, principally wild fig trees. Such is the rapidity and vigour of vegetation in Italy, that the parapets of fortresses are constantly liable to be seriously injured unless great care is taken to eradicate the vegetation. When this operation has been neglected some time, it is found necessary to call in the masons, as even the largest blocks of stone are separated and displaced. By this time the pyramids of Egypt would have crumbled to pieces had they not been placed in a situation where the dry, parching air

admits of no vegetation upon them. At Ferentino there is an ancient Roman inscription upon a solid homogeneous rock of limestone twenty-four feet square. Smirke copied the inscription, the mouldings, pilastres, &c., and also had a terrible fall from the top, which lamed him for a long time. But *I* was most interested in observing an old fig tree that had established itself just in front in the centre of the rock. By insinuating its tap root into a slight fissure, it had at last split it down ten feet, and at top the interruption of continuity and of the inscription was about *ten* inches; that is, the diameter of the root of the tree. The force required to effect this disjunction is prodigious, as the rock is only isolated at its front; and were it to be cut off from its connexion with the mass behind it, it would not weigh less than five hundred tons!

While I was at Rome in 1812 and 1813, I made many observations on the subject of street pavements, cements, agatizations in the Cloaca maxima, and other matters interesting to society, but I shall reserve the mention of them to an occasion when I shall be able to present them in a condensed *fasciculus* form: One discovery I made at Rome at that time was, or ought to have been agreeable. I was put into possession of a little villa that had belonged to my grandfather, at Castelgandolfo, (a village beautifully situated on the lake of Albano, and where the Pope always passes a few of the summer months,) of a good house and eighty acres of land, producing abundant crops of oil, wine, and corn. By order of my father, I gave the present use of the tenement to my uncle Don Felix, the bishop, who died about four years ago. What has become of this little property, I have had no means of ascertaining during the dreadful turmoil in which I have been all this while bewildered.

On my way to Naples, I took an indirect road in order

to visit an estate of five thousand acres that had also belonged to my grandfather, situated on the river Garigliano, in the principality of Ponte Corvo. In the maps it is called *Massaria* (farm) *Maceroni;* but it is more than any dozen farms *ought* to be composed of. I found several old persons who remembered both my grandfather and grandmother, and the land agent of my grandfather, Mr. Francesco Palombo, was living well and hearty as principal steward to the Duke of Parabita, of Naples, in 1814. It will subsequently be seen, that had Joachim lived six, or any, months longer as king, I should surely have had this Ponte Corvo estate restored to me as an act of tardy justice; it happened to form part of the "national domains," or such as are here called "crown lands," and so, under such circumstances, was in the king's gift. It will also be seen by and by, how Mr. Canning from pitiful party spite, prevented me in 1824, from recovering, not only this estate, but a full indemnification from Pope Pius VII., for all the property of which my grandfather had been so iniquitously despoiled by his predecessor Pius VI!

For the benefit of any brethren of the angle who may visit the banks of the river Garigliano, I beg to state that in its waters they will find abundant store of trout, chub, pike, and roach; but principally trout in the upper part of the river. Near its estuary, they may catch *spinola*, (bass) of ten and fifteen pounds weight, and grey mullet of an equal size. A small bleak or a dace, used with spinning tackle, as for large trout and pike, is the best method of fishing for the former, though they will take a lob worm. For grey mullet, a gentle or a worm is the only bait I have found to succeed, and best when thrown to a distance with a fly rod, without a float, and only one shot on the line near the hook.

I have certainly no particular desire to claim relationship

with a chief of banditti, however his lawless career may have been distinguished for bravery and constant discrimination between the rich and the poor who fell in his way. But, as after the publication of this book in England, it may be translated into Italian, some one, who is acquainted with the fact, might *maliciously* state, that I had eschewed avowing my relationship to Massaroni, the bandit chief. Now, to save myself from such an accusation, I now do that, which the Italians call "throwing yourself forwards, in order not to fall backwards." I feel no repugnance in stating that the brigand chief, so celebrated in melo-drama, whose name has been spelt Massaroni, was the son of Don Leandro Maceroni, first cousin to my father, who lived in 1815 in his large mansion close to the Palazzo Farnese, at Rome. Through despotic theocratic injustice, and political vicissitudes, Don Leandro had been so reduced in circumstances as to maintain a mere skeleton of a household, and had been glad to obtain for his son the appointments of sub-prefect of the department, and postmaster of the city of Foligno. I knew the young man personally, and can say, that he was one of the mildest and most steady men of his age I ever met with. The particulars of his falling in love with a young lady,—of the momentary obstacles to their union,—of the acts of infidelity in which he detected her, and the treacherous nature of the seduction by a bosom friend of his,—and all the other romantic real facts, at one time I knew—but sorry am I to say, that they have escaped my recollection. I was informed of this history at a moment when my mind was much engrossed by thoughts and duties of the most vivid interest. As the Italians say, "one nail drives out another." The one nail in this case, prevented the other from penetrating sufficiently for retention. However, I remember the main fact was, that he killed his mistress and his rival at the

same time; then took to the mountains and became the chief of a band of robbers. I do not know what kind of death the melodramatists have caused Massaroni to endure *on the stage*, as I have not seen the performance, nor indeed any other for the last fifteen years; but I dare say, that it is equally devoid of any accordance with the truth, as is the opera of Fra Diavolo, who, my readers have already seen, was *hanged* at Naples in 1807.

Upon my return to Naples, in 1813, the cricket, archery, and weekly dinners were resumed; to the latter, I introduced my friend, Hullmandel, who proved a most agreeable acquisition. Amongst other novelties, also, I established a swimming school for ladies. Along the lovely shores of Posilipo, there are innumerable grottos and vast excavations in the tuffo rock; most of which appear to have been made for the extraction of the stone for building, with the advantage of immediate water carriage. One of these caverns is of very extraordinary dimensions, being capable of containing at least two hundred gun boats. It is situated rather more than half way from the villa of Sanazarius, the poet, to Posilipo point. The entrance to the grotto is about forty feet high and as many wide, and the water, as clear as crystal, is twenty feet deep. The interior forms a vast dome sixty feet high, with a hole in the centre. It was in this cavern, that, as I have already stated, the Bourbon agent, Count Thurn, caused in 1798, one hundred and thirty-five gun-boats, each armed with a long twenty-four pounder gun, to be burnt. The intensity of the heat has produced a very singular effect upon the entire surface and dome of this grotto. Notwithstanding that tuffo, the base of which is alumine, is of different fusion, the whole surface was reduced to a state of fluidity. Huge runnings, like black icicles or stalactites, hang from the dome and cover the sides, down which the melted tuffo poured into the water. Thus

the whole surface of this immense grotto is of a bright shining black glass.

My female pupils in the art of swimming were first, Mrs. Gill, whose husband also attended; the Duchess of Cirella and her daughter; Madame Isoard and sister. (General Isoard was intendant of the arsenal,) the Duchess of Parabita; Countess Suini, of Milan; Countess of Battaglini, of Rimini, and several others. They all had dresses, that is a waistcoat and trousers of dark brown flannel,—the gentlemen drawers. Every morning at six we met at the house of Isoard, at Santa Lucia, and provided with every thing requisite for a good breakfast, except figs, oranges, and other delicious fruits which we gathered on the spot, we embarked and passed over to a grotto under Posilipo.

The limpid water of the grotto we selected, gradually became shallower towards its extremity, which was of fine white sand, and then a clean surface of tuffo rock, on which the ladies undressed and put on their swimming garments. The men performed these operations in the boat, aloof from the grotto. On the top of the grotto, was a beautiful little farm house, accessible from the sea by a stair cut in the side of the rock. Here we got fruit, and new laid eggs, and fire to make our tea and coffee. Mrs. Gill was the first to swim alone. The very first time she entered the water, she leaped off a ledge of the rock into a depth of twenty feet; her husband and I being prepared to receive her. By following the plan adopted by Rochow, when I took him across the Tiber, I carried her and the other ladies from the grotto, across deep water, to a rock a hundred yards distant. One morning, Mrs. Gill thought that she could do the like by another pupil; so placing Miss Isoard, a fine strong girl of eighteen, on her shoulders, off she swam with her towards the rock. They had not got half way, when Mrs. Gill imprudently began to joke her companion on her courage,

observing that they were then in water forty feet deep. Miss Isoard began to tremble and to lift herself more above the water, so as to press Mrs. Gill under it. At last she became so alarmed as to clasp her round the neck, and both went down together. I hastened to the spot, and was just in time to save them; but it was a dangerous moment; for both of them having lost all presence of mind, seized hold of me, one by the hair, the other by the throat, scratched my face and neck, and still clung to each other. No time was to be lost. I forcibly pulled them asunder, and not being able to carry them both, I left Mrs. Gill, who could swim, to shift for herself, and she was the next instant joined by her husband, and I carried off Miss Isoard and got her safe into port. This affair did not interrupt our delightful and healthful amusement, but it convinced me of the danger of allowing any person to commence learning to swim, except in the way recommended by the sagacious Benjamin Franklin, that is, wading from a shelving beach into the water, until it reaches the shoulders, and then turning the face towards the shore, endeavour to dive and pick up a white stone, placed between the swimmer and the beach. This was the plan I had begun by adopting; there is no other any thing like so safe and also efficacious.

Long before this period I had bethought me of having recourse to mechanical means to enable me to swim with far more ease and speed, than unaided nature will allow us. In the first place, I found that by rubbing my body all over with oil or pomatum, I not only slipped better through the water, as does a ship with a smooth bottom, but the soddening and weakening effect upon the muscles of long immersion was very much reduced. To increase my power of impingement on the water, I first attached to the soles of a pair of laced boot, flaps of wood on hinges, just like those of a Pembroke table; so that the flaps closed and

opened alternately as I drew up or struck out my feet. But I found that the operation of swimming in our species, and in that of a frog are essentially different. The frog is propelled by the flats of his webbed feet; we advance by the oblique action of the inner portions of legs and feet, in the way of "skulling" with an oar at the stern of a boat. I altered my foot apparatus accordingly, and instead of two flaps to each foot, I used only one. This I applied to stationary pieces of board, ascending upwards over the ancles, which were admitted into it and saved from the pressure by holes. At the bottom of these boards, flaps were attached by brass hinges,—but so arranged that they could only move outwards twenty degrees, and inwards forty-five. This simple apparatus can be put into the pocket, and attached to the ancles by straps and buckles in a minute; such of my readers as ever try it, will be surprised at the increase of power it will give them in the water. Man is a two-legged animal, his arms can do but little service in the action of *progression*. Our power is in the legs and thighs. I also made gloves of calico, which, upon expanding the fingers and thumb, filled up the spaces between, like the webs in the feet of a duck; but it soon fatigues the fingers, which, however, may be expanded only on emergencies. Being thus equipped, I have often astonished persons in a boat, after which I have swam so rapidly as to make them think for a moment that I was towed after them by a rope.

When bathing is merely performed for the sake of its healthful or cleansing effects, it may be best to enter the water early in the day, and fasting, as physicians usually prescribe. But persons of delicate constitutions are ordered by the Italian doctors to bathe at noon, after the water has been warmed by the sun. For the information of those who swim for amusement, and, as it were gymnastically, I beg

to state, that they will be able to swim many times as far again, and dive, and hold their breath much longer, if they go into the water after having taken a nourishing meal and drank a bottle of strong wine. The abstraction of caloric from the body, by the water, is enormous, and *fuel* is required to keep up the supply. The men who, at Naples, obtain a living by diving for "shell-fish," always drink at least a quart of good wine before entering the water, especially if it be chilly.

The grottos I have been speaking of, abound with the finest shrimps I ever saw, except those of Smyrna. A hoop net, with a bit of salt fish or meat suspended in the centre of it will soon catch enough for breakfast. Another use I made of these shrimps was, the formation of skeletons of birds, mice, lizards, serpents, &c. I found that I had only to skin the animal, and hang it in the water of one of my delightful grottos, when, in a day or two, or often in a few hours, the shrimps would turn out so perfect and clean a skeleton as no human hands could possibly produce. I have often caused the like service to be performed by ants, but these are apt to destroy the ligaments of the bones, and their work is never so clean and neat as that of the shrimps, without counting the smell of the "subject," putrified in the sun.

A few more words about a few more trifles, and I shall have to write of more serious matters. Most of my readers are, perhaps, aware of the very extraordinary increase in the power of hearing that may be obtained, by merely placing the open hands behind each ear, and pressing them forwards, so as greatly to increase the sound-collecting surface. Upon this principle, in 1811, I constructed a pair of pasteboard ears for my liberal-minded and learned friend, Monsignore Aquaviva, at Naples, who, being a bishop, but passionately fond of music, and somewhat hard of hearing to boot, was thus enabled to attend a favourite opera, and

hear better than any body else, without exhibiting himself in the front of the boxes. The ears tie on to the head with a ribbon, or they may be fitted to elastic frames like those of spectacles. Great was the merriment excited amongst our friends at the bishop with pasteboard ears. I dare say that many of them still remember it; several followed the example with great satisfaction; but they always kept as much out of view as possible, not wishing to convulse the pit and the whole theatre by the sight.

Another worthy and benevolent prelate, whose name will go down with honour to posterity, whom I had the honour of knowing at Naples at that time, was Monsignor Capecelatro, Archbishop of Tarentum. His house was the resort of the first intellect of Italy, and many of my readers, Hullmandel amongst the number, will be pleased at his venerated name being called to their recollection.

During a sojourn of some weeks which I made in the lovely island of Ischia, I became acquainted with the celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto. He was passing, or returning, I forget which, through Naples, on his way to inspect the Illyrian provinces. I went to Ischia in company with Prince Ferdinand Colonna. He took with him a cook; and my valet served for us both. We hired apartments at the principal town, but found very little occasion to use them. The French had brought Ischia into fashion, and great numbers of beautiful houses, farms, and cottages, spread about amongst the hills and woods, were occupied by the most lovely and agreeable tenants that ever enlivened such scenes of sylvan perfection. The beautiful Carafa lived in one fairy spot — the lovely and intellectual Madame Vandricourt in another. The charming Darlingcourt held her court in a mansion to which nothing but the graphic pen of a Thomson could do justice. The patriotic and strong-minded Duchess of Cassano occupied a cottage in

great part scooped out of the side of a solid vertical mass of rock, with the sea beneath her feet, and shady terraces one above the other, covered with flowers, vines, orange-trees, and every vegetable luxury around. The Princess Caramanica, late Vice-Queen of Sicily, had perched herself on the side of a volcanic cone, in a house that had been a convent. Curious to say, the crater at the top contained an ice-house, from which she not only supplied her own large establishment, but many of her neighbouring friends. The beautiful blonde, Giuditta Masi, with golden hair, lived in an elegant cottage by a road-side, at which the gay ramblers on ass-back always stopped and called her "hostess." Colonna and I performed the freak of fixing a great bough of a tree over her door, which, in Italy, is the outward "sign" of good wine and cheer within.* La *bella Giuditta* good-humouredly allowed the bough to remain for several weeks, which surely could not have been done conveniently where the peasants are less courteous and simple-minded than at Naples. Colonna and I passed our time in visits at these delightful abodes; the harmony, elegance, and intercourse between all the parties being only capable of comparison with such as presided at the union of the Florentine ladies and gentlemen, whom Boccacio represents as rusticating from Florence to avoid the ravages of the plague, and recounting his Decameron of tales to amuse one another. Two days we passed at one house—three at another, and so on, to the end of our month sojourn.

Amidst all this feasting, and laughing, and music, and dancing, I did not lose the opportunity which the locality afforded of gaining geological instruction. I examined with care the numerous vast streams of lava which have pro-

* According to Shakspeare, a bough or a *bush* had formerly the same application in England.

ceeded from the volcano, to which this island, like all others not formed by zoophites, coralines, or mud-banks, owes its origin. The last recorded eruption took place in 1111 or 1112. A stream of lava that then flowed into the sea is eighty feet deep, two miles long, and half a mile broad. It retains its heat to this day, even to the sea-shore, so that no snow will lie on it for a minute. I next formed a picnic party, including several of the ladies just named, to ascend to the top of the great volcano. We all started from the house of Madame Vaudricourt on mules and asses, not forgetting a sumpture mule well loaded with provisions, wine, and ice. The path we had to take was not more than seven miles, but very rugged and steep. There is a better road from the western side of the island. Ever and anon we passed romantic cottages and villas. Every spot of ground is covered with luxuriant crops, mingled with vines, olives, oranges, lemons, and fig-trees. Although the summit of this mountain is not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, we found the air considerably cooler than below, and I observed in the garden of a cottage near the top, several gooseberry and currant bushes, said to have been planted there by Sir W. Hamilton, and which, I was told, bore plenty of fruit. The general climate of Italy is too warm for these fruits, and the only other place where I know of any such existing, was on the summit of *Monte Sacro*, above Albano, eighteen miles from Rome. But the most interesting feature of my excursion was, the inspection of the cone or summit of the volcano. This cone is only partially left standing, and there is a total absence of ashes, scoriæ, or pumice, in its formation. It is of pure, hard, clean tuffo rock, which clearly indicates, that it was formed at a time when the summit of the volcano was beneath the general level of the then existing oceanic waters. The more modern streams of lava have issued from craters opened on

the sides of the mountain, and their nature is basaltic, quite similar to the present lavas of Mounts Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, &c. The highest peak of the mountain consists of a fragment of one side of a crater or bowl, the superior edge of which terminates in a sharp ridge, not so thick as the back of an ass, or rather like the back of an ass brought up to an angle. This kind of mitre-topped wall ascended from the place at which we could approach it, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to the height of two hundred feet, when it ended in a point, all of clean smooth tuffo. It was impossible for any but a rope-dancer to walk up such an edge of rock, with a clean and almost perpendicular surface on each side. I tried it with a long stick in each hand, but was compelled to let fall my sticks not to fall myself. However, by sitting astride on the rock, both Colonna and I pushed ourselves up to the very apex, and there drove in two large nails we had taken for the purpose, and each of us left a gold ring upon his nail, which any of my readers are welcome to, if they should be able to get at them.

In the autumn of 1813, I made another sojourn at my favourite fishing and shooting place, Patria, and I only mention it because, on this occasion, I think I learnt the etymology of the English word *stationer* or vender of paper, which I, being addicted to etymology, had often racked my poor brain to divine. I had occasion to send my *cacciatore* to Naples on some confidential mission, and in giving him instructions to give me an account of his mission before he returned, I remembered that he could not write, and asked him how he would manage to perform that duty. He answered that he would go to a *Stazzionario* near the post-office. In an instant I caught the etymology, and found that it consists in this. Close to every post-office in Italy there are men (generally old ones) seated at a table, with pen, ink, and paper, prepared to read the letters and write

replies for those who cannot do so themselves. The lower orders at Naples, and especially the peasanty in the vicinity, speak the Italian language just as it was written by Dante. Those who have only a smattering of Italian think to show their knowledge and taste by declaiming against the "barbarous dialect" of the Neapolitan lower orders. They little know that they are disgusted with the very words used by Dante and Petrarca, such as aggio for hò, mogliere for moglie, in coppo for in su or sopra, &c., &c. A *Stazzionario*, then, appears to be a man STATIONED near the post-office, who reads and writes letters, and *sells the paper to his customers.*

While I was one day fishing at Patria, on this occasion, I had a large heap of roach that I had caught, lying at my feet in the sedge. Suddenly I saw a very large water snake, (Coluber Viperina) which lives on fish and frogs, swimming towards me from the opposite side of the river. I remained perfectly still, and his snakeship quietly landed at my feet. Scarcely allowing myself to breathe, I kept my eye upon him, when I observed that he had cast *his* eye on my heap of roach close by. I saw him look first at one, then at another, till seizing on the largest before him, he began to swallow it in that serpentine, awkward way, moving first one side of his jaws, then the other, but to no effect. He could not get it down, it was too big—he appeared to wish to get it up again, and make a better selection, but with no more success. I burst out a laughing, and so shook the reeds on which we both were, that he became alarmed, and looked up at me for a moment or two, then slowly began to retreat with the fish sticking half out of his mouth, and every instant casting back an anxious glance at me, who could not move for laughing; in fact, rather than hurt him, I would gladly have given him my whole heap of roach in return for the amusement he had afforded me. By this time,

I dare say, the poor fellow has swallowed the fish, and much good may it do him.

One day I saw some men and women picking large quantities of myrtle leaves, of which they had collected many ass and mule loads. Upon inquiring the use of them, I was informed that they were to tan hides, and that they answered better than either pine or even oak bark, and left, in the leather produced, a permanent fragrancy.

Having read in the history of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, of a method of catching wild ducks by the legs, I thought I would try the plan. I improved upon it, by putting on a dress of black worsted stocking net, which covered even my hands. This I did lest the whiteness of my skin should frighten the ducks when I got amongst them. Upon my head, instead of the Chinese pumkin, I placed a bundle of straw and weeds, and into the water I went. It was very cold, and there being scarcely any stream in the river, I suffered much before I got up to a flock of ducks that I saw on the water two hundred yards below me. However, I floated into the midst of them, and actually pulled two of them under by the legs and fixed them in my girdle, when some sportsman, close at hand, fired a shot at a passing duck which caused all *my* flock to take the wing and I was left alone, glad that the shooter had not aimed so as to hit the bundle of rubbish that concealed my head. I mention this foolish circumstance, because poor King Joachim spontaneously spoke of it to me with much hilarity at *the last supper* I took with him at Ajaccio, the night of his sailing to his death at Pizzo.

For the benefit of my sporting readers I will assure them that the very best wadding for placing between the powder and the shot, is cork. In order to cut corks so that they shall be all exactly similar and equal in size and perfectly cylindrical, I fix sharp points or sharpen the shanks in the

centres of two round brass buttons, rather larger than the calibre of the gun the cork wads are intended for. By sticking one of these at each end of a bit of cork, the knife will slip round them, and produce a perfect cylinder of the same diameter as the buttons. The corks must then be greased with tallow or pomatum, and cut into slices of about the third of an inch thick, or half an inch, if a large bore. Whether the gun be clean or foul, the lateral elasticity of the cork will allow of its going down without difficulty, which is not the case with other wadding, such as pasteboard, felt, the metallic, &c. Besides, cork can be had any where, and provided you do but cut it so as it shall not be too *small*, its being a little too large is no defect. Those, who at my suggestion, have used cork wads, assure me that they will never touch any other. With such the whole effect of the powder is obtained, the pressure of which actually causes the cork to expand laterally and fill up the barrel still more completely.

Another convenient plan for quick shooting, I adopted in 1805, which is particularly available in duck shooting, often executed almost in the dark. That is shot cartridges. I do not mean the shot only enclosed in paper, but both powder and shot in one cartridge. To construct these, I placed the powder and shot in separate cylinders of paper, and then, with sealing wax, attach them one on each side, to a cork wad. Windage is, both in bird shooting and artillery shooting, the great obstacle to good practice. Nothing but cork will prevent windage in a fowling piece, equally well, when it is clean as when dirty, and nothing else is so easy to procure in all places.

The makers of percussion copper caps boast of their caps being water-proof. Be that as it may, a single drop of rain falling on the cap when placed on the nipple of a gun, will occasion a miss-fire. Because it is of no avail that the *cap*

itself be water-proof when a drop of water is sure to ascend between the cap and the nipple through the attraction of surfaces, which is analogous to capillary attraction, and wet the powder in the vent. The *cap* may then explode, but the gun will not. To remedy this evil, I have for these many years adopted the following plan. I melt in a plate over a lamp a mixture of tallow and a little common resin; the mixture may be made harder or softer according to the season, for cold weather tallow alone will do. I then dip every cap into the melted mixture, so as to leave a little rim of it in the *inner* surface. Of course care must be taken that the greasy cement, does not reach up to the percussion powder at the top of the caps. Even with a camel hair pencil or a bit of stick, several hundred copper caps can be so prepared in a few minutes, and it is only essential to have such for use in wet weather. The caps to be thus rendered hermetically water-proof, must be of a size, or two larger than such as just fit the nipple without the preparation. A gun loaded with a greased cork wad, over the powder, and with these prepared copper caps (provided it has no lateral vent hole which is superfluous) may be placed (loaded) at the bottom of a pond for a month and being taken out, it will go off as well as ever.

For those who are in the habit of keeping loaded fire-arms in their houses or pockets (often a good precaution) I will state, that they never can depend upon their going off, after being loaded some time, unless they use my preparation to the caps. For the powder in the small vent of the nipple, or in the touch-hole and pan of a flint piece will oxidize the metal, and the former becomes decomposed. Moreover the entire surface of iron oxidizes by long contact with the powder. To prevent all this, even in a flint lock, you must first wash your gun or pistol perfectly clean: then, to make it thoroughly dry, warm the barrel so as

scarcely to be able to hold it in your hand. Then, while warm, pour into it a little shellac varnish, or one made of shoemakers' wax dissolved in spirits of turpentine. This will so effectually protect the surface of the iron from rust, that when you are sure that the varnish is quite dry, you may load your piece, and it will go off, after twelve months, as well as after twelve minutes. I must not forget to mention, that the method I have indicated of making bird shot cartridges, with the cork between, also applies to buckshot cartridges for war or defence. On many occasions, where the object fired at is not more than fifty yards off, nine or twelve buck-shot of one hundred and twenty to the pound, are far preferable to a single ball; and this particularly on horseback, when the aim is not so steady. But buckshot will have no adequate power of penetration, unless they have the benefit of the whole blast of the powder, by means of a wad or "bottom" either of cork, wood, or metal. Wood or metal would be better than cork were it not that they must be always either too small or too large, according as the pieces are clean or foul. It is an improvement to bird-shot and buck-shot cartridges to put in with the shot a little dry slacked lime or "whiting," in impalpable powder. This, in part, prevents each globule from acting on its neighbours like a wedge, and so causing friction in the sides of the barrel.* One little trifle more, for the present. Castelamare is a town exactly south of Naples, on the opposite side of the bay, and contiguous to Sorento, the birth place of Torquato Tasso. To describe the beauties and amenity of this region would be an endless task. From a village called "*Quisi sana*," for ten miles

* Too much shot is generally used by all sportsmen. The weight should never exceed that of the ball which fits the gun. I have shown a signal illustration of this axiom by so combining the charge, as to drive partridge shot *through* an English penny piece.

around, you can walk or ride through the most picturesque glens and up the mountains, in the midst of summer, without ever being touched by a ray of the sun. Provisions of every kind, fish, flesh, and fowl; butter, milk, and fruit are abundant and "dirt cheap." But I mention this place, merely to notice a method practised there of conveying the timber and faggots from the summits of the mountains that rise four thousand feet behind the town to the ship-building yards and wharfs on the sea shore. The large logs of timber are run down the mountains, as I have seen practised in other places, especially in the Alps and in Corsica; that is, along troughs of wood, which extend from the top to the bottom of the mountains, often several miles. When once a trimmed tree is put into a trough, it slides down like an arrow from the bow, and if one line of trough does not take it to its destination, it is received at some intermediate landing place, and then launched into another trough, and so on, till it arrives at its journey's end. I must not forget to state, that they very cleverly manage to turn some of the little springs of water which abound on the mountains into these troughs, which keeps them from igniting and wear, besides conducting the water to where it is made use of. But large faggots of fire-wood will not run down these troughs, so instead of them, the proprietors have extended strong hawsers from vertical beams at the top, to similar beams at the bottom, or in stages as are the troughs. Pulleys run upon these hawsers from which depend hooks, and to these the faggots are hung, when down they go like lightning, several miles on to the sea beach. I took several flights along these lines, by sitting on a stick suspended to the pulley by the middle. It is an exciting affair and more swift than the "Montaignes Russes."

In giving a scanty sketch of Murat's achievements during the campaign to Moscow, I left Prince Eugene in the

command of the remains of the French army on the line of the river Oder. From that river he retreated to the Elbe, and soon after the victories gained by the French at Lutzen and Bautzen, in some degree checked the ardour of their enemies.

It was some time before Murat could be persuaded to join the army, but his affection for his brother-in-law and brother in arms, added to the persuasive letters addressed to him by Fouché and Marshal Ney, at length prevailed, and on the 14th of August 1813, he arrived at the Imperial camp before Dresden. A congress which was supposed to treat of peace sat for forty days at Prague. But instead of checking the effects of war, it greatly tended to augment its scale of operations, inasmuch as pending this meeting, both parties had strained every nerve to collect and bring up their reserves. Thus Napoleon again found himself at the head of two hundred and sixty thousand infantry and forty thousand cavalry—three hundred thousand men, and the allies had four hundred thousand infantry and one hundred thousand cavalry—that is just half a million of soldiers.

On the 16th of August, the Armistice expired, and hostilities began, for which King Joachim had just arrived in time. Prussia, Austria, had broken faith with France and joined the Russians. Austria still pretended to hold the language of mediation; but the base uncoerced defection and ingratitude of the Frenchman whom Napoleon had caused to be placed on the throne of Sweden, can find no excuse with any, save with those whose minds are warped by prejudice and blind hatred.

The King of Naples took the command of all the French cavalry. On the first desperate attack which the allies made upon the French army in Dresden he had no part until the evening upon their repulse; he then went forth with all the French heavy cavalry and cuirassiers, and falling on the Austrians of General Klenau, overthrew them

with terrible slaughter; then charging other battalions with the rapidity of lightning and increased forces, entire masses were laid prostrate and destroyed. It was on this night that the news reached the French staff of a general of the first rank having been mortally wounded by the side of the Emperor Alexander. At first it was supposed to have been Prince Schwartzenberg, and on that impression Napoleon and Murat were heard to utter expressions of great personal regret. But a dog that followed the wounded general was cut off and captured by some of Murat's cavalry, and on his collar were found the words, "I belong to General Moreau." The dog was immediately sent by Murat to Marshal Berthier, "*chief of the general staff*," who thus became acquainted with the presence in the enemy's ranks of his old friend and comrade, and of his merited fate.

The King of Naples had, by attacking the enemy in flank with twenty-two thousand cavalry, broken and overthrown them so completely as to oblige them to make a hasty retreat into Bohemia, losing, after three days fighting, twenty thousand in killed and wounded, thirty thousand prisoners, eighty pieces of cannon, numerous standards, and an immense quantity of munitions of war. Three French armies pursued the allies into Bohemia, a fourth threatened Breslau, a fifth Berlin.

But in Bohemia, the French under Vandamme, Macdonald, and Saint-Cyr, suffered severe losses. Vandamme, being too ardent, was himself and nearly his entire corps, surrounded by vastly superior forces and captured. Thus the fruits of the victories of Dresden were lost. Wherever Napoleon was not in person, on this occasion, errors were committed and losses sustained. To King Joachim alone was due the facility of the retreat upon Leipzic. His manœuvres, and his irresistible attacks upon Schwartzenberg

and Wittgenstein, gave time to Napoleon to retrieve the errors committed. So when it appeared that Dresden was no longer a tenable position for so large a force, Napoleon left it in perfect order on the 7th of October, and transferred his head-quarters to Leipzic. Mean time Murat had to contend with Schwartzenberg on one side and Wittgenstein on the other; but he surmounted every difficulty, manœuvred as admirably as he fought, and, in the midst of a continual combat on his van, rear, and flanks, he joined the Emperor at Leipzic.

Five hundred thousand combatants were now assembled on this field of battle. Three thousand pieces of cannon were about to rend the air and spread destruction around! I cannot give the particulars of this giant battle of three whole days, but must confine myself to following the career of the King of Naples, as closely as my limits will possibly allow.

The French army were posted outside of the city of Leipzic. At nine in the morning of the 17th of October, the enemy's cannon began to roar on the south of the city. One hundred and forty thousand of the enemy advanced on that point, supported by two hundred pieces of cannon. But their efforts were vain; the French and Italians presented a wall of iron. At mid-day the fighting became general throughout all the positions. Three great battles were raging at once about a league from each other. At three o'clock, the enemy being in some degree of disorder, Murat made a double charge on the right and on the left flanks of the enemy with sixteen thousand French and Italian cavalry. This would have decided the affair, but the numerical resources of the allies were so vast, as to enable them to pour in reinforcements and even repeatedly to relieve the exhausted troops by fresh ones, as if on a parade. However, they were repulsed with a loss of *thirty*

thousand men, but with the intention of renewing the combat on the morrow.

During the night of the 17th, which followed this dreadful conflict, Napoleon took all necessary measures to provide for the wounded, secure provisions and a practicable retreat in case of need; so that he might, at his option, continue to attempt a decisive victory, or retire towards his own frontiers and resources. During this night, also, Napoleon sent the Austrian General Merfeldt, made prisoner the preceding day, with a conciliatory message to the Emperor of Austria; but, encouraged by the junction of fresh reinforcements, the allies renewed their attack upon the French at break of day. In the midst of the battle, the French were surprised to find themselves attacked in the rear by their old comrade Bernadotte with a battery of Congreve rockets, the first that they had yet seen in the field. Shortly after this surprise, a body of sixteen thousand Saxons, with forty pieces of cannon, together with the Wirtemberg cavalry which occupied the centre of the French first line, suddenly rushed into the lines of the allies, not to attack them, but, facing about, they poured their fire against their friends at the risk of striking several battalions of their countrymen who had remained faithful to their king and ally, and even their venerable king himself, who, warmly attached to Napoleon, was at that moment a guest within his camp. Murat was the first to perceive this act of treachery, as well as to remedy it; he instantly filled up the void left by the Saxons by a mass of cavalry, and then by a body of the old guard. But here was at once a difference of thirty-five thousand men to the French! The commander of the Saxon artillery had the effrontery to say to Bernadotte, "I have consumed the half of my ammunition in fighting against you, allow me now to use the other half against the French." And Bernadotte applauded such a breach of faith, as afterwards

did the conscientious sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna. The only man whom they punished and mulcted, was *the King* of Saxony; the only man who had been faithful to his oaths and promises!

The result of the desperate fighting of that day, was evidently in favour of the French. Murat had gained and retained possession of the heights of Probotheydo, which the allies regarded as essential to the soundness of their positions. Night and comparative quiet now reigned, and Napoleon was dispensing the necessary orders for the next day, when the generals commanding the artillery presented themselves before him and declared that, having fired off ninety-five thousand cannon rounds that day only, and more than two hundred and twenty thousand in the last five days, they had remaining in their caissons only sixteen thousand rounds, which next day would not maintain the fire for two hours. The grand park and dépôt of artillery was at Torgau and elsewhere. Ammunition could only be obtained at Magdeburg or Erfurth, while it was wanted for the very morrow! This circumstance decided the Emperor Napoleon on a retreat, for which his Major General Berthier immediately distributed the orders.

The allies, depressed by the loss of sixty thousand men, had ceased to aim at taking Leipzic by main force; but Blucher, from his position perceived the heads of the French columns as they filed away, and the long lines of waggons and artillery evidently in a retreating movement. Instantly he spread the news throughout the camps of the allies, who, from all points, rushed towards the city. In vain did Napoleon endeavour by *parlamentaries* to save the city from the disasters of a combat within its streets. But the enemy were not able to penetrate, such was the firmness of the French defence from the circular bulwarks of the old town. It was necessary to continue the retreat, there was no

ammunition. The enemy were in check. Napoleon, in passing over the great bridge of the Elster, ordered it to be undermined: but that the mine should not be sprung until the very last file of French troops should have passed out of the place. He then proceeded slowly to the windmill of Lindenau, where, overcome with fatigue, he fell fast asleep, maugre the din of passing carriages, horses, and artillery. He had not slept more than half an hour when a violent explosion shook the mill to its foundations. It was the bridge that had been blown up prematurely. Murat and Augereau rushed into the Emperor's room and informed him that the corps of the Duke of Tarentum, of Lauriston, of Regnier and of Prince Poniatowski, were still in the city, and now without any means of retreat. It is generally known that this disastrous ignition of the mine under the bridge was the effect of accident, and such was the declaration of the few sappers engaged at the work who were not killed by the explosion. A more signal instance of the blind, mendacious, blundering malignity of some who have pretended to write the history of these events, cannot be better shown than in their attributing this catastrophe to the suicidal orders of Napoleon himself! I cannot enter any further into the details of this retreat, which have been so minutely, though variously, recorded by other writers. Suffice it to say, that the French head-quarters being arrived at Erfurth, the dangers and difficulties of the army being suspended, Joachim informed Napoleon that it was most urgently necessary for him to return to his kingdom of Naples, to which the Emperor assented, and affectionately embracing, they parted—never to meet again.

During the last two months, several of the French Marshals had evinced more symptoms of discontent and diminished confidence, than heretofore, in the dispositions of

their wonderful chief. But the King of Naples had never participated, in the slightest degree, in this ill humour. The greater and more numerous were the difficulties, the more active and even gay did he appear, and he particularly directed his attention to increase the confidence and procure repose to his brother-in-law. He hourly performed prodigies of valour; wherever danger was, there was his snow-white plume seen foremost.

On one occasion King Joachim, setting his wonted example of romantic Paladin courage, chanced to be isolated from his own, and surrounded by six or eight Austrian hussars and Cossacks, who loudly called on him to surrender. These people knew him pretty well, but still not quite enough; for, nothing daunted at the fearful odds, he dealt his blows around, and pirouetted his noble Arabian steed upon his haunches so as to appear a real and invulnerable Briarius. Such exertions could not have been continued many moments, but, fortunately, an aid-de-camp, Doria Colonna, and a *Staffiere* or under equerry, named Narciso, rushed to his assistance, and in an instant six of the assailants were laid prostrate and the others put to flight.

King Joachim arrived at Naples the end of November, 1813; and now begins for me a task most difficult and painful! Truth compels me to recount how my patron did, in *fact*, abandon the cause of his country, of his brother, his benefactor, and his commander; but fain would I endeavour to show how circumstances of the most difficult and perplexing nature dragged him along that line in opposition to every sentiment and every feeling of his heart. The Emperor of Austria had already deputed to him an able negociator whilst he was yet at the camp of Ollendorf, on the banks of the Ilm. The Count de Mier dextrously exposed his master's desire to be at peace with Joachim,

King of Naples. But Joachim could not yet decide. He did not, however, reject the overture with merited indignation. Oh! that it were allowed me to pass over this passage of my book, or that I had to record the death of my late sovereign and benefactor, who even honoured me with the title of "his friend" *or* that I might describe how, like Poniatowski, he perished in the Elster, while covered with the glory of twenty years of triumphs, and attachment to the great Napoleon; but—it was not so—, and I must continue my narrative and show how King Joachim, placed as Socrates, in his beautiful fable, represents Hercules, between the persuasions of *Virtue* and *Volupia*, was induced by De Mier and Bentinck, and some other counsellors, to take arms against Napoleon in league with those who, in their hearts, intended to betray him. Harassed and bewildered by his position, (*fause position*) he summoned to his councils some of his ministers and confidential officers in whose judgment he thought he could most rely. Of these, about one-half advised his holding to his alliance with France,—the others opined that his only safety was in making peace with England and Austria. Such was the perturbation of his mind that he fell seriously ill. His admirable Queen did not fail to comfort and encourage him in his duty to his country, his benefactor, and her brother. On the other hand, he was told that his duty, in quality of independent sovereign of Naples, was paramount to every other consideration that might influence Joachim Murat, a Field Marshal and Grand Admiral of the French Empire. It was further urged upon him, that the new governments and civil institutions throughout Europe, which all owed their origin to the power and genius of Napoleon, would never be preserved or respected by the old sovereigns whom Napoleon had impolitically omitted to displace, should he once fall. That even the liberal constitutions, through the

promising of which the allied sovereigns had inveigled the Germans into such prodigious and heroic efforts to overthrow Napoleon, were certainly illusory and deceitful. That by King Joachim uniting his forces to those of the Vice-King of Italy, and *frankly* offering liberty to all Italians, there was nothing to dread from the scanty forces of Lord Bentinck in Sicily; but that he and Eugene united, might mutually support each other, and take such positions as, by threatening Vienna itself, must detach the Austrians from the alliance against France and himself. I have not space to complete this display of arguments and suggestions which were laid before him on both sides of this momentous question. Certain it is, that he began to waver, and the example of Bernadotte's successful defection not a little aided in the result. He began by privately deputing an English friend of mine, who had lived many years at Naples, and who was recommended for that purpose by the Archbishop of Taranto, to sound Lord William Bentinck, who secretly met Mr. Jones at the Island of Ponza, off Gaeta. The conditions, however, proposed by his Lordship were not quite palatable to the King, who again demurred; mean time Lord Bentinck sent an express to England for more ample instructions.

And now, a circumstance occurred which, had it taken a different turn to that which succeeded, would, in all human probability, have changed the destinies of Europe. In December, Prince Eugene Beauharnais had returned to his Vice-regal government at Milan. He had still a fine army of more than twenty-five thousand French, and forty thousand veteran Italians who had shared the glory of the French in innumerable victories. King Joachim's regular army alone amounted to sixty thousand men, great part of whom had served with honour in Spain, Germany, and Poland.

In December, 1813, Napoleon sent an autograph letter to Prince Eugene, commanding him to place himself under the orders of the King of Naples, and with their united forces operate against the Austrians. Now, such an army as would have thus been formed, (one hundred thousand men) must certainly have forced Prince Schwartzenberg to withdraw from the invasion of France to oppose it, or it would have marched to Vienna without opposition, except from a badly composed and ill-organized corps of thirty-six thousand raw troops! A duplicate autograph order to Prince Eugene was sent to King Joachim, who immediately deputed General the Marquis Livron, his aid-de-camp, Colonel Desmolands, and another officer whom I cannot remember, as bearers of the Imperial autograph to Prince Eugene, and to arrange with him the first operations of concerted junction. But Prince Eugene, unmindful of his duty to his Emperor and father, actuated by his olden pique towards Murat, refused to obey the mandate, and even evinced great incivility towards the bearers of the Emperor's autograph, from whose own lips I had a full account of the mission.* Here, in fact, was a reasonable excuse for King Joachim deciding upon a peace with England and Austria. Beauharnais refused to co-operate with him; Lord William Bentinck threatened an invasion from Sicily, and might select his point for landing just where he pleased. *Napoleon had long before let out some hints about an improved organization of the kingdom of Italy, which Joachim had not forgotten.* The allies offered him Ancona and its territory as an addition to his kingdom. He saw that if the dominion of Napoleon were circumscribed to the Alps, the Rhine,

* Prince Eugene also expressed great indignation towards Murat for having opened negotiations with Bentinck and the Austrians. But it surely would have been wiser in him to wave the past.

and the Pyrenees, his crown would be safer. So he did become, in a degree, the enemy of France; but he never contemplated the sore reverses, much less the dethronement of his brother-in-law; and he was also *led to believe* that the Emperor of Austria, bound by such strong family ties to Napoleon and his dynasty, would never consent to the deposition of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his grandson.

No consideration would ever have induced the King of Naples, as he emphatically assured me himself, to contribute to the dethronement of Napoleon, who had given him a sceptre and his sister in marriage; he never intended to assist in the conquest of France, his native country, and still the country of the former coadjutors of his fortunes. On various occasions he expressed the strongest feelings on these points, so that the allies were never deceived by him as to the extent of the assistance on which they might calculate, or as to the nature of his co-operation. In fact, it would have been quite sufficient for their purpose, had he only remained neutral.

Such of King Joachim's advisers as adopted the opinions that he should make peace with England and the allies, set forth their case as follows: "If upon looking into our present circumstances, we were to judge from the *disposition and personal duty of Your Majesty*, we are sure of your intensely feeling that you owe every thing to France and to Napoleon. If France calls for your arm and your astounding valour, let *Joachim* go to fight and die for her; or if the life of the Emperor be imperilled, let him fly to place his person as a shield to protect him at the sacrifice of his own existence. But in the service of his benefactors, in the performance of his personal duties, *our king* is not warranted in involving the people he governs in difficulties, wars, and ruin. This would be paying a personal debt at the expense of others. Let the Italians be no longer the

victims and 'cats paws' of France or of any other nation. To France we owe a heavy debt of gratitude for liberal institutions and innumerable social benefits conferred,—but we have repaid them amply in tribute and in blood. Let us imagine, that in some future history it should be written, 'Joachim, from affection to his relations—in gratitude for benefits received—and in the interest of a country wherein he was born, sacrificed the people of whom he was King!' And in another such book we should read, 'For the benefit of the people over whom King Joachim reigned, he sacrificed all his most tender and personal affections.' It is for your Majesty then, to decide which of these books shall perish—which shall remain to posterity?" The orator went on to treat most ably of the chances of war, of possible insurrections in the state—of Lord Bentinck, &c.; but my space will not allow me to follow either him or his counter pleaders any further than I have done. *I* candidly confess that my opinions are now contrary to those of the first-mentioned advisers; they were with them at the time.

The fortunes of France continued to decline. The neutrality of Switzerland had been violated; the Austrians were on the Adige, Venice was blockaded, some suspense and uneasiness began to manifest itself in the Neapolitan provinces, and turbulence in the army, through suspense and inactivity. Napoleon, either from anger or suspicion, made no reply to the letters addressed to him both by Joachim and the Queen, explanatory of their difficult position. The allied Sovereigns prodigal of false promises to their subjects, prospered in their attacks upon France,—when unexpectedly arrived at Naples Fouché, Duke of Otranto, in all probability sent by Napoleon to investigate the conduct and intentions of Murat, and to retain him in his allegiance. Fouché pretended to be in disgrace with the Emperor, and was taking a journey, more for pleasure

than business, to visit his sinecure government of the Illyrian provinces; to the King, in private, he pretended that he was come on purpose to serve and advise him. I myself although only twenty-five years old, had a long conversation with the Duke of Otranto, but I could make nothing of his *real* sentiments and intentions.

On the 1st of January, 1814, King Joachim named me to be one of his aides-de-camp, the original official notification of which, signed *Roccaromana*, is now before me. Count Neipperg had just arrived as special negociator from the Emperor of Austria. On the 11th of January a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive between Naples and Austria was signed by Neipperg and the Duke del Gallo, Neapolitan Minister for foreign affairs. The declared object of the coalition was, the re-establishment of the equilibrium of power in Europe. Austria to furnish one hundred and fifty thousand men,—Naples thirty thousand. The King of Naples to have the chief command of these united forces. Austria recognised *de novo* the sovereignty of King Joachim, and King Joachim, that of Austria over her Italian states. Neither party were to make any peace or treaty not common to both. The Emperor of Austria pledged his mediation towards a pacification between Naples, England, and the other allies.

The secret articles provided, that Austria did undertake to obtain from King Ferdinand, of Sicily, the cession of every pretension to the throne of Naples, in favour of Joachim, who on his part, renounced all claim to the island of Sicily; moreover, that Joachim would co-operate at the general peace, in obtaining for Ferdinand some indemnity for the ceded throne of Naples. The territories of King Joachim were proposed to be augmented, at the expense of the Roman states, by a track of territory containing four hundred thousand inhabitants (I believe Ancona was alluded

to). The ratification of this treaty was engaged to be given without any avoidable delay.

On the 26th of January, another treaty was signed between the Duke del Gallo and Lord William Bentinck, who had arrived from Sicily in the frigate "La Furieuse."

This treaty stipulated the immediate cessation of hostilities; free commercial and other intercourse and common accord with Austria in the prosecution of the war.

If on any account the peace were to be broken, each party engaged to give to the other, three months notice previously to the commission of any act of hostility. (Mark this!)

The publication of these treaties, especially of that with England, caused great satisfaction to the Neapolitan people, particularly to the traders and "lower orders," and in this they were in one sense joined by most of the higher and the intellectual; inasmuch as over and above the prospect of reanimated commerce and political security, King Joachim had given reason to expect great concessions to civil liberty and constitutional government. Further a numerous class of persons exulted in the wane of French dominion, a sentiment natural and reasonable enough in Russia, Austria, or Prussia, but stupid and disgustingly ungrateful in Italy.

Already in the preceding month of November, Murat had in a friendly way, pushed several regiments upon Rome and Ancona, but now the French commanders of those places on the publication of his treaty with England shut themselves up in the citadels of those cities, to await for orders from Paris. Meanwhile, the Neapolitans took possession of all the Roman territory, but Murat could not yet "find the heart" to burn a cartridge unnecessarily against his countrymen. This indecision was most painful to all who beheld it, and threw matters into much confusion as none of his generals or ministers knew clearly what conduct to pursue.

At length King Joachim did pass the Rubicon, really as well as metaphorically. I must omit the greater part of the particulars of this campaign, which he commenced with twenty two thousand men and sixty pieces of cannon. The far greater number of the French officers and men in the Neapolitan service threw up their commissions and demanded their discharges; which after prolonged and earnest remonstrances on the part of Murat, were finally granted.

The citadels of Ancona, of Civitavecchia and the castle of Sant Angelo of Rome, were invested and taken by the Neapolitans, with little mutual loss. Some few were killed on both sides at Ancona, through the false ideas of honour and military duty of the French commander General Barbou, who although he occupied only one of the forts, which had not a single casemated chamber, and his wife and three children were with him, thought it his duty to fire on the powerful mortar batteries erected by the Neapolitans, who offered him most liberal terms of capitulation. Shut up with about two thousand French troops and many civil officers with their wives and children; Barbou's stock of provisions, which he had not had time to encrease, was quickly exhausted, starvation and sickness furnished a sufficient apology for surrender, and he was offered the most honourable terms, together with liberty. These terms, he at first, appeared determined to accept, but, suddenly a false shame came over him, and he opened a vivid fire on the besiegers, which was returned with interest during twenty-four hours, when Barbou hoisted a flag of truce. A singular sight it was, to behold hundreds of shells passing to and fro, and forming a fiery arch over the best and most populous portion of the city, without inflicting the slightest injury, save on the devoted citadel into which the bombs fell down in showers. I have particularised this incident, because the conduct of General Barbou on the occasion,

was analogous to that we so often read of having been adopted by the commanders of brigs, cutters, or other vessels overtaken by frigates, line of battle ships; or other ships of war when placed in utterly hopeless circumstances, and summoned to surrender, firing a broadside into their opponents, "for the honour of their flag," before they strike it! Now I opine, that such useless wanton firing is an act of murder, and should be punished accordingly, by hanging the reckless commander of "the craft" up at the yard arm, an expiatory offering to the manes of those whom he has most likely killed, "for fun or fancy." For my part, if ever I shall command a ship of war (not a sailing one) which I surely shall, if I live a little longer, I certainly shall deal according to the opinion here expressed, with any man who should think to "honour his flag," by wanton bootless slaughter.

The French garrisons of the captured places were allowed to retire to France; Florence, Leghorn, and Ferrara, were next occupied by Murat; and Lord William Bentinck landed near Leghorn with a force of fourteen thousand Anglo Sicilians, with which he proceeded towards Genoa. The Austrian Commander-in-chief, Marshal Bellegarde, was posted with forty thousand indifferent troops on the left bank of the Mincio, eight thousand more Austrians, under General Nugent were placed under the command of Murat. Lord Bentinck had taken a temporary position on the mountains of Sarzana on the way to Genoa, which city was occupied by a feeble garrison of French. But Prince Eugene was stationed on the right bank of the Mincio at its junction with the Pò, with a select veteran force of fifty-three thousand Italians and French. Thus it is evident, that had Murat merely added his twenty two thousand men, and sixty well appointed pieces of cannon, to the army of Prince

Eugene, Bellegarde and Bentinck would have stood but a very sorry chance. Moreover, Prince Eugene occupied Piacenza and the very strongly fortified bridge across the Pò at Borgoforte. The numerous French garrisons captured by Murat must not be lost sight of; nor the vast resources which twenty millions of Italians could bring forwards, *if their independence were really in view!* Indeed, be it remembered, that upon the banners with which Lord Bentinck landed "THE INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY OF ITALY" was ostentatiously inscribed; and with such exhibitions and analogous proclamations, were the Italians of Tuscany and Genoa, at least, deceived into co-operation with England. Very far am I from insinuating that Lord Bentinck *himself* had any intention to deceive. He had already given ample proofs of his spontaneous regard for rational liberty, by bridling the ferocious despots of Sicily, and dispensing protection and liberal institutions to the Sicilians who had the good fortune to be placed under his enlightened government. But the men whom he was, or thought himself bound to obey, the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Sidmouths, not forgetting their genial Georges—(the maniac and the Tiberius) had minds as repugnant to the happiness of mankind, as are the eyes of owls unto the noonday sun. Bentinck was an honourable man—although he had his political and personal prejudices, partly engendered by an aristocratic education and a twenty years war. When shall we see the day, when there are no such prejudices, even amongst the best of men! As a military commander, Lord Bentinck had no great *success* in Spain,—but even his opponents allow, that he displayed great ability—much "humanity" and singleness of purpose.

At this moment, in consequence of instructions from his government, Lord Bentinck declared officially to King

Joachim, "that the British ministry entirely adhered to the treaty concluded on the 11th of January, between the Emperor of Austria and the King of Naples, and that it assented to the advantages stipulated in favour of the king." This declaration, which agreed with all that had been before said by Lord Castlereagh, was confirmed by other despatches from that minister, which were immediately communicated to the king, and particularly by a letter in which Lord Castlereagh declared, "that it was only from motives of delicacy towards the king of Sicily, that the English government was induced to delay for a moment the conclusion of a particular and special treaty of alliance with the King of Naples; the British government being desirous *that a treaty of indemnity to the King of Sicily, which could not yet be framed, should go hand in hand with the treaty of alliance with King Joachim.*'

A variety of circumstances now combined to induce the king to doubt the sincerity of the allies. The Emperor of Austria had unnecessarily delayed for several weeks the transmission of his ratification of the treaty of 11th of January; *Ferdinand of Sicily had published an order of the day to the Sicilian troops landed at Leghorn, under the command of Bentinck, in which they were informed that they were going to recover his kingdom of Naples, which he had never ceded, and never would cede!* The British General, Lord W. Bentinck, in his proclamations and instructions to his officers, declared that his object was to excite a revolution in *Italy*,* not specifically excepting Naples. Propositions were made by British agents to Neapolitan Generals and other officers, to conspire for the expulsion of Joachim from the throne of Naples. But the circumstances which added

* I had intended to give these and many other official documents in an appendix, for which I have not now the space.

to the mutual suspicions of both parties, were the following: According to the treaty, king Joachim was to have commanded the united forces of Austria and Naples; but Bellegarde retained the command of the main body, and only placed General Nugent with eight thousand men under the orders of Murat. By looking at the map, it will be seen that the only communication between Murat and Bellegarde, was by Ravenna and *Ferrara*, the Pò intervening between them. Lord Bentinck was about Sarzana, on Joachim's left, but separated from him by the Appennine mountains. Prince Eugene was in Joachim's front and left, with upwards of fifty thousand veterans, and in possession of the fortified bridges of Borgoforte and Piacenza on the Pò. Marshal Bellegarde urged King Joachim to march upon Piacenza and Borgoforte, in order to drive the Vice King from his position, and he promised to second him by a diversion. The King replied, that being separated from Bentinck, who was on the opposite side of the Appennine mountains, and having no other communication with Bellegarde, than by the long roads, by Ravenna and Ferrara, the Prince Eugene might, whenever he pleased, débouche from Borgoforte, attack the Neapolitans with superior forces on the plains of Modena or of Reggio, and then retire into his former positions, before either the English or the Austrians could even hear of the event. On that account, he said, he was entrenching Modena, and had so disposed his corps, as to concentrate them in that direction towards the Pò; but in the then state of things, if he were to push forwards on Piacenza, it would allow of the Prince Eugene attacking him on his left and rear, and separating him from his base of operations (which was, as yet, to the right of Modena)—defeat him in detail, and retire to his camp by his bridges of Borgoforte and Piacenza. King Joachim was perfectly right in his military reasons, but

Lord Bentinck, only intent on attacking Genoa, without examination, sided in opinion with the Austrian. Such are generally the errors of alliances. Bellegarde might have formed a much easier communication with King Joachim, so as to act in concert, had he constructed one or more bridges across the Pò, between Piacenza and Ferrara; but he did not, and so all the armies remained comparatively inactive. Murat could, and would, have attacked Piacenza, had he been able to depend upon the support of Bellegarde and Bentinck. But it must be allowed by any one who will look at the map, that the operation which the allies of Murat incited him to undertake, had very much the appearance of being dictated by a secret desire to damage his army as well as injure his military reputation.

Neither was the further conduct of Lord Bentinck towards King Joachim, calculated to increase his confidence. His Lordship paid a personal visit to the King, and amongst other unnecessary suspicious demands, required that he should evacuate Leghorn, which Lord Bentinck asserted was required by the English as a base for their operations against Genoa. The King very properly did not consent to the demand.

At this juncture, news arrived at our head-quarters of serious insurrections in Calabria and Abruzzi, excited by emissaries sent from Sicily, who affected to fraternise with the Carbonari, and induced great numbers to join in proclaiming Ferdinand "THE *Constitutional* King of Naples." King Joachim, by ordering mild and persuasive measures to be pursued towards the deluded insurgents, caused tranquillity to be speedily restored without bloodshed.

The situation of Italy, the attitude and opinions of the inhabitants at this juncture, were, of necessity, as confused and undefined as were the operations of the belligerent chiefs and armies. The people were cautious; it was

impossible for them to see their way in any decisive movement,—they consequently obeyed all parties in silence. From King Joachim they learnt that Italy would be united and free; in fact, in all those parts occupied by his armies, which included almost the whole territory as high as the Pò, he had actually established unity of laws, institutions, and administration. Happy would the Italians have held themselves to be, could they have hoped that such a state of things would ripen into permanency; but alas!—how often had they been deceived!—how often had the cup of sweet liberty and independence been dashed from their lips, even by the treacherous hand that proffered it! They could not at that moment depend upon Murat—the cards were so embroiled, it was impossible for them to decide upon a move,—in a few more weeks it became too late. On his part, Marshal Bellegarde announced to the Italians that the allies firmly intended to restore to the King of Sardinia, to the House of Este, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to the Pope, all their former possessions; a declaration directly at variance with Lord Bentinck's proclamations and the emblazonings upon his standards, though somewhat in accordance with those of Lord Bentinck's Sicilian ally! From the other side of the Pò, Prince Eugene published the victories of Napoleon at Nangis and Montereau, and assured the Italians, that the destinies of Italy were again in the hands of the Emperor of the French. Thus the poor Italians, dragged so many different ways; palpably deceived and betrayed by all parties, had little cause to hope for any better fate than a return to "legitimate" despotism and misgovernment. At Naples, however, the people enjoying the benefits of peace, flourishing trade, and apparent political importance, were delighted with their condition.

Almost on the same day that King Joachim received the painful intelligence of the Carbonari insurrection in his

kingdom, he had to contend with two other mortifying and perplexing dilemmas. The generals of Murat's army, were mostly men of ability, who had seen much service; they were mostly young, of active minds; of family; rank in society; highly educated; and strenuous advocates for the independence of Italy and liberal institutions. They had mostly been warm partizans and advisers of the king's union with England and Austria, which they regarded as the only means of salvation from the return of the Bourbons,—that is the restoration of despotism and every species of misgovernment. The indecision and suspense in which they were lying inactive, was no longer to be endured; they also well knew the disposition of the king, who was prodigal of rewards and kindness, but ever too much adverse to punish; and so they were emboldened to address to him a remonstrance on the state of affairs, such as, *in a military point of view*, was almost disputing the supremacy of command with their General and Sovereign. They requested in the most respectful but firm language, that his Majesty would be pleased to summons a council of his generals, that he might hear their opinions on the state of affairs. Neither the threats nor persuasions of the king could induce the generals, who had signed the letter, to withdraw it. But feeling and affection did that which no fear of suffering could achieve. On the day that Lord Bentinck demanded of the king the evacuation of Leghorn, as I have above stated, and the news had arrived of the insurrection in the Abruzzi, and also that the Pope was on his way to take possession of Rome; the king turning to the two generals, who had signed the letter on behalf of the rest, said in a mild, but dignified tone,—"This Lord Bentinck, and our other difficulties, come upon me most opportunely! What can I say to Bentinck?—how can I support the dignity of a king and of a commander when my generals

have rebelled against me?" The two generals were deeply affected with tenderness and shame, and communicating their sentiments and what had passed to their comrades, they repaired in a body to the king, made their submission and were dismissed with kindness and reconciliation.

The arrival of the Pope, sent by *the Protestant* Lord Castlereagh, and his Protestant king! to re-establish his Popish theocratic government at Rome was most embarrassing to King Joachim, whose troops occupied Rome and Ancona, which latter had been promised him as an addition to his territory. My limits will not permit me to enter further into particulars on these curious affairs. Suffice it to say, that in passing through Bologna, the Pope paid a visit to the king, which visit was duly returned. They conferred very cordially together as old acquaintances and good friends. But in matters of business, his Holiness preserved the advantage over his Majesty. Between them it was agreed that to his Holiness should be restored Rome and all that territory properly called the patrimony of the church, and that the king should retain the rest (Ancona and its marches.) *But nothing could induce his Holiness to put pen to paper*, and he afterwards denied ever having made any verbal concession whatever! Thus proving for the ten millioneth time, that when a man refuses to commit his engagements to writing, he most assuredly *intends* to break them. Some of *my* readers and "*friends*" will find this cap fit to a tittle. The Pope made his entry into Rome on the 24th of May, 1814, and the following day it was evacuated by the Neapolitan troops and authorities.

On the occasion of Lord Bentinck's applying to Murat for the cession of Leghorn and Pisa, as above stated, it was through the remonstrances of the Austrian Count Mier, and of other diplomatists of the allied powers, that Lord Bentinck withdrew his demand, and appeared quite

reconciled, friendly and respectful towards the king. This induced the latter to give implicit faith in the victories of Napoleon recounted in the bulletins, and exaggerated by the French officers who still remained in our army, and about the king's person. The king having now had so many evident proofs of the insincerity of the allies, which it is not necessary for me to recapitulate, now made a last attempt to join with Prince Eugene. He therefore deputed to him the Marquis Livron and Colonel Desmolands, but the Prince, more influenced by his personal animosity towards Murat, than by a desire to serve the Emperor, who has since said so much about his fidelity, not only refused to listen to the proposal, but found means of acquainting Marshal Bellegarde with the occurrence!

The Austrian General Nugent now made that very movement towards Piacenza and Borgoforte which Murat had very wisely refused to execute, in the utter want of proper communications between that centre line and the armies of Bellegarde and Bentinck. He was suddenly attacked before Parma by General Grenier, who crossing the Pò at Piacenza with fifteen thousand Italians, while six thousand more passed at Borgoforte, Guastala was taken, Nugent overthrown, with the loss of four hundred killed, two thousand five hundred prisoners, two pieces of cannon, and a quantity of military stores—just as Murat had predicted would result from such a movement. Grenier, having struck this sudden blow, returned to his position across the Pò. In this affair a Neapolitan battalion, being enveloped by Grenier's forces, was captured; but that same evening it was restored to liberty with arms and baggage, accompanied by a message, "that force alone could cause Italians to shed Italian blood; but these men were living, and *could* be restored to liberty and to their country."

King Joachim, piqued at the discomfiture of Nugent, because some of his own troops had shared in it, came to the hasty determination of re-establishing that General and the Austrians in their positions at Parma and on the Nura. General Nugent claimed the post of commanding the advanced guard of this attack, with three or four battalions of Austrians, which Murat acceded to. The enemy was strongly posted at the bridge of San Maurizio, near Reggio, which was defended with *abattis*, several pieces of cannon, and a breastwork. On the left bank of the river was General Grenier, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in all about sixteen thousand men. General William Pepe, at the head of six thousand Neapolitans, succeeded in crossing the river above the bridge, but exposed to a murderous fire. He attacked the enemy's right with great impetuosity, while the bridge was forced, and the enemy retired to Reggio, leaving five hundred dead and six hundred prisoners. The loss of the Neapolitans amounted to only four hundred. On the evening of the same day the enemy, shut up in Parma, capitulated, and King Joachim was much blamed by his allies for allowing them to retire with the honours of war. These allies were difficult to please.

On the 13th of April, King Joachim, at the head of nine thousand Neapolitans, forced the passage of the river Taro, disputed by seven thousand of the enemy. The river was passed, four hundred of the enemy killed, and five hundred made prisoners. On our side four hundred and fifty were killed or wounded. The Austrian General Gobert, who was to have attacked the right flank of the enemy, remained inactive, which allowed them to retreat to Fierenzuolo and the strongly fortified convent of San Lazzaro. The following day these positions were taken after much hard fighting, *in which the Austrians took no part;* all which conduct of

his *allies* appeared to the king anything but friendly. Driven from these last positions, the enemy crossed the Pò, and shut themselves up in the city of Piacenza.

At mid-day of the 15th of April, 1814, a dispatch from the Austrian General Bellegarde announced the taking of Paris by the allies, and that the war was ended in Italy. At the same moment a French officer arrived express from France with the whole catalogue of disastrous events that had occurred to Napoleon and the French, crowned by the return of the Bourbons as sovereigns. At this moment King Joachim was walking up and down a grass plat in a garden of a villa very near to the walls of Piacenza, and conversing with General Colletta, chief engineer, as to the mode of attacking the place, when both the letters were put into his hand. Having read a few lines, he turned pale as death, and it was with great apparent agony that he completed their perusal. Then, silently pacing to and fro, his tongue seemed unable to give utterance to that which it was necessary for him to communicate. At length, in a low and agitated tone, he briefly imparted to those around the mournful intelligence.

After ordering the cessation of hostilities and the dispositions of his troops, he set out for Bologna, and for a long time appeared overwhelmed with affliction. No longer did Napoleon appear to him as a too powerful master to be feared, but he now only could contemplate him as his brother, his benefactor, and unfortunate chief.

A few days, subsequently, Prince Eugene, King Joachim, and Marshal Bellegarde, agreed as to the positions to be retained by the several armies, until further or definitive arrangements should be made by the allies. The French officers and me in the Italian service were allowed to retire. The Neapolitan army returned to Ancona, and the positions first established; and Lord Bentinck having been

put into possession of Genoa by capitulation, actually did, in virtue of the promises of independence, &c., in his proclamations, restore to that community its republican form of government, its laws, and magistrates, as they had existed in 1797.

Thus ended this war; but not the perfidies of the legitimates or the sufferings of the Italians. My readers will remember how Genoa was betrayed, and given up to the monkish despot of Sardinia; how Christian Parga was abandoned to the "infidel" Turks; the hitherto independent and prosperous Ragusa to the Austrians; the Protestant Waldenses, to their popish persecutors and murderers of Piedmont; the brave and enlightened Tuscans, &c., just promised independence by the proclamations and the *speaking standards* of the British general and negociator; but Tuscans, Romans, Lombards, and Venetians, all made over, bound hand and foot, to the dark, sanguinary sway of the Austrians and the Pope. No sooner had the legitimate birds of night issued from their hiding places and usurped the empire of the INTELLECTUAL EAGLE, than they hastened to extinguish every light offensive to their weak, distorted visions. Schools, colleges, societies of arts and sciences, even those of *charity*, were abolished and despoiled. The old barbarous laws and practices were resumed, together with torture, arbitrary imprisonments, and confiscations. The best blood of Italy was made to flow anew upon the scaffold, or else was shut up to stagnate in dreary dungeons. Poor Italy!

But now the duty of an historian compels me to notice the infamous tumult which took place at Milan, so soon as it was known that the Viceroy had signed a convention with the Austrians. This preliminary treaty forbid the entry of the Austrians into Milan, but allowed of the Viceroy and his authorities, military and civil, to retain possession of all

the territory they then occupied; that is, all contained between the foot of the Alps, the banks of the Mincio, and of the Pò, including the capital—Milan. Thus, there is no knowing but that, at the subsequent final arrangement between the allied powers, that portion of Italy might have been allowed to retain some important social advantages over such as were mere Austrian provinces, or as were restored to their former petty tyrants. It must be remembered, that Prince Eugene still could muster above sixty thousand veteran troops, with a hundred pieces of cannon, and an abundant, well-organised *materiel* and commissariat. Various were the means by which, even at this eleventh hour, he might have imperilled the Austrian and the legitimate sway in Italy, which are too numerous for me to describe. For instance, had he suddenly marched towards the south, the Neapolitan army would have joined him to a man, and so continuing his course, *he* might, in all probability, have raised and united all Italy under the standard of independence. But these are speculations now too late. The fact is, that no sooner was the signature of his convention with the Austrians known at Milan, the city and territory which of all others had been favoured and had most benefitted by the French dominion, than a tumultuous assemblage of men, calling themselves "patriots" and advocates of Italian independence, commenced an attack upon the civil authorities. The garrison had been withdrawn and united to Prince Eugene, so these "*patriots*," reinforced by a number of deluded peasants, proceeded to deface and destroy every effigy of their former government, murdered the excellent and enlightened Prina, many years minister of finance of the kingdom of Italy, and setting aside the authority of the Viceroy and of the magistrates, formed, out of their own number, a "governing junta," which had the imbecile effrontery to send ambassadors to the allied powers, demand-

ing a free constitution, of which they designated the basis. Prince Beauharnais, disgusted with such proceedings, being threatened even and insulted in his person, threw up the command, disbanded his army, and retired to his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria. Anarchy and confusion reigned at Milan, so that Marshal Bellegarde rightly held himself justified in violating the convention, and marching a strong Austrian force into the city. This speedily restored tranquillity, and caused some few of the monumental insignia and works of the previous enlightened government and institutions to be saved from the destroying hands of the pseudo liberals. Such were the "liberals" who, with their crude, undigested theories had years before marred the progress of real liberty in France; and such there are at present in England who, preferring the impossible to the rational, would build a house without any scaffolding, and begin at the top of the theoretic fabric instead of at the foundations.

King Joachim returned to Naples, and directed all his energies to improvements in every military and administrative department. He greatly encouraged commerce by large reductions in all export and import duties, and remitted several heavy taxes. He had not the competent knowledge of the social and political science to induce him to decree *entire* freedom of commerce. *That* is a fruit of the tree of knowledge not yet ripe even in England. The season, however, *must* come. Forced and artificial vegetation is not robust and permanent. He sent the Duke of Campochiaro and the Prince Cariati, his ambassadors, to Vienna; but in the treaty of general peace that had been signed at Paris on the 30th of May, no mention whatever had been made of Naples or its king. He instituted an order, or cross of merit, over and above the "order of the Two Sicilies," that had been originated by Joseph. Upon

me he conferred both the one and the other. He openly expressed his intention of establishing a representative constitution for the kingdom of Naples, *so soon as the affairs of Europe should* have settled into a more permanent arrangement. In fact, he issued orders for the building of the houses for Peers and Commons, which was certainly beginning at the wrong end; but it was more or less taken as an earnest of his sincerity, and so gave much satisfaction.

Now came showering in from all quarters, from provinces, cities, corporations, ecclesiastical chapters, magistrates, tribunals, academies, from the army, from the nobility — in fine, from every corporate body of the state — addresses expressive of affection, loyalty, and devotion to the king; and really the Neapolitans had good reason to be both pleased and proud of their sovereign and of his acts.

Nothing could be more splendid or agreeable than the assemblies and festivities of the court, and various others, at Naples, during a great portion of the year 1814 and the beginning of 1815. Hunting parties, attended by the King and Queen, many foreign princes and personages, and numbers of the Neapolitan nobility, were given at the Astroni, Mondragone, Caserta, Capo di Monte, and Persano. Splendid reviews, banquets at the royal palaces and at the ministers: hilarity and hope diffused around. One beautiful scene was an entertainment given by the municipality of Naples to the Neapolitan contingents returned from Russia and Germany. General Ambrosio, wounded at Bautzen — General Macdonald, wounded at Lutzen — and Generals William and Florestano, Pepe and di' Gennaro, wounded at Parma and Dantzic, being the most conspicuous guests.

During an entertainment in the apartments of the Queen, at the palace of Portici, the news arrived from Vienna of the demise of Caroline, Queen of Sicily. Her death had

been so sudden as to deprive her of any medical or other aid. She was found sitting on a chair, with her mouth open, her hand stretched forth towards a bell-rope, as though she had endeavoured to obtain assistance. It was supposed that she died of chagrin, caused by the apparently prosperous state of King Joachim's affairs at the Congress then sitting at Vienna. Some officious friend had also communicated to her the remarks which that day had been made to her minister, on the atrocities she had committed at Naples in 1799, which I have already briefly sketched in this work. Moreover, she was told that, in allusion to her and her husband's intrigues for their restoration to the throne of Naples, the Emperor of Russia had remarked, that, "as it had now become necessary, in some degree, to consult the welfare or feelings of the 'people,' it was not possible to restore the throne of Naples to a hangman king, *(à un roi bourreau)*." Queen Caroline (sister of Maria Antoinette, of France) died at the age of sixty-two years, having reigned forty-six. At the commencement of her reign, she was much beloved and respected for her amiable and great intellectual qualities. Some little allowance must be made for the bitter hatred she conceived to the very name or shadow of liberty, when we remember the fate of her sister. But in her persecution of everything virtuous and intellectual—in her encouragement of the most detestable men and measures, she carried her hatreds and her fears to a perfectly demoniacal extremity. Her unjust and impolitic wars—her feigned peaces—her oaths and perjuries —her exaltation of wretches like Fra Diavolo, Canosa, Mammone, Nunziante, Guarriglia, &c., was disgraceful to human nature. During eight long years she deluged the kingdom of Naples with the blood of the best of citizens, and spread mourning over the land. Her impious life was terminated by a terrible death, unmourned by any. Even at Vienna,

the Emperor, her brother, not wishing to cloud the splendour of the congress, and the festive meetings, forbid even any of the usual external demonstrations of regret. But, at the palace of Murat, feelings of decorum and conventional respect for her worldly dignity prevailed over the secret satisfaction at the death of so dangerous an enemy; and so the festive party was dissolved, the King and Queen retired to their apartments, and court mourning was put on.

The husband of the defunct Queen Caroline, old Ferdinand of Sicily, disdaining to show more outward signs of grief than had her own Imperial brother, and royal "cousins" infinite,—ambitious of not being outdone in pious resignation to the will of Providence, thought that he could not better prove such virtuous feelings to be his, than by taking unto himself another wife. And further, to increase the merit of the sacrifice, the ceremony was performed only forty-two days after the liberation of his former partner from the cares of royalty and of life. While masses were still being celebrated in some churches of Palermo for the repose of the soul of Caroline, in another church a ceremony was performed to cleanse the souls of Ferdinand and of Julia, the widow of the recently departed Prince of Partanna, with whom he had, for many years, been living in a state which, applied to vulgar souls, and bodies too, is commonly called "*adultery*." This Julia, who had long been famous for her coarse licentious life, was now made "honest," and so she was likely to remain, and pious, too, as is generally the case with women of her stamp after they are turned of fifty.

Fresh favourable intelligence from the allies now reached Naples. Certain negotiations being carried on at Troyes (before the fall of Napoleon) Austria, Prussia, Russia, *and England*, agreed to select, *in Italy*, the compensation of territory to be given to King Ferdinand, for the throne of

Naples, which was to be retained by Joachim. And shortly afterwards, at Chaumont, the French plenipotentiaries having presented divers propositions concerning Italy, were answered by the ministers of the four great powers, (*Lord Castlereagh included*) "That Italy then formed no part of the question, the coalition having already resolved to re-establish the ancient governments in that country, *except at Naples, where the title of King Joachim had been recognised by virtue of a treaty with Austria, and to which England had assented.*

Further, at the Congress of Vienna, the allied sovereigns, falling into a warm dispute about Poland, "a split" took place amongst them, Prussia and Russia being on one side, England, France, and Austria, on the other; and it is a curious unpublished fact, but not less true, that Russia sent a special ambassador to Joachim, soliciting his alliance, whilst Austria did the same by autograph letters of the Emperor, Francis I. With Russia and Prussia the King temporised. To the Emperor of Austria he signified his assent.

But soon did clouds collect and dim this cheering prospect. The differences between the allies having ceased, and each day adding to the feeling of power and security to which they had, for so many years past, been strangers, Talleyrand began the work of inspiring them with diffidence in the sincerity of King Joachim, and accusing him of treacherous conduct during the campaign in Italy. To substantiate the latter implication, letters, since acknowledged to have been forged, were concocted and produced against him.* Three were the causes which moved Talleyrand to these intrigues against King Joachim. First, there had existed a coolness between them for many years, the

* These impudent forgeries will be produced at the proper place.

origin of which I do not know. Secondly, Murat had, on his advance against the French, in the spring of 1814, sequestered Talleyrand's principality of Beneventum, which is situated in the midst of the kingdom of Naples. Thirdly, King Ferdinand had engaged to reward Talleyrand with a million of ducats, should he be restored to the throne of Naples. To these moving causes we may add, that zeal in acting directly opposite to their former principles and professions, with which all renegades, like our own dear Lyndhurst, think it necessary *to show the sincerity of their apostacy*. Prince Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and now Ambassador Plenipotentiary of Louis XVIII., could not possibly abide the illegitimacy of the brother-in-law and the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, whom he had served for twenty years.*

The Emperor of Austria now demanded of Murat the cession of Ancona and of the Marches to the Pope. Murat replied by holding up the recent treaty, and by sending there more troops, improving the fortifications, and deputing a civil commissary (Maghella) to organise the government. The Pope made several representations to the Congress of the great inconvenience and danger of having a neighbour *who governed according to the new ideas of social good—with equal laws, without privileges—Inquisition—torture—monopolies or restraints to commerce.* Many illustrious men, the Gonfalonieri, Priuli, Pesaro, &c., to escape the

* It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Talleyrand, being an emigrant in America, wrote a book on education, which, how I do not know, happened to reach Napoleon, then First Consul. He was so pleased with the work, that he hastened to address an autograph letter to the author, the ex-bishop of Autun, inviting him to return to France, and assuring him of patronage and friendship. Talleyrand did return in consequence of this invitation, and hence became what he now was, at Vienna, the bitter enemy of his friend and patron.

imprisonment and death with which the Austrians had began to treat her beloved subjects of Lombardy and Venice, had fled to Naples, and it was made a serious charge against the King, that he received and treated such really *noble* and virtuous men with kindness and distinction. These dolences were entertained by the Congress with all due gravity.

At this time the Princess of Wales sojourned at Naples for several months, and was treated by the King and Queen with the respect and attention becoming their several ranks. I had the honour of being frequently in company with her royal highness, both at her own table, at the royal palace, and elsewhere, and I must, in justice, again declare, that all the stories concerning her levity of conduct and deportment, are sheer silly falsehoods, as far as her residence at Naples is alluded to, of which alone *I* am able to judge. I remember very well to have seen Bergami, who was dressed in the livery of what is called, on the Continent, a *chasseur*, and I must allow that he waited at table when I have dined there. The Princess was certainly somewhat eccentric in her taste, especially in her servants' moustachios and their liveries, which were more like military uniforms; but there was no *harm* in that, any more than in the very common attempt to parry the attacks of time by aid of paint, wig, pads, and such like frippery, which but little excites the other sex, and renders the poor old soul who uses them an object more of pity than of blame. The beautiful and amiable Lady Oxford, with her lovely children, resided also at this time at Naples, and was a frequent inmate at the palace and the house of the Princess of Wales. All the English ladies then at Naples, Lady Landaff, and others whose names I do not now remember, visited the Princess of Wales, and had they ever expressed any disapprobation of her conduct, I think I should have

heard of it. But this is little to the purpose. The question was, whether the conduct of her husband towards her—her being expelled her home, and then insulted (by order) by the British diplomatic agents on the Continent, were not a sufficient moral cause for a moral state of divorce and personal liberty of action? Then the witnesses produced before the House of Lords, and the acts attempted to be proved against her, were of such a description as to cast disgrace upon her accuser, and discredit on the tales recounted. Verily, the production of the Majocchi's, Cucci's, &c., signally exemplified the error of "trying to prove too much."

One day as I was walking along the *Strada di Chiaja* with General Montague Matthew, brother of Lord Landaff and Lord Sligo, we met an Englishman whom Matthew stopped to speak to, and then told us that it was Mr. Quintin, brother of Colonel Quintin of the 10th hussars, who was often employed by the Prince Regent on confidential private business. He added, that, upon asking Quintin what brought him to Naples, he said, "it was to purchase horses for the Prince Regent." General Matthews mentioned this meeting and pretended mission of Mr. Quintin to the other friends and persons of the suit of the Princess, amongst whom were Doctor Holland, Keppel Craven, Sir William Gell, and Captain Hesse, and they came to the conclusion, that this Quintin had been sent by the Regent to spy over, and probably to misrepresent, the actions of the Princess. Accordingly, to put the allegation about buying horses to the test, I was requested to mention the affair to the King, which I did immediately. His Majesty ordered one of his equerrys (Caraffa) to call on Mr. Quintin, and to invite him to inspect the royal stud, at the same time assuring him, that, if his royal master was desirous of having any horses from Naples, King Joachim

requested him to choose any and as many as he pleased, the acceptance of which, as a present, by his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent of Great Britain, would much flatter the King of Naples. Mr. Quintin, with great gravity, looked over the stud, but no offer could elicit from him any inclination for horse-flesh. After I had explained the circumstance and the suspicions of the friends of the Princess, to the King, he commanded me to wait upon her Royal Highness, and inform her, in his name, that if the presence of Mr. Quintin at Naples gave her any annoyance, his police, like that of all European nations, had the power of ordering him, as a foreigner, to quit the country. But the Princess desired me to assure the King, that she felt perfectly indifferent to the presence or the absence of Mr. Quintin, or of any other agent of the Regent's; and Mr. Quintin, being immediately "cut" by all the English at Naples, was seen no more, but departed in peace.

I have forgotten to mention at the proper place, that in July, 1814, I was sent by King Joachim to London, the bearer of his autograph letter to the Prince Regent of Great Britain. This letter was excellently composed by the King himself, and full of sound reasoning and evident truths. A copy of it is now laying before me, but it is too long for insertion in this work. Should I find space, I will give it in the Appendix.

The Neapolitan Envoy to the Court of London was my old friend, Don Leonardo Tocco, then brother to the Prince of Montemileto, to whose title and estates he has now succeeded. He was acknowledged and treated with in that diplomatic capacity by the British ministry. I had various instructions to communicate to him, as also to Count Ischinina, who had been sent to Paris, but with whom the restored Bourbons would hold no communication, save those of annoyance, *espionage*, and the interception of his letters.

In fact, upon my return through Paris, Ischinina and I were obliged to meet in secret, like conspirators, and I found that the French government expected to seize *me* on my departure, and gain possession of the letters I might be conveying to Murat from London and Paris. These Bourbons were the cordial allies of England and of Austria, who were the grateful allies of the King of Naples! But although not *then* an *old* sparrow, I was not so easily caught; so requesting my passport to be *visé'd* for Turin, I ordered post-horses by merely sending it to the post-house. Previously to starting, I rolled up my most important papers, (which were very minute) into two small cylinders, which I pushed into the barrels of a well loaded double gun, intending, should I be stopped, to fire them into the air, when they would have been blown into a thousand pieces, blackened and burnt. Instead also of taking the usual road out of Paris by *Ville Juive*, I waited till I was in the street, and then told my postillion to go out by the *Barrière de l'Enfer*, as I intended to take the route of Dijon, Geneva, &c. The postillion, an old soldier, gave me a wink as though he smelt my reason, slightly pointed to the Legion of Honour on his breast, cracked his whip, and in a few minutes I was on the road to Dijon. A commissary of police with a posse of myrmidons, was waiting for me at *Ville Juive*.

Arrived at Naples, I had to repair to the King and the minister of foreign affairs with my gun in hand, and provided with the necessary apparatus for unscrewing the breeches of the barrels; as I had taken upon myself to break the seals in order to get the papers into the gun. My entrance into the royal presence at midnight so armed, caused the king to laugh most heartily. Having taken the precaution to unscrew and well oil the breechings of the gun previously to loading it in Paris, I had not much diffi-

culty in effecting the disjunction without a vice; for the King, with his powerful hands, aided in the operation, although often interrupted by his hilarity. There was a little tiny letter for the Queen, which was sadly soiled and rumpled, upon seeing which the King jocosely told me to deliver it myself, as he dare not present to her so uncouth a paper. My carriage, which I had had purposely constructed with several ingenious hiding places for papers, was not then provided with a *crypt* that I immediately caused to be added to it, in which *I can stow two dozen letters, so as to defy the most scrutinizing researches of a hundred French police secret hunters!* This my method of concealing papers in a carriage is so infallible, that I will allow the carriage to be ripped up and nothing shall be found. I devised another infallible plan for concealing a letter when travelling on horseback, with which I have baffled the most careful examination of those who, after having found nothing in my accoutrements or clothes, stripped me naked for further examination.

My plan when travelling *en courier* was to stop only once in the twenty-four hours, at eleven o'clock A.M., or as near to it as accorded with the changing horses. I then had a good breakfast of a fowl or partridge, &c., a bottle of wine, and a cup of such right good coffee and cream as is quite unknown in England. Whilst at my breakfast, my wheels were greased, and another piece of food prepared for my dinner at six, in the carriage. I then smoked my cigar, and, if dark, read by the light of my back lamp till eleven, when I composed myself to sleep; my valet waking up and paying the post-boys during the night. The cost of posting in France was thirty sous per horse for each post league of two and a half English miles; and paying the postillion handsomely, as couriers were wont to do, that is forty sous per post, the whole cost was five francs per

post for two horses and postillion, which is tenpence English per English mile, and no turnpikes. The carriage being light with only two persons, one trunk, and an "Imperial," I found that I averaged just two hundred miles every twenty-four hours. But in Italy I could travel much faster than in France, which has the worst roads in Europe. In Italy the roads are hard and smooth as in England, having been *Macadamized* with broken marble or limestone time out of mind; for which *invention* Mr Mc. Adam was rewarded by the British Parliamentary gift of ten thousand pounds, a pension, and other good things! Eleven or twelve days took me from London to Naples.

I have often been edified at the good cheer and excellent appetites of French couriers and other such persons, who have happened to be taking their breakfasts simultaneously with myself. A fowl or brace of partridges, or half a dozen mutton chops, washed down with a bottle of wine; then eggs and coffee, concluding with a glass of liqueur or rum. Along the less frequented roads of Champagne, by Troyes, Lons le Solniére, &c., the post horses are often kept by farmers, and I have entered the house whilst the family and labourers were taking their breakfast together. The kitchen is a very large square room, with a huge fire-place flanked by seats under the expanding chimney. Over the fire is a capacious cauldron containing plenty of beef or other meat, together with vegetables of all sorts. A couple of large flat crusty loaves were cut to pieces by the mistress and put into a great bowl; on this was poured the broth and part of the vegetables when placed on the table; each of the surrounding rustics, provided with a platter and a spoon (generally of silver) helped himself, *ad libitum*, to the contents. These contents being exhausted, the mistress extracted the lump of beef from the pot, and cutting it up, each person took a piece and a proportion of cabbage,

carrots, leeks, &c., on to his platter and speedily dispatched it. A large pitcher of wine then went round, and so concluded what I call, and found by experiment to be, a very good meal, call it either breakfast or dinner. These scenes put me in mind of one good feature of the otherwise misnomered "good old times," when we are told that every landowner's and farm-house in England, presented a like paternal association between master and servants, which cannot but promote the best sympathies of humanity. Another motive induces me to speak of a thing which most readers will deem impertinent, which is—the desire of giving a little bit of etymology. Around the spacious cupola over the French and Italian fire-places, is a ledge to which are affixed pegs, on which the postillions straightways proceeded to hang their wet cloaks to dry. We call the stone or wooden shelf over our fire-places, *mantel-shelves* or *mantel-pieces*, but we no longer hang *our* mantles upon them to dry. In some of the old palaces at Rome I have seen similar mantel-pieces applied to the similar original purpose.

One winter's evening, at about seven o'clock, I was supping at an inn of the description I am speaking of, situated at the extremity of a village between Dijon and Geneva. The ground was covered with snow, and wolves had been heard of in the neighbourhood. At least twenty persons were around the fire. The door, which opened on to the road, was open, and a little boy about four years old was standing outside it playing with a cat. All of a sudden we were alarmed by a loud shriek, and a cry of the wolf! the wolf! Running to the door, we found that a wolf had actually seized the child from off the step of the *open* door, and we saw it galloping away with it, cast over its back. Fearing to hit the child, I dared not fire at the beast with my double carbine, but I fired both barrels over it, the

sound of which, added to the hallooing of the people, caused it to drop its prey. We were delighted to find the child no otherwise injured than by a little laceration of the arm. The people of the place assured me that next day they had a very good chance of killing this audacious wolf, by tracking him on the snow.

On the Jura mountains, wherever I stopped, watch-making was the main occupation of the inhabitants. It is not so much followed in the summer as in winter, but in the latter season scarce a cottager but who, as well as all his family, is employed in making some parts of a watch. The air of ease and comfort that this industrious pursuit has spread over the country, is quite delightful to behold. Nothing can be more substantial, neat, and convenient, than the cottages or rather houses of the peasantry. Dry boarded floors and walls; a projecting roof, covering an open corridor or veranda, supported by posts, which run round the houses, always found delightfully airy and cool in summer, and most comfortably warm in winter. Alas! alas! why are not our eyes more frequently blessed with the sight of social happiness, to produce which, on the surface of this bounteous and luxurious earth, it requires but a very little study of the social science, a little common sense and common honesty in those who attain to power, or in those who delegate it to others. How really easy it *could* be to insure the tranquil enjoyment of their short life to millions who now regard it as a burthen!

On the summit of one of the Jura undulations, just opposite to Mont Blanc, is an aeriolithe which weighs upwards of seventy tons. It is composed of iron, nickel, and aluminous earth in a fused and homogeneous state of consistence. I shall say a few words on these interesting objects, sent to us from another world (most probably from the moon) in another part of this work, perhaps very speedily;

meanwhile I must take my readers again to Vienna and the Congress.

Talleyrand, supported by Castlereagh, continued to intrigue against Murat; and pleading, without a blush, that there was no longer any *occasion* for his services, renewed his allegations of insincerity; in proof of which, I here repeat, forged documents and letters even were produced. So far from Murat's co-operation having *been* "useless" to the allies, most certainly it had been far *too* efficient for his own honour, safety, and happiness, and for the happiness of Italy and of France. Whilst enumerating the important effects of his alliance with the English and the Austrians, I have forgotten to state that other fact of its having prevented Prince Eugene from sending thirty thousand of his veterans upon Lyons, according to the orders of Napoleon. Such a reinforcement arriving at the moment it was expected, would, in all probability, have decided the campaign against the allies,—these allies, who were now plotting to cheat and destroy the man who warded off that blow and fifty others equally dangerous to them! The King received intelligence from Vienna that the ambassadors of the King of Sicily were admitted to the conferences of the Congress, but that his were excluded. That Prince Metternich had now began to talk of the indemnity to be given *to him* for the *loss of Naples*, instead of the heretofore topic of indemnity *to Ferdinand*.

His ministers had evidence of the Bourbons of France being actually preparing an armament to assist Ferdinand in the invasion of Naples; to their just remonstrances on this subject the ministers of the other allies had the effrontery to reply, that they had no right to coerce and dictate to the King of France. And Lord Castlereagh even offered the employment of a British fleet in lieu of a French one for that service. He also offered to defray the expense of an

Austrian army that should invade Naples. Lord Bentinck had the complacency to furnish the Congress with a report, in which he expressed his firm opinion in Murat's passed insincerity;* and another similar *opinion* was obtained from General Nugent. An English Colonel, Church, was sent on a secret mission to traverse the provinces of the kingdom of Naples, in order to investigate the feelings of the inhabitants towards the Government and the person of King Joachim. Of course this gentleman knew better than to furnish an *opinion* at variance with the desires of his employers. Another petty, but significant fact was, that Lord Castlereagh happened to present the Duke di Campochiaro, Neapolitan Plenipotentiary at the Congress, with a copy of the instructions which he had sent to Lord William Bentinck, in which authentic official copy was the following phrase "that the British government would ratify the treaty with the King of Naples, *even though Ferdinand of Sicily should refuse the indemnity projected.*" Now in the pretended copy of these instructions which Bentinck communicated to Murat, this important paragraph was omitted. In fine, King Joachim being duly acquainted with all these things, clearly saw that the four magnanimous allied "Majesties" were on the eve of throwing off their flimsy masks and consummating their treachery towards their dupe, when lo—as like a clap of thunder—the news fell on them of Napoleon's return to France from Elba.

The beginning of February, 1815, I was again despatched to England by the King, and was in London when the news arrived of Napoleon's landing and of his triumphant reception. The Duke of Wellington was then the British plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, and Lord Castlereagh communicated to Bernardo Tocco, the Neapolitan

* But what had been the advantages to the allies from Murat's *acts*.

Envoy in London, the copy of a despatch which he had just sent off to his Grace, instructing him to declare to the other allied powers, that "*in consequence of the re-appearance in France of the Emperor Napoleon, the British Government had come to the determination of immediately concluding an offensive and defensive alliance with Joachim King of Naples.*" *The Duke was further instructed to invite the other allies* "*to do the like.*" It instantly occurred to me, as it ought to have done to Tocco, that so important and decisive a despatch, should be ensured to reach the King, with the least possible delay, or risk of interception. But alas! upon what trifles may the destinies of nations and of empires depend. In order to be understood I must remark that the Continent of Europe, particularly France and Italy, had for many years been deprived of all intercourse with England, or of any supply of English manufactured goods. Both the King and the Queen of Naples felt a desire to obtain specimens of such articles of English production as might be thought superior or different from those of France and Italy. They had, therefore, both commissioned Tocco to make numerous little purchases for them of jewellery, cutlery, hosiery, India muslins, ladies boots, &c. &c.; but upon my going to London, they both gave their little commissions *to me;* and the Queen one day said to me in the presence of the Duchess of Santo Teodoro,* lady in waiting, "I think you have much good taste, Maceroni, and will well know what I shall like as being new and curious,—pray, in addition, to the list I have given you, buy for me anything you please, to the amount of a couple of thousand Napoleons." She then added, on giving me her hand to kiss, "return soon Maceroni, remember you are much beloved at Naples."

* I regret to see by the Times of July, 1837, that this excellent lady lately died of the cholera at Leghorn.

Now the Duchess of Santo Teodoro happened to be the sister of Leonardo Tocco, the Envoy in England—in a letter, of which I was myself the bearer, to her brother, she without any malicious intention, gave him an account of these expressions of the Queen. Tocco's *amour propre*, as a *man of taste*, appears to have been somewhat wounded, at least so far as to make him reluctant to encrease my favour at court, by making me the bearer of that most important of all the despatches that Murat had ever in his life received. So, upon my urging him to let me set out immediately with Lord Castlereagh's letter, he pretended that it was unbecoming to send a king's aide-de-camp with the mere copy of a letter, when he had two cabinet couriers at his disposal doing nothing. In vain I urged the danger of his courier being intercepted by the French Bourbon agents and I pointed to my escape from *Ville Juive*. He pretended too much regard for *my* rank and for my health and convenience; and, then to cut the matter short, sent off his courier that very night. The next morning I went to him in the intention of *insisting* on taking the despatch, and *daring* him to refuse it me;—when in a cool, smiling friendly manner he told me "it was gone!" I knew what *my* duty was, so packing up my effects, I put horses to my carriage and started that same evening. On my arrival at Paris, I hastened to Count Ischinina, who told me that he had seen the courier from London, who brought him a duplicate of Tocco's valuable communication, and that that very day he had sent it off to Naples by a clever courier of his own, who would be sure to arrive safe. I urged the contrary opinion, but he appeared so confident of one or other, if not both the couriers reaching the King, that my fears became somewhat abated. However, as I had nothing important to do at Paris, I started the next day for Italy. The French police had watched me day and night, and had stopped Lord

Oxford on the suspicion of his being the bearer of letters and good news from London to Murat. Again I eluded the French police, but will not stop to mention particulars, not to put them up to manœuvres that I, or some other, may, in a good cause, have occasion to practise upon them again. I arrived at Milan, then occupied by the Austrians, but with my English passport in one pocket and my Neapolitan one concealed, I got through all difficulties, and after having held some important conferences with personages whose names, for obvious reasons I cannot mention, I proceeded towards Naples. I must not forget to state, that Napoleon was then on his march to Paris, and I afterwards much regretted the not having gone to meet him and obtain a conference with him, preparatory to my joining the King of Naples. I subsequently felt convinced that from such an audience with Napoleon the *premature* attack of Murat upon the Austrians would have been prevented; because, instead of comparatively losing my time in going through Milan. I should have pushed on straight to Naples, and have arrived in time to counteract Murat's greatest of all errors.

Previously to the above mentioned instructions of Lord Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington reaching Vienna, Talleyrand, who had already hastened to cause the allied Sovereigns to commit themselves by their declaration of "*no treating with Buonaparte*," regarded the cause of his client of Sicily as in a hopeless state. But the mental (intriguing) resources of that veritable diplomatist have always appeared to be inexhaustible. He adopted another plan,—he employed the fitting persons to make King Joachim believe that the Austrians had determined to attack him, and that the only safety for him (Murat) was to strike the first blow, &c. An English spy, employed both by the English and French Governments named Marshall, was also sent to Naples to urge a similar story. Already were

there about the person of Murat, a sufficient number of specious, reckless, ambitious men who were urging him to light up a war in Italy, and several of them actually presented him with regular statements of the forces and battalions which they could raise, and which they stated were in fact ready in upper Italy to join him and shed their blood for Italian independence.* Upon quitting Elba, Napoleon had addressed to his brother and sister of Naples, letters replete with forgiveness of the past, and expressions of good will and affection; but he most strenuously enjoined Murat to maintain his peaceful but imposingly defensive attitude, which would much more tend to keep the Emperor of Austria and the Anglo-Sicilians in check, than any ill-combined ill-timed military *movement*. Men are far more inclined to exaggerate and to fear a danger at some distance off than when it breaks upon them. Reviews, parades, newspaper accounts had caused King Joachim's disposable army to be regarded as, at least, eighty thousand strong; and that such a host he could render moveable, seeing that the well appointed and drilled militia or national guards amounted to a hundred thousand more effective men.

The false intelligence from Vienna,—the misrepresentations of ill advisers—and the impetuous character of Murat prevailed over the prudent remonstrances of the Queen, the orders of Napoleon, and the opinions of the great majority of the King's *official* advisers. *Without the proper concert with Napoleon*, he hastily threw down the gauntlet, declaring that "whatever might be the altered position of the allies, and their altered tone towards him, he knew that they would anyhow betray him." He

* One of these advisers was a personage of high rank and influence in Italy, who asserted that he could call together every man and officer of the old Italian army of Italy, Should he ever see this book, he will appreciate my concealment of his name.

added that "he could not tamely see the dreadful return to barbarous misgovernment in all the hitherto prosperous Italian states. The betrayal of Genoa, the restoration of the monastic, torturing, degrading dominion of the pope. *That he had wished the power of Napoleon to be bridled, not destroyed; much less his deposition, and that he was the most miserable of men and should be so, until he had made some reparation for the injuries he had inflicted on his generous brother-in-law.* That to allow all the vast improvements in civil polity and society, the fruits of thirty years war and turmoil, and of the thoughts and hopes of two centuries, to be at once blighted by the restoration of monkish despotism in every quarter, was a crime against society, and civilization."

This was all quite right and true, but his *real* friends, his Queen, and those possessed of prudent foresight, retorted —wait—wait—wait! However, his evil genius prevailed, and in an evil hour, he pushed forwards his army, amounting to only thirty-five thousand infantry, and five thousand cavalry. Although this army was said to amount to fifty-two thousand men, the former is the true enumeration. It was necessary to leave a large force behind, which might resist any attack attempted by King Ferdinand of Sicily. We all know how the force of armies is usually exaggerated in order to answer the various purposes of intimidation or confidence in different parties. This army of forty thousand men was divided into two bodies, one of the guard, six thousand strong, commanded by Generals Livron (French), and Pignatelli Strongoli (Neapolitan). The division of the line, twenty-nine thousand, was commanded by Generals Ambrogio, Carrascoso, Pepe, Lecchi, and Rosseti; the engineers by General Colletta; the artillery by General Pedrinelli; General Millet de Neuveville (French) was chief of the general staff (Major General). It will not be

necessary for me to enter into the particulars of this campaign, even so briefly as I have done in regard to that of the preceding year, which was in alliance with the Austrians and the English, inasmuch as in the latter, it was incumbent on me to shew the real effects of King Joachim's co-operation, and the sayings and doings of his *friends* which checked his movements. But to make the case intelligible to such of my readers as do not remember the events, or who have had a false account of them, I must follow Murat from Naples to the Pò, and then glance at his retrograde course.

The pope refused to accede to the respectful request of Murat to be allowed to pass through his territory; and then simulating great alarm for his personal safety, pretended to flee to Florence, and thence to Genoa. The Neapolitan troops avoided any entry into the city of Rome; they paid amply for everything, and observed the strictest discipline. Murat assured the Emperor of Austria, that his advance into Upper Italy, was only as a measure of *defence*, and that he was still prepared for a definitive settlement, if proper guarantees and a frontier were given to him. But the reply to this was the sending of more Austrian troops into Italy, and of General Frimont as the commander against Murat.

The main forces of the Austrians occupied the left or north bank of the Pò, over which they had four fortified bridges, at Piacenza, Borgoforte, Oechiobello and Lagoscuro; besides those of Ferrara, near its estuary. Six thousand Austrians, under Nugent, occupied Florence and its territory, and another corps (I forget the name of the commander) had advanced to Cesena. The forces of the Austrians, under Frimont, amounted to forty-eight thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, and sixty-four field cannon.

General William Pepe first attacked the Austrians, (two thousand strong), and drove them from Cesena, *just as Napoleon had entered into negotiation with his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, with great promise of a favourable result. Napoleon congratulated himself on having the imposing attitude of his brother-in-law, to exhibit on his list of inducements to Austrian neutrality, if not alliance! The minor states of Germany had hastened to assure Napoleon that he might at least reckon upon their neutrality.* All these systems of favourable re-action for Napoleon were cut short by the erroneous movement into which Murat had been enticed.

From Rimini Murat issued a proclamation to the Italians, which it is not necessary for me to transcribe. We all know the general tenour of such compositions, and how few of them ever contain a word of sincerity. On this occasion Murat *was* sincere, but he came too late. The Italians did not fail to reflect, that even up to the eleventh hour he had not given to *his own* people the long-promised constitution. In another sense of the case, this invitation came too early, inasmuch as no people are inclined to enter on the turmoils and dangers of insurrection and civil war, until their sufferings have reached to a certain intolerable climax. And hitherto there had not been *time* for the cruelties and misrule of the Austro-papal despotisms, sufficiently to afflict the millions.*

* It was on this principle that I preached to my friends of the liberal party in France, and in the French Chambers, the policy of their withdrawing all opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of Louis XVIII., and Charles X., in the hopes of a thorough set of Tory ministers getting into power; which would then bring the suppuration to a head. Give them rope! Give them rope! Polignac and Co. had it, but the people let go their hold!

Upon reaching the Neapolitan head-quarters, I found that, on the previous day, the Austrians had made overtures to the king, in reference to an accommodation, which, in the ignorance of the intelligence I brought him, he had not thought proper to entertain. And now was the effect of Tocco's petty jealousy towards me, made most painfully manifest. The king eagerly asked me "what news from England?" "I congratulate your Majesty," said I, "on that most happy decision which you must have received some days ago, the nature of which is such as to make me think I am dreaming, in finding your Majesty *here*, and in hostilities." "What!—what 'decision'? — what do you allude to?" exclaimed the anxious Joachim. "Your Majesty has surely received a courier from Tocco, and another from Ischinina?" "Certainly not!" replied the King in amazement. Whereupon I acquainted him with all the particulars of Tocco having sent his momentous despatch by a cabinet courier, instead of confiding it to me, as I have already described. My readers may well judge of the surprise, indignation, and regret, with which poor Joachim was suddenly overwhelmed. Seizing his hair with both hands, in a convulsive grasp, he lifted up his eyes, and stamped his feet in agony, exclaiming, "Oh! Tocco, Tocco! you have ruined me and your country!—what a petty washerwoman business!"* Then with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he stood buried in thought for several minutes. Suddenly turning to the Dukes of Roccaromana and Del Gallo, the only other parties present, he said, "speak not of this matter, until you shall meet me again to day, at dinner." Then taking hold of my *aiguillette*, he said, "Come my brave Maceroni, you have had a narrow escape, at which I greatly rejoice,

* "Quel misérable commérage!"

let us talk over these matters to ourselves," and led me into his private cabinet. After we had conversed for some time on the grave subjects, which have formed the matter of the latter pages, he asked me what I had done at Milan, and who amongst our friends I there had conferred with? I satisfied him on these points, or rather *dis*satisfied him, for I convinced him that the great offers of *ready* means which had been made to him at Naples, by the persons I have alluded to, were certainly *premature*. But I convinced him, that should we prosper, so as to force the passage of the Pò, within any reasonable time, *then*, there were plenty of friends to join us. "But how could you possibly contrive to get away from Milan, after the Austrians had received the news of my attack upon them, and especially, how did they allow you to pass through their army and advanced posts into ours, as you have done; which is so contrary to the practices of war, especially under the present circumstances?" Now, I hope my readers will excuse me for here transcribing a little personal narrative of mine, to which the King listened with anxious attention.

I arrived at Milan by a cautious detour through the Swiss territory, and then over Mount Simplon, little dreaming of hostilities being so near at hand between Naples and Austria, whose commander-in-chief, at Milan, had been informed, were decided upon by Murat, on the 15th of March, (it was now about the 21st or 22nd of that month). On the summit of Mount Simplon, I overtook a travelling carriage, which, with great pleasure, I found to contain my friends Admiral Riviére and General Darlingcourt, both in the Neapolitan service.* We continued to journey in company, and they

* Riviére was, or rather is, first cousin to the Duke of that name, who had been saved from the scaffold by Murat in 1801. Darlingcourt is brother to the author of the novel, celebrated in France, called "*Le Solitaire*."

were delighted to hear of the message sent by Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington, at the Congress. I remember giving them all the particulars of that affair (as far as I thought necessary) at the post inn of that magnificently romantic spot, Domodossola, where we stopped to sup. At this supper a lasting impression was made upon my gustatory organs by the most delicious dish of the finest frogs I ever tasted in my life. The last post before entering Milan, is at a town named Rho; here a gentleman, who happened to be standing at the inn door, observing that both the Admiral and the General were habited in a kind of travelling undress uniform, with the ribbons of the "*Legion of Honour*," and of the "*Order of the Two Sicilies*," at the button holes, kindly called them aside, and informed them that the King of Naples had attacked the Austrians; that, consequently, the two countries were at war, and that they would surely be made prisoners if they entered Milan in a dress that would betray their qualities. My friends hastened to impart to me this information, which caused Tocco and that accursed dispatch to flash across my mind, and made me sigh at the thought that had I taken it, it would long ago have been in the hands of the King. For some silly reason or other, these gentlemen did not, or *pretended* not to believe the intelligence so kindly given, but expressed the intention of going on, dressed just as they were. However *I* had no sort of taste for being detained; and as I was attired in a plain blue black braided jacket, without any ribbons, and furnished with my English passport, I had little to apprehend, unless my friends betrayed me. I did not fear their *malice*, but only some accidental levity of speech. They promised to be cautious; so on we went, and drove both our carriages into the court-yard of an inn in Milan, the name of which I do not remember. I hastened to order the "imperial" off my carriage to be brought into

my bed-room, then divesting myself even of the braided jacket, I put on a plain English blue coat, &c. But my uniforms, decorations, arms, and accoutrements, which were also in the said recipient, for an instant embarrassed me. I soon thought of packing them up into paper parcels, and remembering that Prince Stigliano Colonna and I were just of a size, and held the same rank in the king's staff, I wrote on the parcels in French the name of the Prince, as also my own, as though I was taking those things *to him*, who had left them in Paris. My papers were all safe in the secret receptical of my carriage, which I ordered to be left exposed in the court-yard, as though I feared not its being inspected. Dinner was soon announced, and my comrades and I sat down to such delicacies as Italy alone can afford. We had just commenced the dessert, when in marched a file of Austrian soldiers, the commander of which politely inquiring the names of my friends, said he was sorry to inform them that they must consider themselves as prisoners of war. We invited the officer to partake of our fare, and favour us with his company, which he did with grace and gusto, for above an hour, after sending intimation to his superiors, of having effected the capture. I took the opportunity of conversing with him as much as possible; and, affecting to be in the English army, spoke of many things so circumstantially, as to remove any suspicion, which, notwithstanding my passport, the company I was found in, and the direction I was taking, might have excited. He had not forgotten to ask me for my passport, which he took with him when he retired; but it was returned to me next day and declared to be in order.

I had two reasons for not hastening to quit Milan; one was my having to confer with several patriots of note and influence;—the other, not to excite suspicion by any indication of fear or anxiety. I even had my carriage-wheels

taken off for some unnecessary repairs; and I evinced a great curiosity to visit "the Lions" of the place, and spent a good sum in such nic-nacs as foreigners, especially British, are wont to buy. I well knew that my every act and movement would be reported to the Austrian police, and I had ocular proof of being followed about the streets during the first two days after my arrival. Amongst other things which might corroborate my assertion of being an Englishman. I had taken an early opportunity of speaking to the valet of some English squire, or "*Milord*," who happened to be at the same inn. I introduced myself by presenting him with my compliments to his master, and a canister of patent anti-attrition composition for his carriage wheels. The valet, being afterwards asked by mine host whether he thought me a *real* Englishman, replied, that I could not possibly be anything else, as my language would irrefragably prove it.* The aristocratic master of this man, true to his natural wildness and to his vulgar prejudices against the "usurper" Napoleon, with every thing belonging to him, and no doubt offering up daily pious Protestant aspirations for the restoration of Ferdinand and monkry, of the Pope and the Inquisition, with all those etceteras so dear to the majority of English "*Protestant*" gentlemen, (!) seemed shy of my acquaintance, in consequence of the *disreputable* company I kept—*i. e.*, a French Admiral, and an aide-de-camp to the brother of Buonaparte!—oh, fie!—So I missed the *honour* of knowing this Tory gentleman, or of even recording his illustrious name. However, "there is still balm in Gilead." Perhaps, (as he was a young

* I have the advantage of possessing two *mother tongues*, through the circumstances of my birth in England, and early removal into Italy, as herein described. At that time I was quite as perfect a Frenchman. The *intonation of the voice* is all I *may* have swerved from in some slight degree.

man) this world may yet be blessed with his bodily presence; — perhaps — who knows — he may have made many new laws, all infringing on the wisdom of our ancestors, for the good of our souls and bodies;—perhaps he may read this book—and, perhaps, he will then remember me;—perhaps he will then thank me for the pot of "hog's lard and plumbago;" and *then* I may perhaps hand down his name to posterity, in a second edition of this work, or in some other way.

Upon requesting to have my passport *visé'd*, to go to Florence, it was refused; and there was no British diplomatic agent at Milan, to whom I could apply. I was told, that I had *only* to take Genoa on my way, and *there* I should find Lord William Bentinck, who would sign my passport as a matter of course. I waited on Marshal Bellegarde in person, and urged, that I had a sister very dangerously ill at Florence, and *could* not think of making such a detour. But it was all in vain. However, a plan came into my head, which, at all risks, I was determined to put in execution; so pretending to consent to the Genoa journey, my passport was *visé'd* by the police, in the following cunning and trap-like manner:—"Good to go to Genoa, passing by the way of Pavia, Voghera, and Tortona. Deviating from this indicated road, this passport is declared of no value." It was my duty as well as ardent desire to join King Joachim at such a crisis and dilemma as I knew he must be in; so taking the passport and ordering post-horses, I started on my difficult and dangerous journey.

My readers must by this time be aware of the private and official feelings entertained by Lord Bentinck, towards the "illegitimate" King Joachim; and very unlikely it was, that knowing me personally and officially as his aide-de-camp, he would have allowed me to join him. So to Genoa I determined I would *not* go. My road was to

Piacenza, from whence I might have *some chance* of passing on till I met with the Neapolitan out-posts.

The road from Milan to Piacenza passes through Pavia; but the next post after Pavia, is at a place called Casteggio, where the roads form right angles,—that to the left and east leads to Piacenza,—the other to the west, to Genoa by Voghera, only one post distant. Upon stepping into my carriage *alone*,* I said to the postillion, in a loud careless voice, "to Voghera!" Shortly before arriving at Casteggio, my postillion informed me, that he had overheard the orders contained in a letter, of which he was the bearer, from the Austrian Police to the Post-master of Casteggio, which were, that, *if upon changing horses, I should desire to be taken towards Piacenza, instead of to Voghera, I should instantly be consigned to the Gendarmes, to be taken by them back to Milan.* The good fellow in giving me this intelligence, supposing me to be some persecuted patriot, or public man obnoxious to the detested *Tedeschi*, looked upon me with tears in his eyes; and, upon my urging him to accept a Napoleon, strenuously refused to take it. I asked him if he had a wife and children? "Yes, three little ones," said he; "Then take it for *their* sakes; it is a trifle, I am almost ashamed to offer *you*." At last he

* My valet was as brave, honest, and simple-minded a fellow of his class as ever lived; but too much addicted to talking, and of exalting the rank and qualifications of his master, whom he sincerely loved. So on the day after my arrival at Milan, having the fear of his unguarded tongue before my eyes, I concocted a pretence for sending him back to Brieg, on the other side of Simplon. I told him I had left a valuable parcel at the inn, but gave him a letter to mine host, who was a *true man*, that the latter should not feel anxious about the pretended parcel. My valet was ordered to await there my return, which he did for several weeks; and then I sent for him. He got something by it, for he consequently and subsequently married the daughter of a "*well to do*" farmer of the vicinity, and set up a gunsmith's shop.

reluctantly accepted the coin, and we arrived at Casteggio at 3 P.M. The plan which I had formed was greatly aided by the warning of the noble postillion. So I ordered a dinner of things that it would take some time to prepare and cook. I then took my fishing-rod, without which I never travelled, and seeing the place surrounded by crystal streams teeming with small trout and gigantic dace, I began to fish, in order to lose as much time as was consistent with plausibility. By the time that I had fished, and ate my fish and thrushes, and drank my coffee, &c., it was nearly dark. I then took horses and started for Voghera. My postillion, now, was an old, infirm man, who requested leave to sit on the carriage and drive with reins instead of riding on horseback. I readily granted his request, and *gladly*, too, as it would give me far greater facility of entering into familiar talk, so as to bring him round to my purpose. After much preliminary chat, I mentioned my being an English officer, hastening to see my sick sister; but, that from the miscarriage of a letter, I really did not know whether she was at Florence or at Genoa; though I should ascertain where she was upon arriving at Voghera. I then asked him, whether he would like to drive me back to Casteggio, instead of my taking horses at Voghera. I well knew that the old fellow would be delighted at getting double fee and postage; as he accordingly expressed himself to be. In the midst of our colloquy we saw a carriage approaching, furnished with brilliant lamps, but although I could not possibly have any clue to divine whom it might contain, I instantly resolved to stop it, not knowing, as Don Quixote would have said, what adventure might be in store for me. So my old friend being instructed, accordingly pulled up, and hallooing to his brother of the whip, the illumined carriage stopped just abreast of mine. "Who's that," called out a voice that I

thought I recognised; I also recognised some peculiarity in the appearance of the carriage. "Spencer Perceval?" interrogated I. "The same — how are you, Maceroni. Where have you been since I saw you at Naples some months ago?" "I have been to England, and am going to Genoa, and so you may tell any one you may meet that inquires of me at Milan." "Good night!" was the simultaneous salutation, and off we both drove in contrary directions. "A lucky thing that I met this gentleman," said I to my companion. "He is an English friend of mine, who tells me that my sister has left Genoa for Florence, so it is useless my continuing this route." "If you like then, Sir," replied my man, "You may give me the job of taking you back to Casteggio; I can put up at an inn *outside* of the city of Voghera, there refresh my horses, and then return to our post-house, where you can take horses to Piacenza; but if we go *into Voghera to the Post-house*, that post-master will have the right of horsing you." It was now between ten and eleven o'clock at night when we stopped at this suburban inn. I called for some wine and refreshment, that I might have a room to myself; then taking out my passport, and seeing that the ink I asked for "to write a letter," was of the proper hue, I made the following alteration in the Milan *visa*, of my passport; which, to render intelligible, I must transcribe in the original Italian,—"*Visto, buono per andar a Genova, passando per la via di Pavia, Voghera, e Tortona. Diviando dall' indicato stradale, questo foglio è dichiarato di nessun valore.*" The words "*di nessun,*" (no or none) I altered into "del istesso" (the same); then rubbing a little mud on the reverse of the writing, to diminish the transparency of the paper, I entered the city on foot, and repaired to the house of the Governor.

I was ushered into a handsome drawing-room full of

company, some at cards, others singing at the piano. A tall, spare, genteel looking old gentleman, with powder and pigtail, advanced towards me, who, politely taking me by the hand, led me to a sofa. Being already acquainted with my errand, through my having sent beforehand for permission to wait upon "His Excellency" at that unseasonable hour, he bade me welcome to his house, and introduced me to his lady, and to several officers of rank. Cakes, coffee, wine, and liqueurs were set before me on a beautiful mosaic table, and the courteous host made many inquiries concerning England, France, and the proceedings of Napoleon, of whom he was no admirer. The only thing that in this colloquy gave me any uneasiness was, his difficulty in believing me to be any thing but an Italian; luckily, he had been an emigrant resident in England many years, and spoke English fluently. Whatever foreign accent *he* might have in speaking English, he could very well perceive the total absence of any such in me; and the case appeared quite natural when I told him how I had been born in England of an Italian father. Upon looking at the *visa* on my passport, he remarked, as I had expected, that it was a very unusual one; for "how did it happen, that I could not tell whether I wanted to go to Genoa or to Florence—or east or west?" "That is just what I have to explain," said I, "I am travelling to join my sister, who is very ill, but from the miscarriage of a letter sent by hand, that most stupid mode of conveying letters, I have been in doubt as to whether she is at Genoa or at Florence, and requested my passport to be *visé*, as you see it. But luckily, I just now met on the road an English acquaintance of mine, one Spencer Perceval, coming from Genoa, who tells me that my sister is not there, but at Florence; so your Excellency would much oblige me by signing my passport for Piacenza." "Oh!"

said the Governor, "Mr. Perceval has just been here, and sat where you do now; I am glad you were so fortunate as to recognise him in the dark, and so be spared the bootless journey to Genoa." So, forthwith, he signed my passport, and I, taking leave, returned to Casteggio. Just as I had calculated and contrived, *mine host of the Post-house, the bearer of the fearful order to consign me to the Gendarmes, was fast asleep in bed, and the ostlers, as a matter of course, put horses to my carriage, and on I went to Piacenza.*

I arrived in that city just at break of day, when all was hushed and nothing moving, save several battalions of Austrians mustering in the great square. I had my carriage drawn into the yard of the post-inn, and to make as little bustle as possible at that early hour, declined to alight; but composed myself to sleep in the carriage. So soon as the police-office was opened, I repaired thither, to have my passport qualified for the continuation of my journey. The Commissary of Police assured me, that he could not possibly comply with my request,—that the Austrians would never allow me, or any other traveller, to pass forward through their forces and positions into those of the enemy, who had advanced beyond Bologna. I affected great surprise at the proximity of the Neapolitans, repeated the story of my sister, and begged him to do what he could for me. It was all in vain, and he added that even if he were to sign my passport, it would avail me nothing, as I should certainly be sent back under escort to Milan, if I attempted to go on. Pleasant news this for me! My carriage contained irrefragable evidence of my quality of aide-de-camp to Murat;—of my having conferred with the enemies of Austria at Milan; *and my passport on being seen again at Milan, would be found to have been falsified!* Nothing but success in penetrating straight forward could save me from being shot as a conspirator,

or even as a spy. Moreover, several brave and virtuous men at Milan would share my fate, if the secrets in my carriage were discovered; the latter evil was, however, little to be feared. I returned to my inn in a serious mood; then, after breakfast, paid another visit to the courteous Commissary of Police, who evidently felt concerned for my position. He informed me that an Austrian General had that morning ordered eight post-horses to convey him to Parma, where he was going to take the command. The kind functionary added, that if I were to wait on the General, and explain my case, *perhaps* he might allow me to proceed. I brushed the dust off my handsomely braided jacket, &c., and announced myself to the General, as I had all along done on this ticklish journey. He was a very tall harsh-looking man, dressed in one of the ugliest of the ugly Austrian infantry uniforms, with trumpery fringe for epaulets,—powdered hair, and a queue that any jack tar of Rodney's days might truly envy. Fiercely and haughtily scanning me from head to foot, in the voice and tone of a coal-heaver—without moving to me to be seated, he demanded my business. When I had ended my brief story and request, he looked at me with mingled savageness and contempt;—ranging his eyes over me up and down, he vociferated—"*You* are an Englishman—are you? You an English officer! You are very dirty! Have you no other uniform—no other clothes!" "I don't travel in a ball-dress!" I retorted rather warmly. "Do you not know that I am the Count de Tilly, and Major-General in the Austrian army? As to your absurd and impudent request to be allowed to pass through our lines into those of the enemy, *you* must be mad to make it, or to think *us* so, to deviate and wave a rule in all military affairs, in favour of an *English* officer! —some ensign or lieutenant, I suppose! Go—go—you may if you like. But hark ye, Sir English officer in a

stable dress, you may depend on this—that if you *do* go on, you will be arrested and sent back a suspected prisoner to Milan!" Rage, indignation, and contempt, forcibly suppressed, made my heart to beat as though it would have burst its boundaries, during the beastly effusion of this "hog in armour." But what could I do? Astonishment, also, was mingled with my other feelings. Could this brute possibly be a Frenchman? Could *he* belong to that *nation of gentlemen*, the highest of whom uniformly addresses the humblest, in terms of courteous equality? But it was so;—and if the vile poltroon lives, I hope he will see how his gratuitous ruffianism has been recorded. Unable to make any reply to such a speaker, I turned upon my heel and walked back to the inn somewhat perplexed.

A thought now came across my mind. It shall be acted on. All the post-horses were sadly overworked. The postillion who had brought me to Piacenza was yet remaining to refresh his jaded beasts. I had pretty well assured myself of his political opinions—indeed his being an Italian was of itself enough. I told him of the refusal of the General to allow me to proceed, and asked him to give a hint to the rider whose next turn it was, and then I ordered horses. The hour fixed for the departure of the General was nine o'clock. I drove off with my carriage, and we had no sooner left the square, than my postillion, a fine young fellow who had served in the Italian army, turning to me said, "We will wait in yonder little street which leads at right angles into the main one, by which the General must pass; I will then drive up close behind the great baggage waggon (*Fourgon*) that follows his carriage, so we shall, apparently, form part of his suite—then leave the rest to me." It was a desperate operation, but it succeeded.

Presently the rattling of the carriage and of the *Fourgon*

over the pavement, was heard approaching, and then they passed the end of the little street, close to our horses heads. Onward we started, and, in a trice, my carriage was concealed in the cloud of dust and noise close behind the Fourgon, which was close upon the General's carriage. The carriage in which sat this ruffian General, was an open one, but the head was up, and the front seat was occupied by an aid-de-camp and an opera girl (as I was told), so that the General could not well look out at the side. Behind, through the "bull's-eye," he could see nothing but his baggage waggon with four horses, behind which we were lost in the dust and noise. Arrived at the gate of the city, the officer on guard made a show of interrogating me; but both I and the postillion called out *that we belonged to the General*, who had passed on, so he said no more. I had thrown open the apron of my carriage, and laid my sabre conspicuously by my side, and leaning back, smoking a cigar with great *apparent nonchalance*, pretended scarcely to vouchsafe a reply to those who made signs for me to stop. The General travelled so fast that there was no time for any of the inquisitors *to ask him if I really did belong to him*—so I got on.

But now came another dilemma; we had to change horses at Borgo San Donnino. How should I manage *then*, as the General would stop there also for the same purpose. "*I'll* manage that," said my postillion, and sure enough he did; for, within a hundred yards of the post-house, he dashed my carriage into a lane, then contrived to turn, and brought the horses heads close up to the road. I leapt out, and, peeping under the horses necks, saw that none of the General's party alighted, then, when I perceived his postillions about to start, I jumped into my carriage—our horses were put to a gallop, and my good fellow got the fresh horses put too as though *his* life had depended on a second

of time. He then whispered to my new postillion. *I* put a Napoleon into his hand, as I had done with he of Parma; he attempted to reject it; but off we flew at full speed, and in a minute were involved in the friendly dust of the General's equipages.

I had had plenty of time to make up my mind to the worst, so I may say, that I began to feel pretty well assured.* But another very dangerous ordeal had yet to be overcome. The General was to stop at Parma, and the Neapolitan most advanced piquets were many miles beyond that city. However, from recent experience, and confiding in the sincerity and ability of my postillion, I saw my way through the affair better than might be expected. But how were we to pass the General when he stopped at his journey's end, without his seeing us? Hitherto the noise of my wheels had been confounded with that made by his own. The hole at the back of his calesh could only furnish him a view of his own Fourgon. The young lady seated before him not only made it inconvenient for him to lean sideways out of his carriage, but I could see, by her laughter, in which she rolled about her head and body, that the whole party were so well pleased with one another, as to pay no attention to external objects. But the stoppage at Parma was a terrible job.

However, by keeping close up to the back of the Fourgon,

* Being armed with a double-barrelled carbine, two pairs of pistols, and a sabre, I had resolved, after mature reflection, that should I have been discovered by the Austrian General, I should have jumped out of my carriage, presented my arms at him and his aid-de-camp, assuring them of instant death, unless they gave their word of honour to allow me to pass free. Certain destruction would, of course, have followed the execution of my threat; but my case was desperate, and I felt quite determined to abide by that plan of escape, or immediate death, rather than the exposure to being *hanged* as a spy.

we managed to pass the entrance to the great paved yard of the inn before even the General's carriage had ceased to rattle within it. *We* rattled on, but were stopped at the other gate. Being come so far and the general being expected, the officer on duty easily believed my assertion of having travelled in company with the Count de Tilly, but still remarking, that such consent was "passing strange," he let me pass. I traversed Reggio and Modena, and was three or four times again interrogated in like manner, and in like manner escaped. It could not be believed that I should have travelled all that distance from Milan through the whole mass of the Austrian forces and authorities without official consent. At length, near Castelfranco, twelve miles from Bologna, I arrived at the Austrian extreme videttes of cavalry. Here I was well nigh meeting with a "poser." An officer of Hungarian hussars politely assured me, that it was contrary to his orders and his duty to allow me to pass. I urged every consideration I could muster, and even appealed to the humanity and gallantry of "so elegant and courteous a cavalier as he was, whether it became *him to intercept a brother hastening to the relief of a beautiful young lady, his sister, perhaps at the point of death?* Looking at my passport, he asked me in English, perfect alike in grammar and in accent, "how long since I had left London? whether I had seen Marshal Bellegarde at Milan?" and a variety of questions, evidently to judge of my nationality by my language. Wishing to humour him, and to lull his suspicions, if he had any, I stepped out of my carriage, and, sitting by his side under a shady tree, we discussed a variety of subjects of conversation, besides a couple of bottles of champagne and hermitage which I had with me, he adding to the feast some roasted chickens. Although I had travelled all the way from Parma at a gallop of twelve or fourteen miles the hour, I was not with-

out fear of being pursued. So I excused myself *in virtue of "my poor sister's situation,"* and begged him to allow me to proceed. He did, but with evident reluctance, saying, that he feared he was doing wrong, but that, as I had come so far, and even some part of the way in company with Count de Tilly, "a harsh man," said he in English, "and as you must have been stopped, and your authority for proceeding investigated a hundred times, I cannot but believe that 'it is all right.' Good-day, Sir; my name is Theodore Palfi; I was in England last year, and hope to return at the end of this war, and will inquire for you through the Austrian embassy." "You will discover me better by this card," said I, presenting him one with my name and Tocco's residence in Baker-street; "I shall be most happy to renew, either in England or any where, so agreeable an acquaintance."

The *password* of my emergency had been given from one postillion to another all the way from Casteggio: I well knew the firmness and integrity of those good fellows, and generally of the lower orders in Italy. However, I perceived that this last postillion looked on with astonishment at the great cordiality existing between the Hungarian *Tedesco* and myself; but, upon my explaining how I had *talked him over*, nothing could exceed his delight at the thoughts of having had a hand in outwitting a *Tedesco*.

Again we galloped on our way, and shortly I was challenged by a Neapolitan *vidette*.—"An aid-de-camp of the King!"—cried out both the postillion and myself. An officer stepped forward; I was recognised, and, elated with my success, I presented myself before King Joachim, as I have already described. The King listened to this my recital with great interest, and then exclaimed, "No wonder that neither Tocco's or Ischinina's couriers should never have reached me. This was worse than the case of the gun-

barrels." Many people would have been able to make a good story of this my journey from Simplon to Bologna. I have not time to get it polished up and embellished by some novel writer, so I must pray my readers to accept it in the rough. Such of them as have travelled in Austrian Italy, will understand my difficulty and danger.

I ought to have mentioned that it was on the 12th of April, that the first corps of the Neapolitan army arrived before Bologna, which was occupied by General Bianchi, with nine thousand Austrians, a force much superior to his opponents. But instead of attacking them while the second and third Neapolitan corps were so distant as Imola and Forli, he withdrew his forces, part to Modena and part to Ceuto. On the 4th the first corps advanced upon Modena the second upon Ceuto, beat the Austrians at Angola, who retired behind the Panaro, a river that falls into the Pò. The only bridge over this river in that neighbourhood, called of Saint Ambrogio, was strongly entrenched with several pieces of cannon, and defended by six thousand Austrians in line behind it. The first Neapolitan corps drew up before it in order of battle. General Carascosa directed a diversion on Spilimberto; there to ford the river and surprise the enemy's right. At this moment the King and his staff arrived at the bridge, and he, impatient of flank movements, ordered the attack to be made immediately in front. General William Pepe dashed into the water with two battalions, but from its depth he had great difficulty in gaining the opposite bank under a shower of balls. He could not, however, break through the enemy who lined the margin of the river, and his position became dangerous. General Carascosa now entered the water with another battalion, but could not make good his footing on the other side. Neither was General di Gennaro who followed, much more successful. However, they did not

retreat but kept their ground, or more appropriately their water. The battalion that had been sent to Spilimberto on hearing the fire, advanced according to orders, but the enemy having kept our forces in check in front, were enabled to oppose to that battalion, such a force as caused it serious losses. The forcing of the bridge was now *imperative*. The King gave the execution of it to General Filangieri, who disposing a body of cavalry and infantry in columns, ready to rush across, directed the simultaneous fire of six pieces of cannon and howitzers against the barricades upon the bridge. So soon as anything like a breach was formed, General Filangieri, commanding the prepared column of cavalry, to follow him, dashed forwards at *the head of only twenty-four men*, and cutting through the crowd of enemies, amidst a hail of projectiles, gained the opposite bank. But now the column of cavalry that was to have followed at his heels, stood motionless behind it's commander, General Fontaine (remember his name) a Frenchman;* and Filangieri with his heroic band, speedily reduced to nine, arrived upon the opposite bank, still fought desperately in expectation of immediate succour. As none arrived, the whole remaining nine fell pierced with various wounds, and all extinct, except the noble son of the expounder of the science of legislation. He still breathed, though dreadfully maimed, on this the King at the head of his staff, and I amongst the number, together with such troops as were at hand, dashed over the bridge into the midst of the enemy, and we dealt death around.

* It cannot be divined whether this atrocious conduct of Fontaine was caused by cowardice or envy. He had distinguished himself in many battles, but for his behaviour on this occasion he ought to have been shot. He was not even brought to trial! This was Murat's foible, never to punish.

Carascosa and Pepe, who had been kept on the defensive at the water's edge, now pushed forwards, and the enemy retreated in confusion, leaving behind above a thousand of their number killed or prisoners. On our side the loss in killed and wounded amounted to seven hundred men; but our greatest loss that day was the co-operation of our gallant Filangieri, whose life was for a long period in imminent danger. He was shot through the left shoulder, through the right thigh, the ball passing into his horse, a bayonet pierced his hip, and many contusions were inflicted on various parts of his body by the butt ends of muskets. Upon his falling from his horse, I could distinctly see the enemy's soldiers dragging him along by the legs, and others employed in cutting his splendid épauletts from off his shoulders, as well as his golden decorations from his breast. In another minute he was rescued, but even then hurt by our own horses feet. On that occasion I received two sabre wounds, besides a pistol ball in my leg.

On this same day the second corps took possession of Ferrara, notwithstanding the opposition of fourteen hundred Austrians. The third corps occupied Ceuto and San Giovanni, while the first corps which was with the King, advanced from the Panaro, and took possession of Carpi and all the land to the banks of the Secchia. On the 7th, at daybreak, the second corps invested the *Tête de Pont* of Occhiobello, which, notwithstanding its great strength, would probably have been taken, and so furnish a passage across the Pò, had not General Ambrosio delayed his march towards the place beyond the hour agreed upon. This delay gave time to the Austrians to throw in reinforcements of many heavy guns and two more battalions. It was, nevertheless, attacked with vigour by our second corps; but it was found that our guns were too light to make sufficient impression on the works. Others of larger calibre were

ordered up, but meanwhile the impetuosity of the King would not permit him to be idle. Six times did our troops assault the place, and each time they were repulsed with considerable loss. The men could not escalade it by mounting upon each other's shoulders.

The King returned to Bologna, leaving the second corps bivouacked before Occhiobello, awaiting the arrival of the heavy guns, and of General Colletta to direct the engineering operations.

At Bologna the King received the mortifying intelligence of the feeble and erroneous proceedings of Generals Livron* and Pignatelli Strongoli in Tuscany. These generals commanded a division of above six thousand excellent troops, being the greater portion of the royal guard. Neither general had the command over the other; a strange anomaly this in military matters! They arrived at Florence on the 7th of April. The plan traced out for these commanders was, to traverse Tuscany and excite the people and the militia to join us; to drive before them the feeble Austrian force of only three thousand men under General Nugent; and, by the route of Pistoja, advance to Modena, to join our centre. Nugent did not attempt to dispute Florence, but retired to Pistoja.† He had with him above a thousand Tuscan troops who would have joined us had we advanced as was directed. So little did Nugent expect to resist the Neapolitan division, that ships had been prepared at Leghorn for his refuge. The Neapolitan generals *lost two days at Florence*, and then advanced against Pistoja, employing two days more in a march of ten Tuscan or

* The same whom we have seen behaving so gallantly at the taking of the Island of Capri in 1808! See Vol. i. p. 353.

† Some of my readers may not perhaps remember that the fire-arm called a *pistol* derives its name from this city, where they were first made and introduced to the world.

eleven English miles! Pistoja is surrounded with ancient walls, but of such a description as, now-a-days, can resist no serious attack. The Austrians had occupied the place by way of *shelter*, not defence. But when at Prato, four miles distant from it, the Neapolitan generals *halted*, "to see whether the Austrians thought fit to attack them, and also to receive the reports of the parties sent out for intelligence!" The Austrians were astonished at this respite given to them, and remained quiet. When suddenly the Neapolitan generals received, and weakly believed, a report of I don't know what imaginary Austrian corps being on their march by Poggio, Cajano, and Fucecchio, to attack them in the rear; on which these credulous chiefs returned to Florence!

Thus was one main feature of King Joachim's plan of campaign destroyed. He had depended on his guard, composed of officers and men who had seen much service, and which, according to his plans, as well as to the actual issue of occurrences, ought and *could* have joined him at Modena by the 11th or 12th of April. *This junction would, undoubtedly, have enabled him to carry all before him, as hitherto the Austrians had acted on the defensive, and had been worsted in every attempt to make a stand. Had the guard arrived in time he would have crossed the Po, and then the Italians would have joined him.* In passing through Piacenza, I had had sufficient opportunity to observe that the defences to the passage of the river at that place were immeasurably less formidable than those of Occhiobello. The king, in consequence, decided upon combining the movements of the first and second corps so as to make a point upon that place. But at this juncture his Majesty received a notification from Lord Bentinck, announcing, that "as he had attacked the armies of the Emperor of Austria, an ally of Great Britain, *he* (*Bentinck*)

should look upon the treaty which he had signed between England and Naples as annulled, and consequently he should join and assist the Austrians with all the naval and military forces at his disposal." This was a terrible blow to Joachim, who had confided in that condition of the treaty with England, which stipulated that (without reference to circumstances) three months' previous notice should be given by either party previously to the commission of any act of hostility. His capital and the entire coast of his kingdom was now exposed to invasion, for which he knew that Ferdinand had for some time been making active preparations in the Sicilian ports, probably relying on this breach of British faith. The Austrian army was daily receiving reinforcements; and, upon learning the conduct of the Neapolitan Generals at Florence and Pistoja, their confidence was increased, so they prepared to assume the offensive. The King called me into his presence; and after some discussion on the state of affairs, he commanded,—first, that I should order Generals Pignatelli and Livron, with their powerful division of guards, to join him by the briefest routs of Arezzo and San Sepolcro. Secondly, that I should repair to Lord Bentinck, then at Genoa, and remonstrate on the gross infringement of the treaty, which he himself had signed. Thirdly, that I should proceed to Paris with letters from him (Murat) to the Emperor and to Fouché, Duke of Otranto, as well as verbal communications. Fourthly, I was then to pass on to London, and join Tocco in remonstrating with the British ministry on Lord Bentinck's breach of treaty. Further, that I should purchase in England fifty thousand stand of arms, and send them to such port or ports as I should in due time be apprised of; and, in order to ensure the execution of this latter commission, the Duke del Gallo placed in my hands

bills of exchange, mostly on Genoa, to the amount of sixty thousand pounds sterling.

My colloquy with the King being ended, I repaired to the apartments of the Duke del Gallo, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and suggested to him, that were I to stop at Genoa in order to negociate those bills in exchange for others on London, it might tend to mar my negotiation with Lord Bentinck, but more especially endanger my getting to England to purchase the arms. I cannot now conceive how I could have been so stupid as not to know that *good* bills on Genoa might have been cashed in London as well as elsewhere; but so it was; and, further, I do not now remember how it happened that the Duke could not get bills on London direct at Bologna, from whence and the neighbourhood such vast quantities of silk and crape are sent for Italian account to England. However, I thought I was doing right in asking, whether the negotiation with Bentinck or the purchase of the arms was the more important, as I feared that the one would be incompatible with the other. The Duke and I returned to the King, and it was finally decided that I should attend only to the orders to Pignatelli and Livron, and to the expostulatory missions to Genoa, Paris, and London. I therefore returned the bills. There must have been a considerable confusion of intellect in my dilemma and this discussion about the bills of exchange. I do not rightly understand it, even now. The affair appears to me enveloped in a mist; but I well remember that, at the time, I took some credit to myself for my sagacity; and, moreover, was glad of an opportunity of shewing that indifference to the handling of money not very common at the Neapolitan court.

It was on the 12th of April that I left Bologna; and I arrived at Florence next morning at break of day. The

Neapolitans had evacuated the city that very night, the Austrians had taken their place, and I suddenly found myself surrounded by Hungarian hussars. They did not recognise me, and I hastened away in a direction contrary to that which they were going, apparently in the execution an important mission, so they did not continue their pursuit. Through a number of by-ways and back streets I reached Schneider's hotel, where, hastening into the apartments of the Neapolitan princess, Caramanica, who I knew to be in the house, she kindly procured me some plain clothes for the exigency of the *moment*. Lord Holland was also staying at the same hotel. He sent me by a valet an invitation to breakfast, which I accepted. During our repast we conversed on the momentous occurrences of the period; and I remember well the liberal and unprejudiced sentiments he expressed regarding the unjust war declared by the assembled despots at Vienna against the French people to deprive them of that fundamental, social right, the being governed by a magistrate of their own selection. On one point, however, Lord Holland and I did not quite agree. He very naturally imputed blame to the King of Naples for having the preceding year abandoned the cause of his brother-in-law, and joined the allies. That was, *abstractedly*, a just view of the case; but I assured his lordship, that were he aware of all the palliative circumstances, and the violence which Murat had suffered in his feelings, he would think somewhat differently of the unhappy transaction. In my zeal to defend the conduct of my patron, I assured Lord Holland that long ago Murat had had every reason to fear the being deprived of his crown by the very hand that gave it him. And that this deprivation was not threatened in consequence of any offence or idea of his unworthiness, but merely as it had appeared necessary in the eyes of the Emperor towards some new, but not imme-

diately necessary, political changes and territorial arrangements. Even previously to the Russian campaign Napoleon had let fall a hint of his intention to incorporate all Italy into one kingdom, in which Naples was understood to be included. This was communicated to the King,—and the ex-Queen, the Emperor's sister, will not deny it. This design was only suspended through the force of circumstances, but might be revived should Napoleon regain his former supremacy over the whole continent of Europe. It was proposed, indeed, by the latter, as an indemnification, to make the king his captain general, or grand constable of the empire, a post certainly of great honour, as second only to the Emperor himself, but certainly inferior to an independent sovereignty of one of the finest countries of Europe, and which assured royal establishments to his children already educated under that expectation. I will go further than to assert, that the King merely *knew* of this project of his brother-in-law: I can state, from the authority of his own lips, that he personally charged the Emperor with the intention, and boldly avowed in his presence, that he would not submit, but defend his throne by force of arms. In co-operating with the allies, Murat never dreamt that Napoleon would refuse to confine his empire of France to such magnificent, extensive, and natural boundaries as the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees, which he actually refused when proposed to him by the allies, even at the eleventh hour, at the conferences of *Chaumont* and *Chatillon sur Seine.* In a social point of view the incorporation of Italy in one homogeneous community would be a grand and soul-elevating spectacle. All that is lovely, useful, or desirable in nature, and which is over the rest of the world sprinkled with a sparing hand a small fragment here, another there,—all and everything physical, moral, geographical, sea, land, rivers, ports, mountains, vallies, climate—every advan-

tage for national defence—once the cradle, still the nursery and productive garden of the arts and sciences, all, all united into one glorious, happy, unconquerable community of twenty millions of inhabitants. But I am running out of my track after the beauteous vision I have unwittingly conjured up before me. I was going to say, that Lord Holland took my defence of Murat as a complaint against Napoleon,—imputing to him injustice, ingratitude, and inordinate ambition as exemplified in his project of the consolidation of Italy.

Now, very, very far was I from meaning any such thing. The consolidation of all Italy would, in fact, be a renunciation by Napoleon of any *dominion* for federation; and I was, as I still am, well aware that such a union of that wonderful country into one integral community and government, would more than realise that existence, which the greatest philosophers, philanthropists, and poets,* have, during so many centuries sighed for, as the very *beau ideal* of a moral and physical union of excellence. Moreover, the friends of mankind, the philosophical politicians *in power, if such there be,* should see what an accession, *politically* speaking, to the family of free and polished states; what an ally such a nation would become against the barbarian despots of the north! *I* saw and see all this, but still it was very natural that Murat should fear the loss of his kingdom: such a beautiful portion of so beautiful a country. I have entered into this explanation, because I was once told by Barry O'Meara, that Lord Holland had represented me as an enemy to Napoleon, in consequence of his conversation with me on the occasion I have described.

I now hastened to write to the King, and also to Generals

* Philosophic poets I mean, such as Dante, Petrarcha, Ariosto, Tasso, Addison, Byron, Moore, &c.

Pignatelli and Livron, ordering them to retreat by the roads I have above indicated. My letter to the King was delayed on its route, but reached him in time to undeceive him as to my fate, he having previously heard that I was killed in the streets upon entering Florence. Whether the Commanders of the guard received my letter or not I never knew, but I do know that they did not take the route which I was directed to enjoin them. At every minute expecting a visit from the Austrians, I left Florence that afternoon, and after several narrow escapes, with the particulars of which I will not trouble my readers, I embarked at Sarzana, for Genoa. The quality of an *auto*-biographer will perhaps furnish a sufficient excuse for my, at this fitting moment, saying a word about myself, as connected with the transactions I have been recounting. Previously to the brilliant affair of the passage of the Panaro, I held the rank of *Capo Squadrone* of cavalry, but my quality of aide-de-camp to the King gave me a brevet step. On the 10th of April, the King sent me in command of a reconnoitring party of sixty odd of the 9th Lancers. I had the good fortune to fall in with an advanced post of the enemy, near Scandiano, which had not yet been reported at head-quarters. My friend Rambaud, although then Paymaster-General of the army, anxious for my safety, as I had whilome been for his, accompanied me as a volunteer. I found the enemy engaged in digging a trench and forming an *abattis* across the road, and desirous of ascertaining their force, and by what they were supported, I charged them vigorously, and, by means of a ditch by the road side, penetrated behind their work, killed eighteen of them and dispersed the rest, who found refuge in an olive grove upon a hill to my left. They had only had time to make one discharge at me from behind their *abattis*, which killed only two of my men, and wounded

six. I was not touched, although the bit of my bridle was bent by a ball, and another struck my stirrup. In venturing after the enemy into the olive wood, which was mixed with vines, I was dragged off my horse by a vine which passed from one tree to another, catching me under the chin. A hurrah from the enemy greeted my fall; but, holding fast my bridle, and Rambaud, as well as several officers rushing to my succour, I presently remounted, though with something of a "sore throat." I might give many more particulars of such a trivial and personal nature, were I not fearful of encroaching on my limited space, to the exclusion of more important matter of general interest. I may, perhaps, however, be allowed to mention that at Bologna, the King made me a present of a horse under the following circumstances. I have already stated my having been commissioned, both in 1814 and 1815, to make many little purchases in England, for the King and Queen. Of Everington, of Ludgate-street, I bought shawls, gold and silver embroidered muslins, &c., &c., to the amount of above one thousand pounds. I bought shoes and boots for the Queen, of Taylor, of Bond-street; razors, of Pepy's; and silk stockings, at a guinea a pair, of Peart, of the Poultry; sets of oil-cloth for rooms, of Smith and Baber, of Knightsbridge; jewellery, of Hamlet, &c., &c. But the most expensive commission was a service of cut-glass, which I intended to order of Hancock and Sheppard, of Charing-cross, which would cost three thousand pounds. Not foreseeing so sudden an overthrow of King Joachim's fortunes, I desired Messrs. Hancock to make me a goblet, with a stand, on the sides of which should be displayed four different patterns of facetting or diamonding, that the King might give further directions for the crystal dinner service he wished me to order. I had, consequently, taken him this goblet, wrapped up amongst my linen in the *Imperial*

of my carriage; and a splendid specimen it was of the perfection of the arts, both of glass smelting and glass cutting. The day after my arrival at Bologna, the King having commanded me to dine at his table, I requested Caraffa, the equerry in waiting, to place the goblet by the side of the King. The latter had no sooner taken his seat, than, struck by the brilliancy of the object, he asked, where it came from? Who had put it there? "Colonel Maceroni," replied Caraffa. The King, taking it up, greatly admired it; then having it filled with wine, drank to "the health of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Great Britain." He afterwards nodded to me and said, "here is to *your* health Maceroni." Next morning, the Duke of Roccaromana informed me, that His Majesty had commanded him to take me into his stables, that I might choose a horse, as a present from the King. I obeyed the summons, and took a black Arabian of passing beauty, to which was added a splendid caparison. This horse, and my baggage I left with my friend Rambaud, Paymaster-General, but all was captured by the enemy.

I had no sooner stepped on shore at Genoa, than I met my old superior, of Old Hall Green College, Dr. Pointer, then Catholic Bishop of London, accompanied by another English Catholic Bishop from the same College, named Kimble. The good ecclesiastics were very glad to meet me after so many years; and, indeed, it is somewhat extraordinary that they should have recognised me at all in mustachios, at the age of twenty-seven, not having seen me since I was thirteen.

On the day of my arrival, I waited on Lord William Bentinck, who received me at the house occupied by the Princess of Wales; in fact, our conversation took place in her presence. All I could elicit from his Lordship, in reply to my remonstrances against the infraction of the

British treaty with Naples, was, that "he acted according to orders received from his government." It would be useless for me to repeat all that I said, and all that he replied. After saluting the Princess, and answering her kind inquiries about the King's health, &c., I took my leave, and set out for Paris; first having sent a despatch to the King, which, at the cost of a round sum, I was promised should reach him; as it in fact did.

I was very anxious to reach Chambery, the French frontier town towards Italy, because I well knew that if I could but induce the French general commanding at that important point, who I expected would probably be a marshal of France, only to fire a shot within the Piedmontese territory, every operation of the Austrians would become paralyzed, and King Joachim would not only be saved, but triumphant. I galloped on, therefore, by Turin, &c., towards Chambery with a heart full of hope. Surely the Emperor, thought I, cannot reckon upon *conciliating* the allies by any shew of peace, which shall deprive him of the weight of his influence over Italy. Let him threaten Italy, and Austria will sue to be his ally rather than lose her hold on that "*milch cow*" of her's, as her own Emperor has often called it. Austria is already inclined to separate from the coalition against France, and would have already *been* separated but for the attack upon her by the King of Naples. The true and real secret of the animosity displayed against Napoleon, positively existed in the personal hatred of two individuals, George, Prince Regent of England, excited by envy of his genius and glory, and other bad passions; and Talleyrand, stimulated by the zeal natural to an ungrateful friend and to a renegade. Both being a species of *odium theologicum*,—the *more* intense the *less* the rational cause. "Non amo te *Sabidi*, nec possum dicere *quare*." Nor could the allies, but far more particularly

Austria and England, possibly adduce a rational excuse for their hostility to the person of Napoleon as head of the French nation, duly confined to its natural limits of the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees. He was the most likely man to appreciate the real interests of France, and to know how to cultivate the arts of peace so soon as those of war were no longer called for. As a legislator and an organiser of civil institutions he had proved that he had no parallel; but I must remember my space of paper, and go on with my journey. The passports I possessed, the main of which was the one I had altered at Voghera, had hitherto served my purpose; but I feared that in passing through Turin, the capital of Piedmont, something might turn up to detain me, so at the last post previously to arriving at that city I determined to pass on without going through it. I sounded my postillion, and found him nothing loth to take me by a detour of by-lanes round one side of the city. I promised to pay him well, over and above the double postage and fee he would earn by not changing horses at Turin. He desired me to extinguish my carriage lights, and to prepare my arms, because he had reason to know that certain deserters and other vagrant characters were lurking about the neighbourhood we had to pass through. I thanked the man for his kindness, but also assured him, that if he should stop his horses upon being summoned by any one, I would instantly shoot him through the back. He laughed at that, and replied, that I did not know him, or I should not have thought such a warning necessary. I soon found myself in a narrow road, with a bank on one side and a canal on the other; but it was too dark for me to distinguish anything with accuracy. At about eleven at night suddenly several voices a-head cried out, "Stop! stop! stop!" Crack went the whip of my true fellow—gallop went the horses—bang—bang—two or three shots at

me; and I, leaning half out, fired four shots instantly behind me in reply. This was nothing; every instant I expected to be swamped in the canal, or turned upside down by touching the bank on the other side, so I called out most lustily to my postillion to stop, or slacken his pace. He stopped for an instant, and then observed, that he should not mind if they were *only robbers*, because he and I, with such store of fire-arms, could cope with them; but he feared it *might* have been a police party that tried to stop us; and *then*, were he discovered in such an act of evasion as he was now about, he would be a lost man. So soon as it was day, the first rays of the sun visited the interior of my carriage through a hole made by one of the bullets near the roof. Another bullet had penetrated the felloe of the left hind-wheel.

I arrived at Chambery at four o'clock A.M. on the 19th of April, and learnt that General Gerard was military commander of that district. Notwithstanding the early hour, I was assured by one of his aides-de-camp, whom I saw at the town house, that the General would be delighted to see me at once. I consequently accompanied this gentleman to the General's quarters, where I found him in bed. He rose up and cordially embraced me, evidently full of emotion, excited by the circumstances of such a momentous crisis. I hastened to acquaint him with the various and complicated difficulties which surrounded King Joachim;—of Lord Bentinck's message; of the reinforcements daily pouring in to augment the Austrian army; and I urged every argument I could devise in order to induce him to make ever so slight a military demonstration on the side of Piedmont, where, *moreover*, the entire population would have risen, and, together with the troops, have joined the French in twenty four hours. In fact, at Susa I had been accosted by a Piedmontese officer, who knew my person; and he, in the

presence of half a dozen of his comrades, did not scruple to say, "tell the French commander on the frontier, that if he will push forwards only one regiment, the entire of the Piedmontese army and the people will instantly join them." All this I represented to General (now Marshal) Gerard; but with tears in his eyes he assured me, that his orders from the Emperor were, *by all means to avoid striking the first blow.* "But," said General Gerard, "hasten to lay before the Emperor the clear and valid facts and reasoning which you have been so good as to display to me, and I venture to predict that he will address me a telegraphic order to act according to your suggestions."

Pending this colloquy the General rose and dressed, and after partaking with him of coffee, &c., I resumed my journey, and, by hard driving, in two days reached Paris. Without even changing my clothes, I waited on Fouché, Duke of Otranto, then minister of police, and delivered to him a little note from the King of Naples. I had another letter for the Emperor. Fouché told me to go home and dress, and then return to him in a couple of hours, while he waited on the Emperor. At the appointed time I returned to the minister, who took me with him in his carriage. I well remember M. de Bourrienne being with Fouché at our setting out. The Emperor received me in the most flattering manner; and, as was his custom, whenever he wished to speak with more than ordinary condescension to an Italian, he addressed me in that language, and was proceeding to converse in the same, when, remarking that Fouché was not quite familiar with that language, he continued in French. After he had read the note from Murat, and I had repeated and urged all I had to say, the Emperor assured me that, as I might well believe, he deeply deplored the position of the King of Naples, but that *he* had brought it upon himself by his precipitancy in attacking the Aus-

trians, without due concert with him. He added that he (the Emperor) was then negociating with the allies, especially with Austria; and although Joachim had materially deranged such negotiations, he still hoped that the allies would be convinced of his desire to remain at peace; and that he, consequently, *would not strike the first blow.* In vain I urged that the blow I solicited was not against Austria *immediately*, but indirectly, and might produce results far more likely to induce peace by *intimidation* than he could ever hope from the good will of the allies, not excepting his own father-in-law. I even told him the story of "*Son tutti Lupi*," which made him laugh, but did not move him to my purpose. I conjured him to believe and reflect that the *passions* of his enemies were enlisted against him, not their *interests*, far less the interests of their people. "I will cause them to see their error and injustice," replied the Emperor. "Never," said I, "unless you act upon their *fears* instead of on their judgment." Napoleon now changed the subject of the discourse, and finally asked me where I was bound to next? I replied, that I was going to London, and stated the errand; and I took occasion to conclude by saying, "I do not much expect better success for my sovereign in London than I have met with from your Majesty." He smiled and sighed—then inclined his head—and I departed. That day the Duke of Otranto kept me to dine with him. Amongst the company I remember the old Duke de la Vauguillon, whose son Paul, a general, I had left with Murat. M. de Bourrienne was also there, together with Caulincourt, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Belliard, who had been first aid-de-camp to King Joachim during many years, and whom I have mentioned in speaking of the Russian campaign. This General Belliard was shortly after sent to assist Murat with his counsels and experience as chief of his staff, but he arrived "the

day after the fair," as I shall have occasion to shew by and by.

With a heavy heart I proceeded to London, where Tocco made every possible representation to the ministry in vain; that is, the conduct of Lord Bentinck was acknowledged to be in accordance with the principles, desires, and orders of the British Government.

I immediately returned to Paris, with the intention of rejoining the King of Naples as speedily as possible. But Fouché requested me to wait a few days for some communication the Emperor would have to make me. I was honoured with another audience of His Majesty, at which he interrogated me at great length on the transactions I have already briefly sketched.

From day to day the Duke of Otranto found means and excuses to retain me in Paris. Being one day invited to dine with him, and, while the company were in the saloon, or admiring the beautiful plants in a conservatory leading into one of those rural gardens which belong to so many of the great houses, even in the heart of Paris, Fouché accosted me with something like formality, and informed me, that the Emperor had commissioned him to acquaint me with his having conferred upon me the cross of "Officer of the Legion of Honour," at the same time presenting me with a large sized gold cross, which he had received for me. On this occasion there were present at dinner the Duke of Vicenza (Caulincourt), Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duke de La Vauguillon, M. de Bourrienne, Mr. Gallatin, United States Ambassador, the Count de Brivazac, Mr. Daure, Chief Commissary, and General Belliard, besides others whom I do not remember. This honour was conferred upon me in consequence of the favourable mention made of me by Murat in the letter I had delivered to the Emperor; and I have thought it expedient to name these

living witnesses to the fact; because the government of the present "Citizen King," which, in 1830, engaged to recognise the investitures made by Napoleon during "the hundred days," has had the inconsistent effrontery to refuse to acknowledge my title, or pay my arrears of pension, because Napoleon, forsooth, they say, was not the *legitimate* sovereign of France, after his abdication and return from Elba! Several court favourites have had their nominations of "the hundred days" confirmed; and I understood that such was in accordance with a general stipulation at the revolution of July, 1830, which placed the present King upon the throne. The notes addressed to me by Caulincourt (Duke di Vicenza), inviting me to his diplomatic dinners, style me "*Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*," and surely the *minister* must have known the man he so addressed! I sent one of these notes to Paris in 1830, but obtained no redress.

My anxiety to join King Joachim increased every hour, but Fouché, the Minister of Police, continued to throw obstacles in the way of my departure. At length he told me that I should go in company with General Belliard, who was to be sent, by the Emperor, to serve Murat in his old post of chief of his staff. The next day it was settled that I should precede the General, who consequently gave me a note to the King, and I ordered post-horses for the same evening. Again I was disappointed. Fouché sent for me to dinner. Belliard was there, and I learnt that he was to start that night to join Murat. I returned him his letter, but could not prevail on him to take me with him. What could all this possibly mean? Why should Fouché, apparently, so exert himself to keep me from my post?—I could not imagine, nor can I to the present hour. The worthy Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza, was then Minister of Foreign Affairs. He gave frequent diplomatic dinners to a singularly thin diplomatic corps. *I* was the constant and only

representative of Naples and Italy, Mr. Gallatin, of the United States, Angelo Effendi, of the Ottoman Porte, Nourid Bey, of Morocco, and, I believe, that was all. However, there were store of Marshals, Generals, and other official dignitaries, so that the assemblies had all due brilliancy of appearance. The first shock that had well nigh caused me to fall to the earth, although I was compelled to conceal the emotion, I received at the billiard-table of Fouché. He was called away for a few minutes, and, on returning, took up his cue, and, while striking his ball, uttered, in an earnest, soliloquising manner, "*Oh! Le pauvre roi de Naples.*" ("Oh! the poor King of Naples.") "What?" said I, "what has happened?" "Oh, nothing, nothing but what may be remedied," replied the minister. But the tone and manner of this ejaculation most forcibly struck me. It could not be recalled—then why was it not explained? There must have been bad news from Italy. Its concealment from *me* was utterly inexplicable. It could not possibly proceed from any want of confidence. The Emperor and his ministers had given me the most signal proofs of their approbation and esteem, and continued so to do up to the last moment of their authority; so I can find no explanation. I continued to remain, or rather to be *detained*, in Paris from day to day, feasted by the ministers, each day hoping to be allowed to quit on the morrow. Had I been able to foresee my detention, I should, the very day after my last audience of the Emperor, most assuredly have made an attempt to join the King, with or without passport, as well as might be. Fouché *subsequently* assured me, that, from the first accounts received of the King's retreat, and of Bentinck's co-operation with the Austrians, he regarded Murat's affairs to be so desperate as to make him desirous of preventing "so valuable a life as mine being sacrificed in a hopeless cause." This was certainly

complimentary, but not at all in accordance with my duty or feelings.

I must now continue my sketch of the war between Murat and the Austrians. The latter, encouraged by the receipt of numerous re-inforcements, by the errors of Livron and Pignatelli, and by the co-operation of the British forces by sea and land, suddenly assumed the offensive. General William Pepe was attacked, and even surprised at Carpi, from whence he hastily retired to Modena, with the loss of five hundred men out of three thousand. This derangement of the line obliged the corps, in advance of Bologna, to retire behind the river Panaro. On the 15th April, the Austrians overpowered the Neapolitan corps in possession of Spilimperto, which gave them the command of both banks of the Panaro. The hospitals, baggage, &c., were then withdrawn from Bologna to behind the river Reno, and directed part towards Ravenna and part to Forli. At mid-day the Austrians, elated by the success of two surprises that morning, in which, however, they lost as many men as their adversaries, attacked the first corps on the banks of the Reno. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were engaged. The divisions which had been driven from Carpi and Spilimperto early that morning, burned to retrieve their fault. After a three hours' attack the Austrians were repulsed, leaving six hundred dead on the field of action. At night fall, the King and the whole army left Bologna, and arrived at Imola without being molested by the enemy. The Austrian active army now consisted of thirty-two thousand men under General Bianchi, which advanced along the Florence road, and seventeen thousand more under General Neipperg followed the direction of the King's head quarters along the *Via Emiliana*. This disposition of the enemy explained his plan and his hopes—that is, of enclosing Murat between the two armies, that of Bianchi being expected to anticipate his

arrival on the river Tronto. On the other hand, Murat was gratified at the two Generals dividing their forces by the chain of the Apennines, so that he might find an opportunity of giving battle first to one and then the other separately. He was stronger than Neipperg, and not so very much inferior to Bianchi in *numbers*—in valour and skill superior to both. But in order to derive the full measure of the advantage which might flow from the dispositions of the enemy's forces, it was requisite to fight the two Generals when they should be at the greatest distance the one from the other, and to begin with Bianchi. From the topography of the country it appeared, that Macerata would offer a position in which he would be strongly placed, flanked by his city of Ancona, between Bianchi towards Tolentino, and Neipperg at Cesano. Murat's plan was not exactly to retreat, and take refuge in his own territory, but to defeat the Austrians in two general engagements, as he had done in so many actions of considerable moment throughout this campaign. In this he surely would have succeeded, but for the discouragement, or wavering, in some of his Generals, especially the three Frenchmen, Livron, Montigny, and Fontaine, and the Lombard Lecchi.* A decided advantage over the Austrians, at that time and place, would have had serious results, and procured for Murat a speedy peace.

Macerata, therefore, was the goal to which the operations of retreat were to be skilfully directed, during twenty days of marching and fighting. It was necessary to fix the marches and the positions for defence or repose, by reference to the topography of the country, with the greatest nicety; because it was indispensable to the success of the

* These officers are, I believe, alive. I should be glad to hear, for old acquaintance sake, if they have any apology to offer for their conduct. Lecchi had very much distinguished himself in Spain, Germany, and Russia, in the army of the Prince Eugene.

combinations, that Murat should arrive at Macerata, when Bianchi had scarcely reached Tolentino, and Neipperg was near Cesano. Delay or anticipation in these conditions would be alike destructive to the plan. The King sent for General Colletta, chief of the engineers, with whom he confidentially traced out the marches and halts. If this retreat had been as successful in its ultimate results, as it was well combined, it would be quoted as one of the finest specimens of strategical science ever recorded!

The King, with the main body of the army reached Cesena without being molested by Neipperg, who followed at a respectful distance. Here he learnt from me the disgraceful abandonment of Florence, by Livron and Pignatelli, who were now in hasty retreat by Arezzo and Perugia, with their fine corps of six thousand guards intact; and who certainly would have proved, had their stupid, traitorous, or poltroon generals allowed them, that they were worthy of better commanders. To wait for this corps of guards, and also to give more time to the Austrian generals to keep up with him as he desired, the King halted behind the river Ronco for two whole days. On the morning of the third day, Neipperg unmasked fourteen guns he had brought up in the dark, and pushed four battalions and a regiment of cavalry across the river. These were immediately routed, and fled, leaving behind them sixty killed and forty prisoners. So soon as it was dusk, the enemy began a fresh surprise attack, by sending seven battalions, and two squadrons, slily across the river, at a place where they hoped to be unperceived. But a patrol sent out by my friend and fellow aid-de-camp, the brave Pole Malchewski, discovered them. Malchewski silently detached one of his battalions to the enemy's right, with directions to enter the bed of the river, and quietly wait there in the water until the enemy should approach them.

Then suddenly, with three other battalions he attacked the Austrians in front and left, with great outcry, who thought that they themselves had fallen into a trap, whilst the darkness of the night prevented them from seeing the inferiority of the force immediately opposed to them. Still gallantly fighting, and partly in the water, they began to edge off to their right, and mistaking the Neapolitan battalion for some of their own party, approached so near as to demand the pass-word, which was replied to by a murderous discharge, that completed their confusion. They fled, leaving five hundred and fifty dead, and forty prisoners. The Neapolitans lost only fifty men in killed and wounded. The Austrian assailants were four thousand; the Neapolitans one thousand four hundred.

This attack occasioned the King to hope that Neipperg would offer him a more general battle on the morrow. He could not follow *back* the enemy and compel him to fight, as that would have withdrawn him from his intended positions, his own frontiers, and afford an occasion for the timely intervention of Bianchi. In the hopes of drawing Neipperg upon him, Murat retired from the banks of the Ronco, and abandoning Forlimpopoli, as though from trepidation, retreated in such a manner as to diminish the apparent number of his forces. But the Austrians remained inactive the entire day, much to the surprise and disappointment of Murat.

The army passed on to Rimini; the first corps being now in the rear, the third in the centre. This latter corps was commanded by General Lecchi, who had greatly distinguished himself in Spain, Germany, and Italy; but who *now*, through some unaccountable political hallucination, appeared dejected and discouraged, without reasonable cause. My readers must be well aware, how such feelings and the example of a chief always prove contagious to his

subordinates. This was the first symptom, excepting that of Fontaine at the Panaro, of the inexplicable *demoralization* which seized on many of the superior officers of Murat's army. The only decided fault of King Joachim as a commander, was a deficiency of that firmness in affairs of discipline which inspires fear; he had too much lenity and easiness of character. When he commanded other generals, who performed the duties of the necessary military coercion, all the rest went well under his strategical and heroic guidance; but in this most momentous of all his campaigns, he held by far too slack a rein upon his generals. Some instances of this laxity and mistaken indulgence, I have already shewn; but, unhappily, the worst are yet to come. Singular enough it is, that the commanders, who in this campaign brought ruin and unmerited disgrace upon the Neapolitan arms, were for the most part foreigners to Italy; as were those who, conjoined with Mack, made so contemptible an exhibition of military incapacity in 1798, against the French General Championet.*

The King remained at Rimini two days. General Napoletani, with eighteen hundred men, being attacked by the Austrians at Cesenatico, and expelled the town, rallied his troops at some little distance, and placing himself at their head without his coat or hat, which he had left behind, assaulted the enemy with such vigour as to retake the village, together with three hundred prisoners. In one of the narrow streets, the General met with a captain of Hungarian Hussars. Each summoned the other to surrender, but from words proceeding immediately to blows, the hatless, coatless, Neapolitan General on foot, slew the mounted Hungarian. This detachment then retired and passed the night on the right bank of the river Rubicon.

* See Vol. i. p. 111.

Combats of considerable importance took place daily and hourly, in which the Neapolitans preserved the decided advantage. But Murat was compelled, by *political* circumstances, to continue his homeward march. General Montigny (a Frenchman) was posted on the confines of the Abruzzi, with a reserve of three thousand fresh troops, and General Manhes with five thousand more, was stationed along other parts of that frontier. So that with a little more moral and political courage, conjoined with that of the troops, which caused them to beat the Austrians every day, the affairs of Murat would speedily have assumed a new and imposing aspect.

On the 1st of May, the King made a combined attack upon Neipperg, and a detachment from the forces of Bianchi. All the strong positions of the Austrians were carried and retained, after several had been taken and retaken many times. The enemy acted with his usual caution, and Murat could not follow up his advantages, by retracing his steps in pursuit of him. The brave General Ambrosio was this day badly wounded, which proved a great misfortune to Murat, inasmuch as the command of the second corps, devolved upon General di Aquino a self-sufficient martinet man of imaginative theories.

On the 3rd of May, the hostile armies had gathered in great force about the city and hills of Tolentino. During the whole of that day, the extended field of variegated combats presented the Neapolitans far more successful than their opponents. The guards were greatly distinguished, and showed what we might have expected from their co-operation had they been timely led against the enemy, and then joined us on the 13th of April, according to the royal orders I was sent with to their worthless commanders. This day Prince Campana, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, broke several Austrian squares of infantry, and was severely wounded.

In the midst of the combat, the King ordered the Lombard General Lecchi who occupied Macerata, to march with half of his corps along the banks of the Chienti, so as to reinforce our left flank, threaten the right one of the enemy, and occupy the town of Tolentino. But Lecchi delayed his movement. Majo was sent in his stead, but little participating in the ardour of the troops, he advanced at a snail's gallop! General di Aquino, the unworthy successor to Ambrosio, was commanded to keep his position on the hill flanks, and when ordered to attack, to do so formed in column. But this infatuated man, being ordered to advance upon the enemy, formed his entire division into four hollow squares and pushed forwards his skirmishers, unprotected, into the plain below, covered with Austrian cavalry! These were soon attacked and sore pressed by this cavalry; when our General, Aquino, with his squares formed upon ground inapproachable by cavalry, advanced in the same order, abandoning his position to relieve his skirmishers, so improperly sent forwards. Marching over such broken ground the squares were dislocated; whilst the skirmishers were being all either killed or taken by the enemy's cavalry. Murat perceiving this, sent orders to Aquino to form his troops *in column*, and attack the reinforced left flank of the enemy. But this experimenter on squares had his squares so broken and disordered by the Alpine ground before he reached the plain, that, charged by the Austrian cavalry, two of the squares were broken, the other two being stopped in time by the King, and reformed in column. Supported by the artillery, these disordered troops were speedily rallied and renewed the attack. But the evil was done. Night alone put an end to the battle, and the two hostile armies, in view of each other, sought some repose. The Austrians had gained no honours, the Neapolitans no substantial ad-

vantage. That day the Duke of Roccaromana experienced the agony of seeing his eldest son killed by his side, and for some hours he carried his still breathing body in his arms! This young man was one of my constant comrades.

Before retiring to his tent, the King was taking a round to see that provisions had been distributed to the men, when two couriers arrived, one from General Montigny, commanding in Abruzzo, informing him that twelve thousand of Bianchi's army had forced the strong pass of Antrodoco, captured the fortress of Aquila, deposed the magistrates and proclaimed Ferdinand of Bourbon; and that he had been driven back to Popoli. The other letter was from General Macdonald, Minister of War at Naples, who announced the appearance of the enemy on the Liri, the discouragement of the people, the fear of an invasion from Sicily and Genoa, and troubles in Calabria. At all this bad news poor Joachim became frantic, and, perhaps, too hastily decided upon withdrawing his forces within his own frontiers.

He ordered a retreat, when the next day he might, perhaps, have definitively triumphed over the Austrians; but then, it must be considered, that the conduct of Livron at Florence and Pistoja, had given unlooked-for advantages to Bianchi, and the, as yet, unaccountable abandonment of his impregnable positions by Montigny, had placed the enemy in his rear on full march towards his capital. Further, that his Minister of War, the faithful, honourable, and brave Macdonald, had announced further dilemmas. General Milet, chief of the general staff, wrote to Pignatelli to retire "immediately" with his corps to Mont-Olmo, but half an hour after, having discovered the error of the word "immediate," he sent an aid-de-camp to order that the general should not move till night. The perverse Pignatelli thought proper to prefer obeying the first

WRITTEN order; and although all his field officers, men of honour and experience in war, conjured him to abide by the second and most appropriate command, which would avoid decamping in the face of the enemy, superior in numbers, into whom such a sight would infuse unwonted confidence; and, further, urging that his corps was then the pivot of the army, and were the King present, he, Pignatelli, would well know which of the two orders were intended to be obeyed—notwithstanding all these valid reasons and honourable suggestions, the petulant and traitor general marched off with drums beating in the face of the sun! The strong positions which it had cost so much strategical combination and so much blood to secure, were thus abandoned, and in a way to give the enemy advantages which they would not have had, if the movement had been made with some hours "*law*" in favour of the retreaters! The situation of our army now became most critical. The line was divided in its centre—each wing was assailable in flank, had the enemy acted with greater energy: or had King Joachim conducted himself with less heroism than he did, the entire army must have been lost; and this, not from any defeat at arms, not from any superiority in the generalship of the Austrians, but solely and entirely through the wayward, wavering, and *I know*, double-minded conduct of some of the commanders, especially of the mere courtier mercenaries amongst the French and Lombards, who ought to have been the last to expect any advantage, or even any employment, upon Naples changing masters!

On this occasion the King most eminently displayed that serenity of mind and indomitable energy which seemed to acquire fresh vigour from misfortune. The first shock, occasioned by the two despatches above named, having promptly passed away, he sent orders in every direction, he

was seen in every place, as though he really had been ubiqueous. In a few hours his army was remodelled and ordered so, *en échellon*, as to retreat in perfect order and with unremitted resistance to the enemy. Upon the passing through a ravine, he himself, *with his own hands*, was seen labouring in placing felled trees across the narrow path, at the same time that a regiment of Austrian cavalry was plowing up the earth around him with their carbine balls! So near being made prisoner on that occasion did the enemy think him, that Bianchi actually put the commander of that cavalry regiment under arrest for not having captured him. Night fell in; the Austrians passed it on the field; the Neapolitans at Macerata.

Having overcome the difficulties of that anxious day, indicated the stations for the night, and the movements for the morrow, King Joachim took some rest at Macerata. He had scarcely time to enjoy an hour's sleep, when an aid-de-camp of General Aquino arrived to announce the death of his commander, and of General Medici; together with the total rout of the second corps during the last battle. This was an encounter with the enemy quite unlooked for; unknown to the rest of the army, and, from every circumstance of positions, quite incredible. Whereupon the King demanded to be informed of the particular details of the marvellous facts. At this moment, in walked both the identical Generals, Aquino and Medici, who asserted, that on their march they had missed their way, and, stumbling upon an Austrian corps, had lost many men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and that the remainder were totally dispersed! The recounting of this tale was not quite finished, when (just as unlooked for) Generals Pignatelli and Lecchi presented themselves before the King. The one said, that *his* corps was entirely disbanded; the other, that his second in command, General Majo, had

fled in disorder, abandoning his post at Petriola, in consequence of the entire mass of the third corps being disheartened and refractory! By the King, as well as by his faithful Neapolitan staff and attendants, these stories were regarded as palpable treason, and the perfidious abandonment of a cause, upon the occurrence of apparent difficulties, and *the hope of favour on the change of Government;* meretricious feelings of such as look to the rising sun, and turn their backs upon the losing party.

The King now summoned a council, at which an investigation into the foregoing assertions of these *Judas* generals, as well as into the real state of the army, was thoroughly made. It was proved, that a laxity of discipline did certainly exist amongst the troops, but only to the extent of occasional and partial dispersion in search of food, which the now much disorganized commissariat, and the exhausted state of the occupied districts made requisite to the preservation of life. *It was evidently only certain generals who, tired of the war, and regarding the fortunes of the King as on the wane, were capable of the singular baseness of not only deserting him, but of purposely spreading around the contagion of their vile example, while casting the blame on their subordinates who had ever done, as they were still disposed to do, their duty.*

In order to retire with proper convenience behind the Tronto, it was necessary to repair Montigny's fault in the abandonment of Petriola. The King therefore commanded Lecchi, with the half of his third corps, to march to Mont-Olmo. But this brazen-faced traitor and poltroon, or both, refused to go, under the pretence that his troops would surely abandon him on the way. The King disgusted and distracted with such conduct, said to Lecchi, "Vous est un misérable!" and forthwith transferred the command to the

Neapolitan General Caraffa, who, with joy and alacrity, departed to the post assigned him.

The return of day confirmed the base falsities that had been concocted by that prince of blackleg gamblers Lecchi, and his dupes Aquino and Pignatelli: none of their troops had been dispersed or disorganized.* True it was, that such continued bad examples—such encouraged discouragement—such base dastardly immorality, could not have failed of *de*moralizing the army. ***Had Murat at that moment sent half a dozen Generals about their business, or had he shot them, as they well deserved, he would have preserved his really fine and brave army from destruction.*** Amongst his ***Neapolitan Major*** Generals and Colonels, who had all served in many campaigns, he would have found brave men of honour with a spirit of nationality, to take the places of the foreign cravens. But he was weak and temporising on that point, something like Napoleon on his return from Elba, who confided his destinies to ***the old marshals and grand dignitaries,*** who void of the enthusiasm and energy of youth or manhood, looked with indifference on the result of the contest, expecting like the ***vicar of Bray,*** anxious for ***their*** grades, pensions, "let win who may."

Amidst all these difficulties and discouraging proceedings of his generals, Murat disposed the army in retreat. From the field of Tolentino, Carascoso had been written to, commanding him to leave only one regiment at Ancona, and with his other forces to retire upon Porta di Cività, so as to be found there on the night of the 4th of May. Here the army would be united, and dispositions decided upon for the future. The retreat from Macerata was then began,

* All their assertions were designing *lies*. The cavalry, artillery, sappers, all were in perfect order; and the Austrians were marching in *cautious column* upon Macerata.

the King being in the centre line. Arrived at a causeway pass on the plain, the Austrians were found in force with infantry, cavalry, and artillery to dispute the passage. On each flank were still more powerful bodies of the enemy, attacking those who were the last to evacuate the city. The King at the head of some cavalry of his guard, gallantly supported by the sixth regiment of the line, commanded by a Neapolitan "liberal" Colonel Russo, broke through an impediment, that enduring many minutes longer, might have decided the fate of his army. The brave Colonel Russo was badly wounded.

The army then joined Carascosa at Porta di Cività. He had maintained good discipline in *his* corps. Macerata was occupied by Bianchi, who was now joined by Niepperg, and this junction, be it remarked, causing an entire change in the features of their operations, imperatively required a fresh strategetical arrangement between them, which, like all other labours, must occupy *some* period of time. This in fact occurred, and pending a temporary suspension of active movements on the part of the enemy, Murat would undoubtedly have succeeded in restoring order in the movements of his army had not that army unhappily contained within itself the most fatal germs of its own disorder and dissolution. The guard which was ordered to remain at Porto di Cività, proceeded in confusion to Fermo, there secret emissaries caused it to disperse, and there, also, (contrary to orders) were crowded the third and fourth corps, and the brigade of General Caraffa. In such cases of extremity, great severity would have been required; but Murat had suffered so many faults to go unpunished, that now the accumulation was still more beyond his disposition to coerce. These evils were then aggravated by night, the weather became piercing cold, snow, mingled with a deluge of rain, swelled every brook into a roaring torrent, and

rendered the roads impassable. Instead of an Italian spring, a northern winter seemed to have set in to complete the moral discouragement which began to infect even the first corps — the cavalry, artillery, and such as had hitherto preserved their discipline. As many troops as possible crowded into Pescara, and that locality provided further temptation and facility for the soldiers returning to their homes.

Upon the King's arrival in the Abruzzi, the real case that we have seen falsely reported to him by the French General Montigny of "the attack by twelve thousand Austrians, &c.," became painfully manifest. This Montigny, with one thousand six hundred excellent troops was stationed to defend the very strong pass of Antrodoco. On the 1st of May, upon merely *hearing* that an advanced guard of Austrians was approaching, he basely fled to Aquila. Here Montigny shut himself up in the small but strong citadel, but the astonished Austrians, unable to divine the cause of such an uncalled for abandonment and flight, remained at some distance from the town. However, they sent a summons to the Frenchman to surrender, which, strange and sickening to say, he actually obeyed, without even having seen the enemy, an enemy who even *could not* have had a single piece of artillery, because they had passed over paths utterly impracticable to wheel carriages! Thus the citadel of Aquila containing two thousand men, abundance of provisions, arms, and warlike stores, was surrendered by Montigny to an *unseen* corps of less than a thousand Austrians, on the sole condition of life, and the performance of certain mummer ceremonies, "*lucus a non lucendo*," called the "honours of war," as if anything but dishonour and infamy could attach to the commander of a fortress who capitulates under any other circumstance or pretence whatever, than the utter *impossibility* of continuing the

resistance, for want of men to defend the works, or of *any* substance capable of being used as food, sufficient to preserve life another hour! Sad was the influence which this surrender spread around the Abruzzi.*

* In a preceding and not far distant part of this work, I have slightly mentioned that while Murat's head quarters were at Bologna in 1814, he received the intelligence of disturbances in Calabria and Abruzzo, caused by agents sent from Sicily and from the Island of Lissa, in the Adriatic sea, then become a military as well as smuggling post of the English. I stated that the King, by the adoption of mild measures brought the troubles to a speedy termination "without bloodshed." But, anxious to be as brief as possible I did not give some particulars, which now, in speaking of General Montigny, I think expedient to show, as a monitory and useful instance of the usual alliance between base poltroonery and blustering cruelty. Murat and his Queen Regent, most wisely blended severity with compassion. The assemblies of the Carbonari were declared treasonable, (as well they ought, as I shall by and by show), while at the same time, the King despatched into the Abruzzi the brave and benignant General Pepe, and the Queen, on her part, deputed two gentlemen of reputation and influence in the land, the Cavaliere Delfico and the Baron Nolli.

The sedition was quickly quelled by mere threats, combined with appeals to reason and self interest. Delfico an old man, soon returned to his official post at Naples, and Pepe was required at the army in Upper Italy. In an evil hour, the Queen deputed this French General Montigny in the place of Pepe. The violent malignant poltroon, hearing of the successes of King Joachim, in arms and politics, which made the cause of the insurgents so much the more hopeless, took upon himself to revoke the mild and wise disposals of the various cases by his predecessors. Under the plea of "making wholesome examples of rebellious subjects," he tore open the already cicatrized wounds of society, set the police to work, caused many executions, many imprisonments, and spread affliction over the land, which he had found already restored to order and perfect tranquillity. This was the wretched man, whom we have just seen, addressing false intelligence to his sovereign and commander; flying before an unseen inferior enemy, and delivering up a strong fortress to a handful of men who had not yet shown whether they were armed with muskets or with broomsticks.

So many acts of insubordination, of treachery, and of cowardice exasperated the King. He ordered Montigny and Major Patrizio, the commander of the fort, to be tried by a court-martial. But this act of justice came too late, and *political* changes now began to ripen, which superseded the effects as well as the necessity for an amended system. The King contented himself with allowing Montigny, who had so aided to defile with his name the list of foreigners in his service, to depart for France. The brave Malchewski, Michel, Druse, Palma, Rambaud, Pheil, Lajalle, and some others, who, under all circumstances, had behaved most nobly, were likewise *advised*, but with very different feelings *to provide against* being sent to some Austrian dungeon as political offenders, by withdrawing to France.

General Manhes with the fourth division of the Neapolitan army, (above five thousand men) who still occupied the strong frontier line of the river, Liri and Garigliano, upon learning the results of the battle of Tolentino, abandoned his position, and hastily retreated, without even seeing an enemy. Portella and Fondi were left unguarded; the Colonel of the twelfth regiment alone insisted on defending Itri. The feeble Austrian corps of Nugent occupied the whole line from Aquila to Fondi. Bianchi and Neipperg were advancing in a mass to the Tronto and Liri. The English had now commenced hostilities, and captured a Neapolitan vessel on the point of entering Gaeta with military stores. A considerable army was already embarked at Palermo and Messina, to be landed on the Neapolitan coast. In the Provinces, the Carbonari were become audacious, the people turbulent, the partisans of Murat discouraged. Prince Cariati, returned from Vienna, informed the King of the utter hopelessness of *any* conditions being allowed him by the Congress; *even Napoleon, by letters then received, severely blamed the hasty and unconcerted*

war, declaring that it would most likely prove the ruin of his Empire. All these afflicted facts and considerations fell upon Murat while he was at Pescara.

Now, as drowning men are said to catch at straws, and as the sinner is said to hope for pardon, by what is called "repenting," with his final gasp, did Joachim bethink him of sending to Naples for promulgation, the so long promised political *constitution*, concocted according to the most approved recipe, with King, Lords, and Commons; a Council of State, another of *responsible* ministers, and other regulations quite too late to be worth mentioning. This constitution bore the fictitious date of "Rimini" the 30th of March, although it was only sent to Naples on the 13th of May, and published the 18th; a tardy and ridiculous acknowledgement of a long persisted in misgovernment! *Had* this constitution been proclaimed *a year before, it would have saved the kingdom and the King, were it only in as much as the Parliament would certainly have prevented the war.*

At this time the British Commodore Campbell, entered the bay of Naples, with two sail of the line and two frigates, and sending a "parliamentary" on shore, with a letter to the Queen Regent, declared that he would throw ten thousand rockets into the city, unless all the ships and stores contained in the royal arsenals were immediately given up to him. The Queen summoned a council, which was unanimously for resistance; but the Minister of Police exposed the danger of a *popular tumult*, should rockets begin to fall within the city. The Queen, having listened to the various opinions, in which that of resistance, in some way or other, predominated, decided the question by declaring, that no consideration of a personal nature could make her disregard the sad consequences of a popular tumult in so vast a city, and under circumstances of political excitement.

That, to her, it appeared likely that such a catastrophe would be induced by even a *successful* defence against the English. That Campbell and his government would have to answer before the tribunal of *public opinion*, (fudge)—first, for having broken a solemn engagement, and then for having extorted her consent, by threats of exciting civil commotions, (which she could not *personally* fear) for the sake of plundering the arsenals.

Prince Cariati was sent on board the Commodore, with power from the Queen to treat. The brave and worthy Prince began his conference by revealing to the English commander the disposition of the council, of which he was a member, towards resistance; and he displayed the great remaining resources of the King, who, although his main army was demoralized and in confusion, still possessed means of great importance.

It was stipulated between the negociators: First, that the ships and arsenals should be delivered up to the English *in trust;* to be disposed of as might afterwards be convened between the two governments.

Secondly, that the Queen and her family should be at liberty to embark on one of the British ships, together with such attendants and effects as she should select.

Thirdly, that she should be allowed to depute persons to England to treat for peace.

Fourthly, that all hostilities between Naples and the British forces should cease, upon the ratification of the present treaty.

The ratification having been immediately given, the tranquillity of the city assured; the Queen directed her attention to the extreme exigencies of the state.

She had, from the first day of her Regency, displayed the most astonishing activity, energy, and judgment. She provided for the defence of the fortresses. She sent

reinforcements to Ancona. Strengthened the dastard Montigny with the veteran Cuirassiers of the guard; and Manhes with the Grenadiers. She even parted with the Gensdarmes, and left her person and her family without any other protection than the National Guard. She continually appeared in public, and, by her discourses and example, encouraged the authorities in the maintenance of tranquillity; at the same time, that by her addresses to the National and Urbane Guards, she convinced the evil-minded of the impossibility of their disturbing the peace with impunity.

As guests in the royal palace, at this time, were her sister, the Princess Paulina Borghese; her uncle, Cardinal Fesch; and her mother, Madame Letizia Buonaparte; to these, her dear relations, she furnished an embarkation for France, and prepared to send her four children to Gaeta, so soon as all hope of her remaining at Naples had vanished. In fact, such soon became her sad condition. No further chance was left for Joachim, save the carrying the war into Calabria; but then it would have become a *civil war*, and to that he nobly and humanely objected, whilst doing violence to his own indomitable bravery. I must also, confess, that he had now but very few generals on whom he could depend. And Ferdinand was seen approaching, with a copy of the constitution he had craftily sworn to in Sicily, waving in his hand; which even many men of sense were simple enough to think he would not tear into a thousand fragments, so soon as he should be re-established in his power! The Duke of Santo Teodoro, who had placed the Queen's children on board the vessel bound for Gaeta, while giving an account of his mission to the Queen, was unable to contain his tears; but she reproaching him with such weakness, said, "Either restrain

your grief, or give it vent in some other place; my condition has no need of painful sights!"

General Macdonald, firm and faithful to the last, taking the command of the fourth corps, attacked the Austrians at Melfi, and repulsed them several miles, with the loss of seven hundred men. In fact, the enemy appeared to rely on his success, not from his own vigorous exertions, but from the intestine canker which they saw was preying on the vitals of the Neapolitan army, and on the fomented discontent, fears, and hopes of the Neapolitan people, for so many centuries prostituted and accustomed to foreign domination. Thus, the Austrians advanced with such supercaution, as would, under other circumstances, have been their ruin.

In the meanwhile, the King continued his retreat through the Abruzzi, his rear-guard being formed by the remains of the gallant first corps, of a part of the tenth regiment, commanded by my noble-minded friend, Colonel Caraffa Monteleone, and a battalion of patriot volunteers, which had been formed at Bologna, commanded by a colonel (now general) Negri, an enthusiastic partizan of Italian liberty, "as brave as Cæsar," but who had been somewhat sanguine and boastful of the forces which he could collect in support of the Italian cause. This rear-guard of a handful of men, commanded in chief by General Carascosa, proved for the thousandth time, what a "*handful of men*"* can do, when actuated by the proper feeling of a combatant—*either to conquer or die.* This small corps, having halted on the banks of the river Sangro, to await the issue of the movement made by Macdonald, was attacked by the Austrians with apparently overwhelming

* "Handful of men," comes from a handful of straw, *Manipulus*, which Romulus stuck upon a spear for want of a better material for a flag or ensign.

numbers; but, skilfully manœuvring and desperately fighting, they repulsed the assailants with great slaughter, and the loss of three hundred prisoners, so as to drive them pell-mell for shelter, into the town of Castel di Sangro. Still greater would have been this success, had not the King—(mark again!)—been forced to suspend the pursuit of the enemy, *in order to continue the homeward march;* and this necessity had on many other previous occasions saved the Austrians from *decisive* defeats. It was at Castel di Sangro that the King was joined by his old friend and aide-de-camp, General Belliard.

The King now hoped to unite the forces he had with him, to those of Macdonald; organise them at Capua, and leaving garrisons in Ancona, Gaeta, Pescara, and Capua, act and gain time with about sixteen thousand moveable troops, on the defensive line of the river Volturno. But, on the night of the 16th of May, the last and definitive blow was given to King Joachim's fortunes. The fourth corps formed the rear-guard, and was, for the night, stationed at Migniano; the grenadiers of the guard, intact, were at Sessa; the first corps at Venafro. The Neapolitans being in such very inferior numbers, could not, like the Austrians, enjoy any alternations of activity and repose; they were exhausted by ceaseless duty and deficiency of food. In the middle of a dark unseasonable tempestuous night, the corps stationed at Mignano, not having taken such due precautions as the case required, or, perhaps, from their sentinels having fallen asleep, was surprised by the Austrians opening their fire from the heights of San Pietro, and making another vivid attack on its flank. The Neapolitan corps retired in confusion. General Macdonald moved forwards a regiment of cavalry to its support; but the enemy being posted on the heights, and in the woods along the road, where the cavalry could not offend them,

especially in the dark, obliged it to retire with great loss. The fugitives (including this cavalry) on approaching the troops encamped in advance of Mignano, were, in the darkness and confusion, mistaken for Austrians, and fired upon accordingly. This fire was returned,—the confusion became irremediable; the darkness prevented any possibility of recognition or muster. General Carascosa arrived on the 18th, with his corps from Abruzzi, but the effect upon his men upon learning the affair of the 16th, was such as to cause discouragement and more desertions.

The King had now arrived at his palace of San Leucio, near Caserta. There he ascertained that, of all his retreating army, only five thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry had been collected at Capua. Very few field guns had been saved. All discipline had vanished, and discouragement prevailed. On the other hand, the numerous Austrian army was already before Capua, and with that army was Prince Leopold Bourbon, of Sicily, distributing proclamations and *promises of a constitutional government, and perfect security from any persecution for political acts or opinions*. Four of the Neapolitan provinces were already in the possession of the enemy, and the authority of the Bourbon established therein. The others were not disposed to insurrection, but indicated no disposition to undertake a *national war*. The English forces in the Bay of Naples were greatly augmented, and King Ferdinand was at Messina, on the point of passing the Faro with a powerful army. Under these circumstances, Murat deposing the idea of further resistance, confined his attention to the safety of his family, and of his own person. With regard to the latter, he was not without his fears, that the enemy might feel anxious to make him prisoner; the Bourbon through vengeance—the Austrians from a desire to deprive Napoleon, again Emperor of France, of the powerful aid of

so celebrated a commander. Upon first hearing, when at Piscara, of the capitulation of the Queen with Commodore Campbell, the King expressed great regret. But *now*, at this sad hour, he regarded it as a most fortunate occurrence. Under any other circumstances but such as now had left King Joachim without any hope of being allowed to reign, even had he annihilated the Austrian army, he might, and would, have carried the war into Calabria, where a defeat of the enemy would have raised all Italy against them. A *defensive* war could have been carried on in that country to a great extent. But the affairs were too complicated, his enemies too numerous, and no success at arms was likely to dispel the *political* combination against him.

On the evening of the 18th May, 1815, King Joachim entered Naples, accompanied only by his nephew, Colonel Bonafoux, and four other officers. Passing along the streets he was recognised by the people, who, as they had been wont to do, in the time of his prosperity, again, and for the last time, saluted him with enthusiastic cries of "*Viva il Rè—viva Gioachino nostro!*" Entering the palace, and then the apartment of his Queen—tenderly embracing her, he said, "All is lost, my dear Caroline, except my honour and my life; the latter I have not been able to lose." And this remark was perfectly well founded, as, upon the fate of his army becoming desperate, he had, in person, charged the enemy, even to their very cannon's mouth, as though he really sought that death upon the field which he "*could not find.*"

The intelligence of the King's arrival being soon spread through Naples, his ministers and courtiers, to do them justice, all hastened to pay their homage, and to express their entire devotion to his person and enlightened (comparative) system of Government. Never had he appeared so truly a king as at this sad trying moment. He exhibited

no emotion, except when speaking of the loss of some brave friend, or of the conduct of some others, who had been the cause of all his disasters. The ministers, and even the courtiers, supposed to be the least inclined to sacrifice their ease, or to imperil their personal safety, urged him to carry the war into Calabria, but the reasons I have just now adduced, caused him to reject their proposals, as well as those of twenty thousand of the National Guard, of Naples, headed by Antony Caracciolo, twin brother of the Duke of Roccaromana. *I* think he erred in this refusal.

After having received all those who had occasion to confer with him, the King passed the entire of the following day in private intercourse with his family. At one moment he conceived the petty idea of shutting himself up in the strong fortress of Gaeta, and defending it to the last extremity. But, again reflecting, that Naples was only his *adopted* country, and that he might thus cause blood to be shed in vain, he decided upon retiring to France where he might again serve his country, and his brother, Napoleon.

His departure was fixed for that same evening, and the brave Colonel Malchewski, one of his aides-de-camp, who had not yet retired with some other foreign officers, as above stated, was commissioned to prepare two small vessels, which were to await the King at Miniscola, beyond Posilipo, towards Puzzuoli.

The persons who embarked with their unfortunate sovereign were, the Duke of Roccaromana, General Rossetti, his two nephews, the General and Colonel Bonafoux, and Colonel Beaufremont, an aid-de-camp. It was decided that the Queen should remain at Naples, in order to preserve the city from the horrors of insurrection, and also to deliver it up to the allies with all due formality and capitu-

lation necessary to the safety of his friends and of the community.*

Previously to his departure, the King commissioned Generals Colletta and Carascosa to negociate a treaty of peace for *Naples* with the Austrian Generals. He especially enjoined these his plenipotentiaries, to eschew all and every subject that might regard his own personal interest, but strenuously to insist upon such conditions and guarantees as should secure peace, tranquillity, and safety to all classes of his late subjects. Colletta asking him "what he would concede to the enemy?" Joachim answered, "All, except my honour, and that of the army, and the security of the people; let the entire of our disasters rest upon me."

On the 20th of May, Generals Bianchi and Neipperg, on the part of Austria, Lord Burghersh for England, and the above named Neapolitan negociators assembled in a small house near Capua, belonging to a gentleman named Lanza, which gave the name of "Casalanza" to the treaty. After a very stormy, and often nearly broken off, debate, the following conditions were agreed to.

Peace between the two armies; the fortress of Capua to be given up on the 21st instant; Naples and its castles, on the 23rd; and then all the rest of the kingdom, except the fortresses of Gaeta, Pascara, and Ancona. The Neapolitan garrisons evacuating the consigned forts, to be allowed the usual "honours of war." Further, the public debt to be acknowledged and guaranteed; the sales of national domains and property to be maintained as irrevocable; the new nobility preserved on a parity with the old; all the grades, pensions, and honours of the military, who should swear

* It was in a carriage of the Marquis Giuliano, his aid-de-camp, that Murat left Naples. This Marquis Giuliano was well known in England in 1818, especially by the family of Lord Cowper.

fidelity to Ferdinand, to be confirmed and maintained; during the space of one month from that day, passports would be given, by the new government, to any Neapolitans who should wish to quit the country.

Here ended the convention; but the agents of King Ferdinand attempted to add to it a clause, in which their King vouchsafed to *pardon* all such as had served against him, &c., &c., thus making it a *crime* to have exercised the duties of a citizen under an established government, recognised by all the civilised world, and by all public right, universally acknowledged, during eleven years, as legitimate.

The Neapolitan negociators, having still before their eyes the bloody infringement of the capitulation of Naples by Nelson, in 1799, were shown, by the Austrian Generals, that they had the authority of the Emperor of Austria "*to pledge his Imperial faith*" most solemnly to the observance of the treaty. The King was made acquainted with this treaty on the day of his embarkation.

It was on the night of the 19th May, that King Joachim, tearing himself away from the embraces of his weeping consort and four children, left Naples, and embarked at Miniscola. He was no sooner out at sea, than the yearnings of a father caused him to resume his idea of going to Gaeta, whither his four children had been sheltered. But the appearance of an English frigate forced him to abandon that intention, and even to take refuge in the island of Ischia. Here he was received and respected as the King, and the brave Malchewski offered to proceed to Gaeta with one of the Feluccas, and bring away his children. The attempt was made, but Malchewski was captured by the English frigate, and treated with great indignity. M. de Coussy, private secretary to the King, whom I have forgotten to name as one of those who accompanied him, was

then sent back to Naples to obtain intelligence as to the position and the safety of the heroic Queen.

The stay of King Joachim in Ischia became replete with danger. The Bourbon flag had already been hoisted on the forts of the island, and their agents had begun to assume authority. Fortunately it happened that the Duchess of Corregliano, a niece of Murat's, happened to be taking the baths, and, hearing of his arrival, hastened to throw herself into her uncle's arms, offering him the use of a Danish vessel she had chartered to convey her to France. On this vessel the King embarked, and accompanied by another ship, in which was General Manhes, sailed, with a constantly favourably wind, so that, on the 25th of May, he landed at Frejus.

No sooner had Joachim put his foot on shore, than he wrote to Fouché, announcing his arrival, and his desire to again expose his life in the defence of his native country, which he had already so signally served. The fugitive King received, in answer from Fouché, the advice to remain quiet a few days in the neighbourhood where he then was, and that he should soon be informed of the wishes of the Emperor regarding his future movements.

According to the treaty signed between Commodore Campbell and Prince Cariati, on behalf of the Queen Regent, it was distinctly stipulated that she should be allowed to embark on board the *Tremendous*, with her suite and effects, and be conveyed to a *French* port in the Mediterranean. Lord Exmouth soon arrived at Naples with fifteen sail of the line, and availing himself of the usual plea *of his deputy having exceeded his authority*, annulled the treaty of Campbell, obliged the Queen to submit to be shipped off for the Austrian port of Trieste, and, under pretence of there not being room on board for the cases in which the Queen's *private property*, (furniture, pictures, plate, linen, &c., &c.,

purchased and paid for, all that valuable but only wreck of her possessions at Naples, was left behind! It was, however, pretended that these effects should be faithfully sent after her; but the real object of the trick was made manifest in the result of the effects being quietly handed over to King Ferdinand—whilst for this *robbery* the Ex-Queen has not been able to obtain any indemnity to the present day! So much for "British *public* faith," "honour," and tol-lol-de-rol. The Bourbon Government of France have been guilty of still greater fraud and rapacity towards the widowed consort and orphan children of the man to whom that country owes so large a share of her achievements, her resistance to the despots, who leagued against her nascent liberties, and the subsequent extension of her power and prosperity. Murat second alone to Napoleon, in the annals of French triumphs, was upon the restoration of the Bourbons, despoiled of property in houses and lands in France, which he had legally purchased and paid for, like any other individual. A course of twenty-two years of unremitting appeal to the French government, both legally and *ad hominem*, has not succeeded in obtaining justice to the plundered widow and children of the Paladine of France!"

Fouché despatched from Paris, M. Baudus, who had been preceptor to Murat's children, for the purpose of explaining in terms, least wounding to his feelings, the necessity of his remaining for a short time at a distance from Paris. Napoleon was also desirous of making Murat understand that there might be a prejudice against him in the French army, in consequence of the transactions of 1814, and which it would be expedient to overcome by degrees. The fate of his Queen and children, still pressed heavily on the mind of Joachim, so in the hopes of being speedily joined, by some envoy who should satisfy him on the subject, or of the arrival of his family which he knew it had been

stipulated should be embarked for Toulon, he hired a house in the neighbourhood of that city, belonging to Admiral Allemand, and called "*Plaisance.*" On the 14th of June some persons of Murat's household, arriving at Toulon, informed him of his family having been forcibly *conveyed to Trieste, in violation of the treaty with Commodore Campbell. This unexpected separation from his wife and children, afflicted him far more than had the loss of his kingdom.*

In order to ascertain the real cause of his not being invited by Napoleon to proceed to Paris, Joachim sent there his private secretary M. de Coussy, but previously to the arrival of that gentleman, from whom I learnt the real situation of our patron, Fouché had actually allowed me to make two bootless journies, one to Fontainbleau, the other to Compeigne, in the hope of finding the King, whom he (Fouché) well knew was all the while near Toulon! Through the medium of an officer, Captain Gruchet, who M. de Coussy despatched to Murat, I wrote to inform him of my situation, and of the strange manœuvres by which I had been prevented from joining him. By the same conveyance Fouché advised him to advance from Toulon to Lyons, and there await further instructions. He consequently set out for that city on the 25th of June, but upon changing horses at Aubagne, the next post to Marseilles, he met General Verdeir, who informed him that the partizans of the Bourbons in that city, had, upon hearing of the battle of Waterloo, hoisted the white flag, massacred the invalid Mamalukes of the old guard, together with many other persons, and that, consequently, he, Verdier, had thought it expedient to leave the city with his feeble garrison and join Marshal Brun at Avignon. The troops of Verdier saluted King Joachim with the greatest enthusiasm, imploring him to put himself at their head, and march back to Marseilles,

to restore order, and punish the dastardly assassins of their old invalid comrades. But he very judiciously replied, that he had no authority to act in any such way; that he most keenly felt for the fate of so many brave fellow soldiers, but that he was a mere individual fugitive in France, who only craved the rights of hospitality. Then, in company with General Verdier, he returned to *Plaisance*. He now addressed a letter to the restored Bourbon authorities of Toulon, assuring them of his desire to be allowed to remain where he then was, as a private individual, until such time as certain negotiations he had begun with the allied powers should decide upon his future fate. Previously to this, he had written to me, desiring that I would endeavour to obtain permission for him to retire to England; that he was about to proceed to Lyons, where he wished me to meet him to confer upon the subject. I had obtained my passport, and was on the point of setting out for Lyons, when the account of the battle of Waterloo reached Paris. I then thought it expedient to delay my journey, for a few days, as I might have some opportunity of serving the King more effectually where I was, than by joining him at Lyons; and it will be seen that in this particular I had not formed an unfounded conjecture.

I have not thought it necessary to give any description or particulars of the celebrated ceremony of the "*Champ de Mars*," and other transactions at which I assisted, because they have been most amply portrayed by many other writers.

Immediately after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon returned to Paris, and abdicated his throne *in favour of his son, who would have been accepted and proclaimed by the French people, and supported, at least, by Austria, but for the ungrateful base intrigues of Fouché, Duke of Otranto.*

On this abdication a "Commission of Government" was

formed, composed of five members, Fouché the president, with Generals Caulaincourt, Carnot, Quinette, and Grenier.

I believe it was on the 26th of June, that the Duke of Wellington, at the head of his victorious army reached Compeigne. In the course of the following night, a deputation of five persons was sent to him by the Chambers of Peers and Deputies, to solicit an armistice of a few days. The fair and reasonable object for this mission and request was, to afford the necessary time for the return of another deputation which had been despatched to the allied sovereigns assembled at Strasburg, to assert the right of the French people to choose their own government, *and which right had recently been acknowledged* by those sovereigns themselves, in a proclamation in which they declared, *that "they warred against the person of Napoleon only, and not against the French people, much less to force upon them any particular sovereign or form of government!"* Mark reader! The Chamber of Deputies, the members of the "Commission of Government," (with the secret exception of Fouché) the army, now in great strength at Paris, also the great mass of the people, were determined to resist any attempt to force *the Bourbons* upon them. But Fouché soon began cautiously to hint, and fraudulently to preach, how great would be the risk of any further contest, which might cause the storming and destruction of Paris, together with the useless sacrifice of thousands of the most valuable lives. The worthy Caulaincourt, who spoke to me with much sincerity, appeared disposed to do his duty, but he seemed to look upon the *diplomatic* combination against France, as more fearful even than the military array.

The French troops in Paris and those entrenched at the barriers were intensely hostile to anything like treating with the advancing enemy. It was known that Louis XVIII. was following *along with the baggage of the British army.*

All parties in Paris were agreed upon the necessity and justice of an armistice to allow of the decision of the allied sovereigns regarding their own recent and solemn declaration of Basle above quoted, being received through the deputation sent to Strasburg. No tidings had been had from the five deputies sent to the Duke of Wellington. Caulaincourt and Fouché proposed *my* going to the Duke of Wellington, in order to reiterate the message of the five deputies. The communication with the enemy was attended with much danger; several officers of the French staff, or those attached to the ministry of foreign affairs, had been driven back, and even killed or wounded, by French advanced posts. This danger was frankly made known to me; but as I looked upon the mission as highly conducive to the cause of humanity, I readily undertook it. *Whether or not, the executive "commission of government" were right in requesting an armistice, or in any way treating with the victorious enemy, it was not for me to determine.* It was to be supposed that the French government itself was most competent to judge of its means of resistance; my mission was perfectly neutral and mediative. Impressed with these sentiments, I left the Tuilleries at midnight (of the 28th of June, I think), and proceeded to the Barriere de la Villette, where I found some difficulty in getting my carriage over the entrenchments and *abattis*, but far more from the French officers, who evinced the greatest reluctance to let me pass,—exclaiming, *Vive l'Empereur!* and that I was "probably some *diplomatist*, sent to treat with the enemy to betray them." I assured them that my mission was entirely conformable to their views and interests, and explained to them the apparent disregard paid by the Duke of Wellington to the declarations of the allied sovereigns and of the British ministers in parliament: "his Grace being actually conveying Louis XVIII., with his

baggage, towards Paris." I was at length suffered to proceed; but before I got beyond the French extreme outposts, I was again stopped by a piquet of cuirassiers, who refused to let me pass without an order from the officers commanding the inner posts. Upon this I remarked, that the very fact of my having passed through those inner posts was a proof of the concurrence of the commanders; nevertheless my arguments, I think, would have little availed but for an accident. A serjeant of cuirassiers, who held a lighted brand, taken from a bivouac fire, held it up to my face, and mistaking me for another person, respectfully accosted me with the salutation of "*bon voyage mon Major;*" his comrades immediately asking him, who was this major? he replied, "It is the major of the 9th Hussars." This was readily believed; and so greeted by the salutations and good wishes of the whole troop, and *Vive l'Empereur*, I was allowed to continue my journey, but without a trumpet.

The Prussian advanced posts were about two miles distant, so I was very soon and abruptly stopped by a Prussian lancer, Vidette, who nearly knocked my postillion off his horse; but upon my hallooing out that I was an English officer, proceeding with despatches to the Duke of Wellington, he immediately accompanied me to the next line of posts. Here I learnt, with great pleasure, that this advanced guard of cavalry was commanded by Prince William of Prussia, as I knew that his first aide-de-camp was my old intimate friend, Baron Rochow, with whom my readers are also well acquainted.

I soon arrived at the spot where Prince William and his staff were sleeping around a large fire under some trees. I enquired for my friend Rochow. His name was called, and I suddenly saw him emerge from under his blanket. After a few urgent questions, he proposed introducing me to

Prince William, who by this time had raised himself upon his mattress. The Prince received me with great politeness, and directed that I should be presented with refreshments. After half an hour's conversation, in which the Prince expressed the hope of seeing me in Paris, he ordered me to be furnished with an escort of cavalry to General Baron Bulow, who commanded the whole advanced guard. I arrived at this General's quarters at break of day, and was soon after introduced to him. I had just before been obliged to place my carriage in the ditch of the road, under the protection of a high bank, to avoid the showers of balls that proceeded from two or three Prussian battalions, who were attacking a thousand of the "young guard" stationed in a village close by. For a short time I had the benefit of the cross fire from both parties, so that one of the Prussian lancers who surrounded my carriage was actually wounded by a Prussian ball. The combat ended in the capture of the village, and of four hundred of the French defenders of it. During this little interruption to my journey, I had great difficulty in making my postillion hold his tongue. He had been a soldier, and could not refrain from cursing the Prussians, and muttering "*Vive l'Empereur!*" expressions which, had they been overheard and understood by my escort, might have been unpleasantly resented.

Baron Bulow was a little old man, with a little bald head, covered with a black silk night-cap, dressed in the plainest possible manner, so as to have exactly the *external* appearance of some very petty tradesman, or the beau ideal of a humble village schoolmaster; but his manners and conversation were refined and intellectual in a high degree. His countenance beamed with calm benevolence and sincerity, and he spoke on all things more like a philosopher and sage than soldier. He invited me to stay breakfast,

during which he expressed a particular wish that I should pay Prince Blucher the compliment of waiting upon him on my way to the Duke of Wellington. He asked me no impertinent questions concerning the nature of my mission to the Duke, and, of course, it was not my business to acquaint him with it. Upon my taking leave of this worthy real gentleman, he proposed to send with me his aide-de-camp to introduce me to Prince Blucher; so, calling a servant, he ordered him to desire Baron Echardstein to attend. Echardstein speedily came into the room, and here again I unexpectedly met another comrade and participator in the social pleasures I had enjoyed at Rome in 1812 The Baron stepped into my carriage; and, being furnished with another honorary escort, we soon arrived at Prince Blucher's head quarters. After being presented to the Prince and to General Gneisenau, the chief of his staff (major-general), the former desired to know my business. I replied, that "my mission was solely to the Duke of Wellington, and that I had waited upon him (Blucher) on my way in token of respect, and at the suggestion of Baron Bulow." This announcement evidently displeased the Prince, who, with a look of disgust and indignation, turned upon his heel and retired, as he said, to rest, leaving me to converse with Gneisenau. "What do these French rebels mean," said he, "by all these messages to the Duke of Wellington? Other missionaries have gone on before *you*. What is *your* business with the Duke? Why don't you communicate it to the Prince here, who is in advance of the English?" "My mission," said I, much disgusted with *the manner and tone* of the fellow, "my mission is to the Duke of Wellington; I have nothing to say to any other person." Hereupon, with vulgar violence and agitation, he exclaimed,—"What! nobody but the Duke of Wellington? —Always the Duke of Wellington!—Have the French

scoundrel rebels forgotten that there is a Prince Blucher? —That there is a Prussian army?—They shall *feel* that there *is* a Prussian army!—They have felt it!—They shall feel it again! Pray what countryman are you, sir, who have such confidential relations with the French rebel government?" "A born Englishman," was my dry reply, whilst looking at the blackguard from head to foot with as much scorn as I could throw into my countenance. "And how dare YOU, sir, *as an Englishman*, remain, or *be* in Paris after the return of Buonaparte?" "Because, like other Englishmen, I had only to consult my own pleasure in that particular," said I with difficulty, restraining the expression of my contempt for the insolent slave, who then resumed. "Your *own* pleasure, do you say; you astonish me. Were *I* the Duke of Wellington, I would make an example of you all." Upon this climax of Calmuck reasoning I laughed outright, and, abruptly taking up my cap, I took myself out of the chamber and resumed my journey. During all this conversation my courteous and polished friend, Echardstein, was evidently much hurt and sorely ashamed of his countryman's behaviour, for which he profusely apologized, and then returned to his General, Bulow.

I continued my journey towards Compeigne, where I was led to expect that I should find the Duke of Wellington. Presently I met numerous detachments of British cavalry, which to my sight (who had not seen any for so many years) was gratifying in the extreme. Compact built horses, excellent and powerful bridles, good accoutrements and arms, short stirrups,—in fine, every thing different to what I had last seen, appertaining to the 20th Light Horse I have spoken of (Vol. i. page 241) as forming part of the Anglo-Russian army, landed at Naples in 1805. The country I was now traversing was very beautiful and undulated. Groups of white tents were clustered on each side

of the road. Stations and butcheries of the Commissariat indicated the most perfect order and regularity in the distribution of provisions. Parties of British soldiers were seen quietly bargaining for wine, fruit, or vegetables with the laughing and unalarmed French peasantry. Officers of the Commissariat department were riding by twos and threes in advance of the troops, without any diffidence, as though they had been journeying from Bath to London. No animosity was apparent in either the invaders or the invaded; such was the effect of discipline and honourable conduct, even towards enemies, and between enemies in whom a chivalrous spirit, unknown to the barbarians of the north, predominates.

Being arrived at *Pont Saint Maxance*, I was detained by the crowd of carriages and of artillery, and being told that the Duke of Wellington was not far distant, I thought of waiting his arrival at a village called Fresnoy.

At this place I found the five deputies I have just spoken of, and amongst them I recognised M. Saint Jean d'Angely, Colonel De La Tour Maubourg, and M. De Salvandy, with all whom I was personally acquainted. These gentlemen had met with far more difficulty than even I had experienced in passing out of Paris. But, although I was well aware of the nature of their mission, it was still my business to get to the Duke *as soon as I possibly could*. So, passing forwards, I left *them waiting*, and met his Grace a couple of miles further on.

In the midst of a splendid and numerous staff, one man attracted notice by the simplicity of his dress. A plain blue frock coat; white waistcoat fringed round the edges, not with gold, but actual wear! mounted on a beautiful grey Arabian horse; a light whip in hand; a cocked hat without lace or ornament; such was the *really great* Duke of Wellington! I accosted his Grace, and met with the

most courteous reception. He desired me to quit my carriage and mount a horse, with which he ordered me to be provided, that he might converse with me by the way. I began by delivering a letter of introduction from the "Commission of Government," and then I acquainted him with the five deputies being waiting for him at Fresnoy, and upon his asking me if I was acquainted with the nature of *their* mission, I replied that one part of it, at least, certainly was the request of an armistice of some days, *until news could arrive from the deputation that had been sent to treat with the united sovereigns.* We soon arrived at the village where the five deputies were waiting, upon which the Duke entered with them into a little public house. I there remained seated, a passive auditor, about an hour, when tired of hearing the same propositions, arguments, and answers, urged and repeated over and over again in an endless circle, I removed into the open air, where I again had to wait almost four hours longer before the monotonous conference concluded. The poor deputies certainly did exert themselves to the utmost in the endeavour to move the heart and evoke the justice of the conqueror. They adduced in every varied shape the solemn declaration of the British Ministers in Parliament, "*that it was not the intention of the allies to force the Bourbons or any other government on the French people;* that they made war against Napoleon alone, and not against the nation, &c." But all was of no avail. The reply to the deputies was, "Nothing is now left for the Chambers to do but to proclaim Louis XVIII." His Grace might have added, as a moral lesson to the simple, "Do ye not remember that the declaration you invoke, was made by our ministers and kings *before* the battle of Waterloo placed you at our mercy?"

The Duke of Wellington then desired me to accompany

him to his head-quarters for that day, at an elegant country house or chateau named Plessis, belonging to some gentleman, surrounded with beautiful grounds, hot-houses, &c., in a superior style of rural elegance. I must mention that the deputies remained behind at Fresnoy. His Grace invited me to dine with him, and, during the repast, I conversed with him at length upon the subject of my mission; but he was inflexible. As I had sat next to the Duke, and our conversation might be considered *almost* private, and as I had no hopes of obtaining any *written* declaration so contrary to the published protestations of the British ministers and their royal "holy allies," I felt anxious to elicit from his Grace such a reply as might be, in a degree, called *public;* so, towards the close of the dessert, seizing the opportunity of a pause in the general conversation, in a more elevated tone of voice I requested him to favour me with a decisive answer to the remonstrances of the French government, which I then repeated. The Duke, in the presence and in the hearing of the Prince of Orange, Lord March, of Colonels Hervey, Freemantle, Abercromby, his aides-de-camp, and of several other officers, replied *aloud:* "I can give you no other answer than that which you know I have just made to the deputies. Tell them (the Commission of Government) that they had better immediately proclaim the King (Louis XVIII). I cannot treat till then, nor upon any other condition. Their King is here at hand; let them send their submission to him."

I must leave to my readers the task of commenting upon the facts I lay before them; I have only space to record them. At that moment the Duke was in constant communication with King Louis and Talleyrand, who were together in the rear of the British army. That day I saw one of the messengers of Louis XVIII. at the Duke's head-quarters.

After dinner the Duke of Wellington retired with me into a conservatory in the garden, when I again urged every thing I could devise to convince him of the justice of the request I had to make, and of the inconsistency of his refusal. I likewise acquainted him with my having been aide-de-camp to the King of Naples; of the situation in which the King then was, and of his desire to be allowed an asylum in England. His Grace seemed interested at my recital, and, observing that he would soon be in Paris, suggested that Murat should address him a letter on the subject of his request. Moreover, he promised to use his influence with the British government in favour of the unfortunate sovereign.

I took my leave of his Grace, and on my way to Paris stopped to pay my respects to the worthy and amiable Baron Bulow, and also to shake hands with my friend Echardstein. In front of the house occupied by the Baron, was a cluster of about a hundred of the French Imperial "*Young guard*" made prisoners that morning, as I have mentioned. They were enclosed in a circle of Prussian troops, and surgeons were occupied in dressing the wounds with which most of them seemed to be covered. As I was entering the gateway of the house, a French officer, smeared with blood and all over bandages, accosted me, and asked whether I was not an English officer? I replied that I was an English *man* and a field officer to boot, but not an *English* officer. "Any how," continued the wounded captain, "I think that you have the inclination as well as the power of conferring a signal benefit on a soldier and a fellow creature. I am a captain in the 'Young guard;' this morning I was taken prisoner with some of my men, whom you see here. I am shot through the shoulder, I have a sabre cut on the head, and a bayonet passed through my hip. The Prussians are going to send me to the rear,

and perhaps even wounded as I am, I shall be conveyed to Germany. We are close to Paris, and I fear also, to the end of the war. My wife and children are in Paris; will you intercede with General Bulow that I may be allowed to return to Paris on parole?" I assured him that I would do so with the greatest pleasure, so accordingly, without much urging, the benevolent Baron allowed me to take the prisoner home in my carriage.

It was broad day light before I reached the Barrière de la Villette, where the French troops were busy in augmenting their works and batteries. I had taken the precaution of providing myself with a trumpeter from the Prussian advanced posts, but, notwithstanding his preceding me in the usual way of a flag of truce, the French soldiers were so hostile to any negotiation with the enemy, that a file of them, drawn up across the road, raised their muskets to the "ready," and I heard the startling "*click*" of the locks all brought to the cock. My wounded companion, as well as the trumpeter and myself, felt that there was no time to lose—so, assisted by me, he exhibited himself and uniform in front of the carriage, calling out most lustily in French —and then, with my assistance, he got out of the carriage and advanced to give an explanation to his infuriated countrymen. A very few words sufficed to change the scene. Those muskets which the previous instant had been ready to send a dozen bullets through my body, were now "carried" to do me honour—and, greeted with the salutations and "bravos" of the troops, I passed forwards.

I found that pending my absence, Marshal Davoust had taken the chief command of the French army in Paris, and had established his head quarters at the Barrière de la Villette. In company with the field officer on duty at the Barrière, I met with my old acquaintance M. Daure, who had at one time been minister of war, at Naples. I was

introduced to the Marshal, to whom I presented my prisoner. He, informing me of his being the commander-in-chief, observed, that it was my duty to communicate to him any despatches of which I might be the bearer, and he further demanded to know the object of my mission to the enemy? To this I replied, that, in point of etiquette, having been deputed by the "Commission of Government," it was to it alone that I ought to render an account, but, as I was sure that he could not but approve of the just remonstrance I had been commissioned to make to the Duke of Wellington, which was similar to that confided to the five deputies who had preceded me, I had no objection to satisfy him with the particulars of my mission, which had been entirely verbal. Hereupon I repeated to the Marshal, the particulars I have here laid before my readers, and upon my arriving at the Duke of Wellington's *sine qua non*, received by the deputies as well as by myself, the Marshal somewhat uncourteously declared my account to be "*quite incredible.*" Then, with the greatest emotion, and uplifted hands and eyes, he called heaven to witness the perfidy and arrogant injustice of the English ministry, and of the allies. "The Duke of Wellington," said he, "surely could never dare to make a declaration so directly contrary to the avowed and solemnly protested intentions of the British ministry and of the allied sovereigns themselves! Have not they sworn that they would *not impose a sovereign on the French people?* However, they will find to their cost, that we are unanimous in our resolution. Napoleon can no longer be the pretext for their hostilities. We will all perish rather than submit to the hateful yoke that Lord Castlereagh would impose upon us! Grouchy is a traitor!* he was about to

* This was a hasty surmise of Davoust's. Or it alluded to the affair of Waterloo, which is at present understood to have been *no intended*

compromise with the enemy. I have taken his command from him. He shall never again command a corporal's guard. We are an independent nation. England should be the last power in the world to tyrannize over us, or any other in the choice of a government! Hasten to the Tuilleries, and lay before the government the result of your mission,—they (the government) well know that I have now with me more than one hundred thousand men, with twenty-five thousand cavalry and five hundred pieces of cannon."

I took leave of the Marshal, who was violently affected, and repaired to the "Commission of Government," which was in permanent sitting at the Tuilleries. General Carnot immediately asked me, "what had been my errand to the enemy?" Fouché quickly answered that *he* and Caulaincourt had sent me. Quinette and Grenier looked as if they were not quite satisfied with this answer, which implied my having been sent without their knowledge. Carnot continued to address me, and asked whether I had seen the deputies at the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters? I answered in the affirmative, and that I could give him a complete account of the result of their mission: upon this the whole five became attentive, and heard my account with surprise and indignation. Carnot expressed himself much in the same words and manner that Davoust had recently exhibited, and added, with a similarly uncivil implication, that "he really could not give credit to my account of the Duke's *sine qua non*, and hoped to hear a different story on the return of the deputies, who could not be far behind me." I was in the act of protesting against such uncourteous insinuations, when Fouché interrupted me, by warmly reproving Carnot for so uncivilly questioning

act of treachery. After the battle of Waterloo, Grouchy collected and organized an army of thirty-six thousand men in five days.

my account, assuring him that the most implicit confidence might be placed in me, in all things. Carnot apologized, and taking my hand in company with Grenier, led me to a topographical map of the environs of Paris, questioned me as to the positions and movements of the English and Prussian armies. Upon this I remarked, that although I was far from approving of the political conduct of the Duke of Wellington and the allies, yet I did not think myself warranted in communicating to them any information I might have gained in my neutral and confidential capacity; that the French deputation would probably present themselves in a few minutes, but I thought that neither those deputies nor myself could inform the government of any thing with which it was not already acquainted. The generals applauded my objections, and, cordially shaking me by the hand, they allowed me to retire.

Some intrigue was now set to work, I suppose by Fouché and those sold to the Bourbons, in order to prevent the army and the people from being made acquainted with that Brennus-like *dictum* of the Duke of Wellington; his avowed determination to set old Louis XVIII. on the throne of France. The traitors probably feared that, as when the deputies returned, they would render an account of their mission, publicly in the Chamber of Deputies, which had sent them, the indignation and disgust which might be excited in the legislative body, as well as in the army and the people, might cause them to carry the war to any extremity, rather than submit to the threatened unconditional restoration. Some private orders seem to have been given to delay the return to Paris of the five deputies. On the same day that I entered Paris by the *Barrière de la Villette*, they approached that post, preceded by Colonel La Tour Maubourg, one of the members. The French out posts fired, as they had been on the point of doing at me, killed the horse

of the Prussian trumpeter, and a ball grazed the epaulette of the Colonel. The deputies retired, and attempted to enter Paris by the *Barrière de St. Denis*, but there they were also repulsed! They then received fresh instructions to treat, and *it was so managed that they did not return to Paris till after the capitulation.*

It was now proposed in the Chamber of Deputies, that its members should quit Paris with the army, and rally round them all those who would oppose the enemy and the Bourbons. But this was not achieved. History presents but very few instances, where *deliberative assemblies* have not followed the fortunate party. Heroic determinations and acts have often proceeded from spontaneous and tumultuous movements *of the people*, but not from the mature consultation of "the wise in their generation." In this case, I am of opinion, that the Chambers, the army, and the mass of the French people *would* have done their duty at any risk, and with every probability of triumph, but for the wonderful ability of Fouché as an intriguing traitor.

I should have mentioned, that on the 21st of June, the Chamber of Deputies published an energetic proclamation, beginning with the following resolutions:—

"The Chamber of Representatives declares that the independence of the nation is threatened.

"The Chamber declares itself permanent. All and every attempt to dissolve it, is a crime of high treason; any person being guilty of such an attempt is a traitor to the country, and shall be tried as such on the spot." Then follow thanks to the army and National Guards, for not despairing of the country,—orders to the ministers to attend at the Chamber.

The grave questions in morals, politics, and war, which are involved in that most recent of *first-rate* events, the capitulation of Paris in 1815, which attach to it so much

historical importance, of lively interest to the English and French nations, and even to individuals still alive, may make a little further elucidation of the subject acceptable to my readers. But, previously to entering on that delicate task, I think I had better in a few more words recite the personal part which was allotted to me in that memorable and really mysterious affair. I will then shew the secret springs through which so many apparently contradictory movements were effected.

To Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, Fouché strenuously represented the great reliance that might be placed in the honour and magnanimity of the British Commander and his government. He craftily allowed, that with the Prussians, not even he (Fouché) would ever think of treating. To me Fouché represented the great service I was rendering to humanity, in aiding to stay the effusion of blood, and the horrors of Paris being taken by storm. He assured me, that it was only in the minds of the hot-headed military, ignorant of the state of things, that any hope could exist of resisting the allies and of preventing the occupation of Paris. Moreover he preached, that, by a timely concession, terms and guarantees would be obtained, which would secure to France the advantages of a really constitutional liberal government.

The day before the capitulation of Paris, (2nd July) I was invited to attend the Commission of Government, and was furnished by Fouché (the other members being present in the room) with the following rough memorandum, just as he dictated to me, and *literally* translated.

"The army opposes, because uneasy; assure it, it will even become devoted.

"The Chambers are counter for the same reason. *Assure every body, you will have every body.*

The army once sent away, the Chambers will agree, upon

according them the guarantees as added to the charter and promised by the King.

"In order to be well understood it is necessary to explain: therefore not to enter Paris, at least, before three days, and in the mean time every thing may be arranged. The Chambers will be gained, will believe in their independence, and will agree to every thing reasonable. *Persuasion, not force, must be used with the Chambers.*"

I was furnished with a passport, now before me, as "a negociator," signed by Baron Fain, secretary to the "Commission of Government," so that there is no reason for representing me (as some historians and biographers have done) as the *private* agent of Fouché, and an abettor of his treachery. Surely it was not for me to suppose, that the French executive government, and Caulincourt, together with the marshals, and Davoust, the minister of war, did not know their own interests, and the course which it was best for them to adopt. Further, Marshal Davoust will well remember that I waited on him on my way out of Paris, and imparted to him the tenour of my mission.

I met with great difficulty in passing the French intrenchments, not physical, for I was on horseback instead of in a carriage, but the troops, both officers and men, were furious at the appearance of any thing like negotiation with the enemy; and had I not been provided by the Marshal with an escort of cavalry, I certainly should have fallen a sacrifice to my then sincere conviction of being acting in the cause of humanity. I was also buoyed up by the idea of extending my acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington, and the Ministers of the Allied Sovereigns, *so as to facilitate my negotiations on behalf of the unfortunate King Joachim*, whom I knew to be in a very critical situation, and anxiously looking to the result of my endeavours to serve him.

On my arrival at the British advanced posts, I was informed that the most positive orders had been given by the Duke, not to allow any messenger to pass on from Paris without his special permission. I was therefore detained at the out-post of guards, commanded by Colonel Lord Saltoun. I dined with the officers of the advanced piquet, amongst whom I well remember Captains Grono and Fairfield, of the foot guards. These gentlemen informed me that the Duke of Wellington was at Gonesse, a village close by, with Sir Charles Stuart, (now Lord Stuart de Rothsay) Prince Pozzo di Borgo, and Talleyrand. I immediately wrote a letter to the Duke, which was taken by Lieutenant St. John, by order of Lord Saltoun. In this letter I entered into a detail of the line of conduct recommended in the foregoing memorandum. On the receipt of my despatch, the Duke immediately proceeded to St. Cloud, Blucher's head-quarters, there the capitulation of Paris was signed.

The repast of the officers which I had the pleasure of sharing consisted of an excellent soup and a huge piece of beef, roasted at a fire made in a corner of the farm-yard, which constituted the quarters of the piquet. We had excellent wine, and, thanks to the very ingeniously constructed canteens, so generally used by English officers and travellers, every little luxury of coffee, liqueurs, &c., was easily provided. The high road, which led to the Barrière de la Villette, was, like many of the French roads, a perfectly straight line, very broad, paved in the middle, with two rows of tall elm trees on each side. The great *flèche* of the intrenchments of the French was precisely across the road, and could be distinctly seen with a glass at the distance of about a mile and a-half. The arms of Lord Saltoun's detachment were piled along the side of the road. Sentries were posted behind the trees for about half a mile from the

post towards Paris. After we had had our dinner a group of officers (my entertainers) and myself were standing in the middle of the road, looking with a telescope at the French battery. Lord Saltoun perceiving us, came up, and said, "Gentlemen, if the enemy see you collected here, he will imagine some movement is going to be made, and will of course fire." The words were scarcely uttered, before I saw the smoke of a gun, and then the shot came bounding along like a cricket ball; before it reached us, however, it struck some part of the pavement, which caused it to diverge into the trunk of one of the great trees by the road side. This, I believe, was the last cannon-shot fired during the last war. For many days past, the fields and gardens on every side which had been approached by the English and Prussians, were continually blazing with the fire of French volunteers, who went out to skirmish, as though to shoot partridges or pigeons. Such was the enthusiasm!

The Duke returned to La Gonesse, and despatched Lord March, his aide-de-camp, to bring me to him. His Grace and the other Plenipotentiaries being in bed, I did not see them till breakfast, at about seven o'clock. The Duke then invited me to the council-chamber, where, seated at the table, in all due form, not forgetting the green cloth, pens, ink, and paper before each, were the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Stuart, Prince Talleyrand, Count Pozzo di Borgo, and myself. The Duke opened the proceedings, by introducing me, in diplomatic form, to the parties present, mentioning their respective capacities, *and designating Talleyrand as Minister of Foreign affairs for His Majesty, Louis the XVIII., King of France.*

Talleyrand then requested me to repeat the substance of my message, which I did, and when I arrived at the article respecting the removal of the French army from Paris, and the quieting all fears as to all and every inquiry into past

political and military conduct, by a solemn guarantee, he, *Talleyrand*, said to me "This has been done as you propose, and is settled;" then turning to the Duke, he added in these very words—"*Please, M. le Duke, to read to Count Maceroni, the capitulation that* WE *have just concluded;*" alluding to the capitulation of Paris, which had been signed the night before at St. Cloud, and to which Talleyrand thus unequivocally declared himself "WE"—to have been an ACTUAL, *not virtual*, party as Minister of Foreign Affairs to Louis the XVIII. This must be borne in mind when we shall have to speak of the judicial murders of Marshal Ney, La Bedoyere, Mouton du Vernet, &c., the spoliation of the Gallery of the Louvre, and other *trifling* inconsistencies.

I then proceeded to urge the justice and expediency of adopting the line of conduct invoked towards the legislative chambers, that is, their continuance in existence until such time, at least, as the King might find it necessary to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and call for a fresh election. After hearing all I had to urge on that head, the Duke of Wellington said, that to avoid mistakes, he would reply to that suggestion in writing, and so taking up his pen he indicted the following note, which I give *verbatim et literatim*.

"Je pense que les Alliés ayant declaré le gouvernement de Napoleon une usurpation et non legitime, toute autorité qui émàne de lui, doit être regardée comme nulle et d'aucun pouvoir. Ainsi ce qui reste à faire aux Chambres et à la Commission, est, de donner de suite leur démission *et de déclarer, qu'ils n'ont pris sur eux les responsabilités du gouvernement, que pour assurer la tranquillité publique, et l'integrité du royaume de S. M. Louis XVIII.*"*

* "I am of opinion that the Allies having declared the government f Napoleon to be an usurpation and not legitimate, all authority

Talleyrand, Sir Charles Stuart, and Pozzo di Borgo each took a copy of this document, and each, by way of memorandum, put their names and mine to the paper, thus recording the parties present at its being written and delivered. Thus was the will and unanimous choice of a great nation declared "not legitimate." The duly and legally elected representatives of the French people, together with the executive power of its creation, not only dismissed as spurious, but mocked by the extravagant invitation to declare, that they had accepted of the power delegated by their countrymen, *only to serve as stewards and gamekeepers for Louis the XVIII!*

Talleyrand again addressed me, requesting I would write down the following memorandum, which, to save paper, I will give at once in English:

"The King will grant all the former charter, including the abolition of confiscations, besides, *the non-renewal of the law of last year concerning the liberty of the Press.* The immediate assembly of the electoral colleges for the formation of a new Chamber of Deputies. The unity of the ministry; reciprocity in the faculty of proposing laws (*initiatif*)—on the part of the King by *message*, and by *proposition* on that of the Chambers. The Chamber of Peers is hereditary." Talleyrand then added—"You may, IN OUR NAMES, *recommend to them sincerity, and the most unlimited confidence.*" After some further conversation, in which he asked me many questions as to the situations and movements of Napoleon and the Buonaparte family, he concluded by introducing me to the parties

which has emanated from it, ought to be considered as null and of no effect; therefore, all that remains for the Chambers and the commission to do, is immediately to give in their resignation, *and to declare (!)* that they took upon themselves the responsibility of government, with the sole view of insuring the public tranquillity, and the integrity of the kingdom of H. M. Louis XVIII."

present, as the Duke of Wellington had done before,—saying, "That is Sir Charles Stuart, H. B. Majesty's ambassador; that is Count Pozzo di Borgo, ambassador of H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia, and I AM PRINCE TALLEYRAND, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR H. M. LOUIS XVIII."

The Duke now desired me to write all their names under the memorandum which had been dictated to me by Talleyrand, and he further added in writing, that he wished the French Government to send *me* back to him immediately, with any instructions or proposals they might desire to communicate *verbally*. That they were to be explicit with him (the Duke)—who, on his part, put the most entire confidence *in Fouché*. He wished to know whether Fouché desired immediate support or assistance of any kind, or in any manner; if he did he should instantly have it. This latter effusion and request of his Grace, began to open my eyes to the real conduct of Fouché; but it was now too late to remedy any thing of the evil he had consummated. I judged that by keeping up my intimacy with a man who would for some time longer possess great power and means, I might be able to serve such friends, especially Murat, as would most likely soon require the good offices of "a friend at court," to save them from persecution. In this conjecture I was not mistaken.

The conference of La Gonesse being ended, I forthwith mounted my horse and returned to Paris. Lord March was appointed by the Duke to accompany me to the Barrière. Being arrived at La Villette, we found the French troops perfectly frantic in the conviction of having been betrayed,* and prevented by *political intrigue* from attacking the

* It is a singular instance of penetration and good sense of the French *soldiers*, that from the 20th of June to this day, they felt convinced of the fact of treachery being at work, whilst Fouché succeeded in deceiving the Marshals, generals, and his colleagues in office.

enemy under circumstances which promised them a certain victory, and the expulsion of the invaders,—at least, from the vicinity of Paris. Seeing the state of the French troops, I hastened to request the commander of an advanced post of cavalry, to give me an escort, which he readily did. The infantry gathered round me vociferating "*Vive l'Empereur; à bas les Bourbons. A bas les Anglais.*" I felt no *political* objection to sing the same song, though I thought fit to draw my sabre and uncover my holsters. But for the active intervention of my escort of the 9th Hussars, and the exertions of the French officers, both Lord March, our Belgian trumpeter, and myself would have received the contents of dozens of muskets lifted against us. During a momentary calm, I whispered to Lord March that then was the time for him to retire. He suddenly turned—put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a few moments. Nevertheless, several muskets were pointed at his back—but my escort as well as myself lustily crying out, "Shame! shame! a parliamentary! &c.," the triggers were not pulled; "We will have no parliamentaries!" exclaimed the soldiers, "But still we *are such*," said I; "and I have been sent to the enemy *by your own commanders*," "they are traitors then!" was the too true retort. As I advanced into the retrenchments the storm increased; many of the men pointed their muskets at me, repeating "*Vive l'Empereur*,"—We are betrayed—we have been sold—we will fight to the last man, to the last drop of our blood! Down with the Bourbons, let us kill this traitor—he has assisted in selling us—we have seen him pass here before!" several muskets actually went off. The hussars closed around me, and even some of the infantry took my part, assisting in parrying off the blows and thrusts aimed at me, and turning aside the muzzles of their comrades' muskets. My escort con-

jured me to sheath my sabre, which I did accordingly—when extending forth my arms, and exposing my breast I exclaimed, "Will French soldiers *assassinate* an honourable man—a friend—a field officer—and who has upon his breast that cross of honour they so justly venerate? The storm subsided, and moreover, as I had all this while been more or less progressing, I arrived at the quarters of a general officer, who dispersed the few men, still following me, and added another squad to my hussars. Thus I reached the Tuilleries with no other hurt but a sabre cut on my left leg.

In consequence of my communicating the documents and assurances I had received from Talleyrand and the Duke of Wellington, "the Commission of Government" abdicated its powers that same evening. But the Chambers still nobly refused to comply. They continued their sittings which they declared permanent, till the morning of the 6th July, when the doors of the Chambers were closed and guarded by a party of national guards, who had been gained over by the agents of the Bourbons.

Upon the consummation of this outrage, one hundred and seventy of the deputies proceeded to the house of M. Lanjuinais, their President, and there framed a solemn protest against the arbitrary and treasonable violence thus used towards the legislative representative of the nation, in direct violation of the most solemn declarations of all the allies.

As I have stated above, so I will now repeat, that I had no suspicion of any deception, still less any fear of the breach of solemn engagements. Interest was so far from influencing me in the acceptance of these missions, that never was I even reimbursed my travelling and other expenses. On my last return from the Duke of Wellington my valuable horse was crippled by a bayonet and rendered

valueless. Not even for that did I demand indemnity or ever receive any. All I received was a wound, and amongst other gratifications, that of restoring the wounded captain of the guard to his amiable family.

Another gratification of a personal kind which I derived from my diplomatic missions to the Duke of Wellington was in remarking the contrast between the wanton ruffianly conduct of the Prussian troops on the march to Paris, contrasted with the discipline, and generosity of the British. I shall never forget the pleasurable impressions which the exhibition made on me, as well as on the more immediately interested parties, the French population, men, women, and children. Immediately after the battle of Waterloo, Blucher and his Adjutant General Gneisenau, appeared to have conceived a violent jealousy of Wellington and of the British army. Pretty clear evidence of that feeling may be seen in my account of my interview with Blucher and Gneisenau not far back in this history. Whether this jealousy was excited by the severe drubbing which the Prussians received from the French at Ligny on the 16th of June, having been so antithesistically followed by the British victory at Waterloo on the 18th, I cannot say. But it became a great point of *amour propre* with the Prussians to get to Paris, at all hazards, before the British; and, to obtain that puerile object, Blucher actually compromised the safety of both armies, by separating himself from the Duke of Wellington, and passing the Seine at the *Pont du Pec.*

The excuse set up for the pillage and devastation by the Prussian troops, is, that they had no commissariat, or a very inefficient one; and as every body knows that every-body must eat and drink—ergo—the Prussian troops were quite excusable in plundering and in doing all the mischief I saw them commit! Without entering into the merits of

such a *mauvaise excuse*, which reflects so little credit on the Prussian administrators, and also accounts so badly for the use of the millions of pounds sterling, paid in subsidies to Prussia by the bamboozled British people (or rather by their profligate rulers), I will only ask how it came to pass that the Prussians demolished every door, window, looking-glass—and spilt the wine they could not drink, by firing musket shots through the casks? Why did they kill the house-dogs, asses, horses of the peasantry and townspeople wherever they passed? Why they *shot* pigs and cows, *and left them to rot on the spot, instead of eating them, seeing they were so hungry?* Why did they beat and wound the labouring, unarmed men—insult the women—and, in fine, conduct themselves more like a horde of savages, than civilized men? The fact is, that the Prussians were carried away by a spirit of malignant rancour. It was not, as has been prated by party writers, enemies to everything French because it *is* French, a fair spirit of *retaliation*, which actuated these men. For the French armies had never committed any such individual and *personal* atrocities as these, in any of their conquests of the whole Prussian territory and capital to boot. It was the asses kick at, as they thought, the dying lion. They had been beaten in every encounter with the French for the last twenty years; and this was their mode of retaliating on the *helpless peasants, women and children*, not to mention dogs and donkies.

The British army followed close upon the heels of the Prussians; for the former, beasts were *purchased*, butcheries established along the road. The houses of the villagers were thronged with the thirsty and hurried British soldiers calling for wine! wine! wine! "Twenty—thirty sous the bottle." "Very well, give me change for this five franc piece." Twenty bottles or pitchers poured out by father,

mother, and children—all in confusion. Officers at the door—some *in* the room—"Out—out—out men—forwards! —out of here, march on!" "My change for the five franc piece," cries one. "Get out," says the officer. "My change," vociferates another. "I've not had time to get my wine, even for my money," laments a fifth. "Out—out—out—forwards!" the officers insist, and out they all go, some with, and some without, their wine or their change, and some without either. And these made place for another batch of franc-dispensing soldiers, who were hurried on in a similar manner. But where did these French folks get this wine, the reader may ask? Why, some of them had had the luck to conceal their cellar-doors from the Prussians, who luckily could not find time to destroy absolutely everything—not quite all, all.

Now these were scenes at which *I* was present several times, and the French people alluded to, assured me, that many of them had gained as much by what they sold to the British, as they had lost from the hasty devastations of the Prussians.

When, on the 2nd July, I dined, as I have written, with the officers of the advanced piquet, composed of the British foot guards, their quarters were in an abandoned farm-house. Of this house, the doors and windows, frames and all, with every article of furniture, had been destroyed by the Prussian piquets. A fine mastiff dog was lying dead in the yard, and two pigs were left to putrify in a corner. Upon my calling Captain Grono's attention to these things, of which his nose ought to have already apprised him, he ordered the carcasses to be buried. This is all I can afford space to say about the difference in discipline and in conduct of the British and the Prussian troops on their march from Waterloo to Paris, in June, 1815. The good conduct of the British has been speciously and falsely attributed to

the system of flogging, still retained in the British army. This is the Prussian excuse; and I am sorry to say, that British Generals have also availed themselves of the contrast I have sketched, as argument in favour of that degrading infliction. There is some logic, though no reason, in the latter deduction; but that the Prussians should, in the same breath, boast of *their no-flogging*, and that flogging inspired the British with forbearance, kindness, and generosity, is a contradiction to which a child might reply, "then, the sooner you *do* flog your Prussian men, the better."

But now for a few words about Fouché and his wonderful performances. He it was, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, who placed Louis XVIII. on the throne. The French were beaten at Waterloo without the aid of treason, excepting that of Bourmont, but at Paris victory would have rested finally with the French had not Fouché de Nantes been minister. Deeply interested in the extraordinary transactions in which I had personally been engaged, I felt a strong desire to discover the real cause of so many momentous effects, all enveloped in so much mystery. My acquaintance with so many men (*and women, too*) of eminence and power gave me facilities of investigation, which would still have been very one-sided and incomplete had I not also had the honour of being esteemed and confided in by many of those illustrious patriots, whom history will signalize as having been faithful to their country and to their principles.

Napoleon, on his return from Elba, entered Paris in triumph, borne on the shoulders of his admiring people, and took possession of the Tuilleries on the 20th March, 1815. Whilst yet on his march, and the Bourbon Government being still in authority at Paris, Fouché's domicile was entered and searched by the Bourbon police, as though he were more than suspected of conspiring in favour of the

returning Eagle. This was afterwards known to have been all a trick, contrived by Fouché himself, in order to enhance his title to the confidence of the approaching sovereign. Napoleon, however, soon had reason to regret his re-connexion with Fouché; and, on one occasion, when he held in his hand the proof of his perfidy, he said to him, without ceremony, "You are sold to the enemy, M. Fouché, I know it; I ought to have you hanged, but others will perform that act of justice; I will shew that you do not weigh a hair in the balance of my destinies."

Facts soon proved the contrary, not only as regarded the destinies of Napoleon, but of France herself. Napoleon's address may have been somewhat magnanimous, but there was no prudence in it. To leave power in the hands of a traitor after you have unmasked him is to give him the means as well as the desire to be revenged. There is no malignity, save, perhaps, the "*odium theologicum*," so intense as that of a false man towards another whom he has injured and betrayed. On the 14th of June, the day before the Emperor left Paris for the army, Fouché sent to Louis XVIII. the correspondence of Prince Metternich, relating to the elevation of Napoleon II., which Austria was very anxious to promote and defend. From this fact we may well suppose that his relations with the enemy were regular and established both *before* as well as after the battle of Waterloo. But *even Fouché* did not relish the idea of the Bourbon being borne into Paris on the shoulders of foreign troops; for on the 28th or 29th of July he contrived a plan by which he expected secretly to introduce Louis XVIII. into the palace of the Tuilleries, so that the citizens on awaking in the morning would have seen the white flag waving over the palace, and their new sovereign in lieu of the provisional government installed within it. The foreign Generals would have been surprised at Louis

being proclaimed without their presence, or the ceremony of a military triumphal entry. To this effect Fouché confided the principal avenues into the Tuilleries to some devoted Bourbonites, who were to open the gates to the King in the middle of the night. As things did actually occur, perhaps I may say it was a pity that the plot failed. An indiscretion of one of the men employed in the palace revealed the plan. Additional guards were placed, so that the "Commission of Government" was dissolved, not by Louis, but by the Duke of Wellington, the legislative bodies by an armed force, and the Prussians bivouacked in the Carousel. On the one side was France, her representatives, her army, and a decided superiority of position; on the other was Fouché, whose store of subtle talent appeared to multiply itself in proportion to the emergencies. How he managed to be named a member, and even president of the "Commission of Government," I do not now remember, but, undoubtedly, it was by some clever trick and legerdemain, only practicable at such a moment of national stupefaction and bewilderment. Upon the Emperor's return to Paris from Waterloo on the 20th June, he abdicated the crown in favour of his son. *Austria was pledged to support Napoleon II., defensively and offensively; but I am inclined to believe, that Napoleon did not wait for the proper and decisive guarantees from the Emperor Francis, which would have irremediably compromised the latter, and so broken up the coalition.* The Emperor of Russia was also favourably disposed to that arrangement, as he looked upon the Bourbons as too much enthralled by England to enter with him into such plans of commercial and political aggrandisement as the British government might object to. I know for certain that the Emperor Alexander, in his conversations with the ex-Empress Josephine, in 1814, expressed sentiments quite at variance with the restoration of the Bourbons, whom he designated as "*the*

valets of the British ministry." Upon Napoleon's return from Waterloo, he took up his abode at the palace of the Elisé Bourbon, which was speedily surrounded by immense assemblages of the people, *calling on him to resume the reins of government.* Fouché contrived to induce him to retire to the sequestered palace of Malmaison, where he became the prisoner of the arch-traitor. But Napoleon, well aware of the amount of the French forces concentrated in Paris, of their enthusiasm and formidable position, as well as of the hasty advance of the enemy, which had so unexpectedly compromised their safety; further, that the Prussians had separated themselves from the English by passing the river Seine at the *Pont du Pec;* that, out of the reach of their resources and reserves, both English and Prussians had pushed forwards, as it were, in the idea of having no enemy whatever to contend with; under such circumstances, and in the confidence of success, which would have saved France from the domination of foreigners and the imposition of an incubus king, did Napoleon address the following letter to the "Commission of Government."

"At this moment when you are stipulating for the interests of the nation, and when your plenipotentiaries are negociating with the foreign sovereigns in the name of *Napoleon II.*, these negotiations may be much facilitated by an attack, rapid and determined, that would repulse the English and Prussians beyond our frontiers. But if such military operations of so decisive a nature should excite your suspicious alarm for the consequences that might ensue with regard to myself, I give you my word to drive the enemy to a distance of only twenty leagues from Paris, and to keep him there until our negotiations shall be so advanced as to deliver the nation from the fear of seeing the remains of the English and Prussian armies come to dictate their laws to her in this capital of Paris. I offer to put myself again at the head of the army no longer as the sovereign of France (it is to my son that now such character and authority belong), but *as a soldier who can again conduct the French to the field of honour.* Allow me to assume the task

of a second Camillus, and I will save your country from the Brennus, whose only argument is 'woe to the conquered!' I solemnly engage my word, that after having obtained the end which you *must* all desire, I will divest myself of all authority, of all command, and shew you that I can be resigned to any destiny reserved for me. *My* glory is already achieved in the civil and military eminence to which I have raised your nation. I will now save you from the most dire disgrace that can befal an independent community,—the pollutions of its hearths and dictation within its thresholds—by armed foreigners."

Napoleon felt so confident of this offer and sagacious suggestion being accepted, that his horses and military equipages were ordered out, and his aides-de-camp assembled. He only waited for the decision of the "Commission of Government." But, alas! he was already the prisoner of the Duke of Otranto. He received for answer, that "his success was undoubtedly *very probable*, but that the allied powers with whom the Government was negociating for Napoleon II., would see with great suspicion towards the Executive Government the replacement of the Emperor at the head of the armies." Napoleon mournfully countermanded his preparations; and the President Fouché hastened to send General Becker to observe his movements, and who never left his side until he had consigned him on board the ship which conveyed him to St. Helena.*

The greatest difficulties which a cunning rogue has to encounter are often those of his own contrivance; such persons are continually in danger of falling into their own snares. Thus Fouché, by hastening, through letters and emissaries, the advance of the enemy's forces, had placed

* When General Becker was about to step into the boat in which Napoleon was being taken on board the Northumberland, which was to convey him a prisoner, the Emperor checked him, saying, "Stop, General, do not come any further, lest it be said that FRANCE delivers me up to her enemies."

them at the mercy of the French army, *had there been any leader to direct its enthusiastic valour.* But a secret hand was vigilant in casting water on the patriotic flame; and even General Excelmans would have led the French to a decisive victory, if in the nick of time an inexplicable counter-order had not deprived him of the troops by which he was to be supported, and so reduced the brilliant affair of Versailles, in which he routed the Prussian cavalry, killed seven hundred, amongst whom the son of Blucher, and threw their whole army into consternation. Thus was this victory of Versailles reduced to a useless skirmish. Had the brave and faithful Excelmans, whom I was with on that very day, not been stopped in his honourable career, it would have been all over with the two Prussian columns that had been pushed forwards on the strength of Fouché's suggestions and of their jealous feelings towards the British.

These few days, now passing, became crowded with incidents which manifested the most complete system of treason. No sooner was the generous resolution of the Chamber and of the army at Paris known in the departments, than numerous bodies of volunteers hastened to the capital. A naval officer was dispatched, in the utmost haste, from the port and district of L'Orient, to offer the services of thirty-two thousand marines and sailors, all well drilled and armed. To this corps, twenty-eight thousand other volunteers from the neighbouring districts only waited the signal to start for Paris. Brest sent a similar offer; General Clausel from Bordeaux, Suchet and Gerard, from the east and south-east sent cheering accounts of their accumulating forces, and of their enthusiasm. What could now be done by the arch traitor Fouché? To openly refuse such offers as those from L'Orient and Brest, would have been to openly proclaim his perfidy. Minutes now were hours—hours were weeks—weeks, years. The deputies

from L'Orient and Brest were kept in suspense, under various pretences, without any answer at all, until it was too late and the infamy had been consummated. On the 29th of June, a body of eighteen thousand volunteers from Burgundy and Champagne *arrived at Paris*. They were nearly all armed; but had it been otherwise, there were upwards of sixty thousand stand of new spare arms in the arsenal and at Vincennes. This fine body of men I saw defile over the bridge of Austerlitz. They were then bivouaced in the *Champ de Mars*, behind the Imperial guard. Full of enthusiasm and confidence, these worthy patriots, instead of being received with transport by the government, were left without bread, or orders of any kind, and so compelled gradually to disperse!!!

Here, again, was treason and treachery clear and palpable enough, and it could only have been overlooked at the time in consequence of the shock of a recent catastrophe, confusing the intellects of all but the cold-hearted traitor. The French *soldiers* were, however, more clear sighted; they saw that *some* treachery was brewing, and, for many days, refused to obey the commands of their generals, between whom it was clear, that an unknown hand had scattered discord and despair. Nothing but the sincere and strenuous efforts of Prince Jerome Buonaparte, (late King of Westphalia) Marshals *Grouchy* and Macdonald, and General Vandamme, could possibly have preserved any thing like an army, throughout the ranks of which the report was spread, that both the Executive and the Chambers had decided on a change of government.

Several Generals, whose names I will compassionately conceal, quitted their commands after the battle of Waterloo without leave, and repaired to Paris, no doubt to ascertain "*which way the wind blew*."

Fouché, on one side, flattered the army and the unso-

phisticated patriots of the Faubourgs, by hostile demonstrations; on the other he enveloped in mystery the operations of the government and of the Generals. He contrived to keep the inhabitants in absolute ignorance of what was passing at a mile from Paris, as also of the number and positions of the enemy, by which means he was enabled to practise on the fears of the timid. Even whilst he was in daily correspondence with King Louis, he did not allow of his royal proclamations being made known, and the white cockade was rigorously forbidden. In order to preserve his influence, and to play his complicated game with so many parties, he had not only to deceive the Chambers and the army, but also the allies, whose opinions he knew were far from being unanimous. The five plenipotentiaries were sent to the enemy, but their return would have exposed to the Chambers the real intentions of the allies, or rather of Wellington and Blucher: we have seen how he provided against that dilemma. It now became urgent for him to hasten the climax of the capitulation.

On the 29th of June, Marshal Oudinot, on the part of King Louis, visited Marshal Davoust, and said, "The King regards you as an honest and brave man, who may, at this juncture, be of signal service *to your country*. He wishes to know whether *we* could not come to some understanding with you, and whether you have not some proposals to make to him?" Upon this honest Davoust repaired to the "Commission of Government," and laid before it the communication he had received. A discussion ensued, which resulted in a proposition in thirteen articles or conditions of compromise, which Davoust presented to Oudinot. The next day but one an answer was received, which did not appear quite clear and explicit on some points, *but it was quite so on that of entire security to all persons and property, and the solemn guarantee against any kind of research or inquiry into the*

political or military acts of any person, without restriction whatever.

It was almost immediately felt, that this negotiation was of a character rather too diplomatic for the habits of Marshal Oudinot, so Fouché managed to induce Davoust to confer with the royalist Baron de Vitroles, who was presented to him as the direct agent of King Louis. At the very moment that de Vitroles happened to be with Davoust, two members of the Chamber of Deputies, who were sent as special commissioners to the army, chanced to witness the mysterious meeting, and, on their return, (as they could by no means suspect the fidelity of Davoust) manifested their surprise *to Fouché*, and threatened to denounce the affair to the Chamber. Fouché, fearing the frankness of Davoust, had the address to persuade both the former and the two deputies of the goodness of his intentions, and obtained from all the parties a promise of secrecy on the plea of expediency, and of I know not what rigmarole about "gaining time with the enemy, &c." To the delicacy with which these gentlemen kept their word, is, perhaps, owing the turn which affairs soon afterwards took, as a word from them might have opened the eyes of the Chambers, and of the bamboozled cat's-paws of Fouché.

Through the artifice of the interview with Baron de Vitroles, Davoust was unwittingly drawn into a snare. A proposal which Davoust had intended and supposed to refer to nothing but military matters, became invested with all the features of a political *secret* understanding with the enemy; and Fouché had even managed to involve the members of the two Chambers in having obtained their silence. Thus did the Duke of Otranto contrive to draw his colleagues and the Marshals into a real, though unintentional participation in his treason, and made unto himself a rampart of involved dupes, of friends and of enemies. I

have reason to think, that Fouché was finally very much suspected by his four colleagues in the executive, but that they were restrained from accusing him before the Chambers, through fear of the wide-spreading, discouraging consequences of such an apparent rupture between the members of the government.

So soon as Fouché had partly compromised, partly persuaded, Davoust, the chief of the army, he employed him in influencing others, especially the virtuous Carnot, and, on finding his game go smoothly, he strengthened it by a change of play. He no longer was the timid, alarmed adviser of concessions, but became the advocate of strong remonstrances and attitudes, so as to make Davoust and others crave his moderation. Feeling that any proposal to treat with the enemy would be received with displeasure by the "Commission," as coming from its president, *he contrived to alarm Davoust into being the proposer of an offer of agreement with the King on the following terms:—*

1st. To enter Paris without the escort of the foreign troops.

2nd. To preserve the tri-coloured cockade and flag.

3rd. To guarantee the security of all persons and property, whatever might have been their places, votes, functions, or opinions, up to that day.

4th. To maintain the two Chambers *then* existing.

5th. To insure to all public functionaries their continuance in office; to the army its grades, honours, pensions, and prerogatives.

In presenting this project of capitulation, the Prince d'Eckmühl declared, that he "had overcome his prejudices, and ceded to the most irrésistible necessity." "J'ai vaincu mes préjugés; je cède à la plus irresistible nécessité." To this message the crafty Fouché *now* replied, that "precipitancy in such a matter must be avoided; and, above all

things, Louis XVIII. should not be accepted without the most ample guarantees."

Cautiously keeping to his plan of implicating many partners in his fraudulent operations, Fouché, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 1st July, assembled before the "Commission of Government" many Peers, Members of the Chamber of Deputies, Marshals and Generals, together with myself. He explained to us the state of affairs (which *he* had brought about); he appealed to *me* to state how Lord Wellington was decidedly opposed to an armistice, and that it was now necessary to examine their case by a military council, which would clearly expound the means and chances of defence. This proposal was immediately adopted, and the Prince of Eckmühl (Davoust) was desired to convoke a council that same evening, of such officers as were designated. This council was charged with replying to a series of questions; but, mark reader—these questions had been previously given in writing to Davoust *by Fouché*. It is easy to conceive the vast importance of the number of the questions—the manner in which they are worded, and the possibility of their being properly answered in a plain and *efficient* manner. My readers will be able to judge of the intentions of the propounder of the questions submitted to a council of war on this momentous occasion, when he has read the following literal translation of the official document. I have given the replies under each question, instead of as in the original, with reference numbers.

DECREE OF THE "COMMISSION OF GOVERNMENT."

Paris, 1st July, 1815.

"The Commission of Government decree as follows:—

"Art. 1. The Marshal Prince d'Eckmühl will assemble this evening, at his head-quarters of La Vilette, at nine o'clock, a council of war, to which he will summons all the general officers commanding the corps

of the armies under his orders, whom he shall think proper to aid in the deliberation, and further, all the general officers commanding in chief the artillery and the engineers.

"Art. 2. All the Marshals at present in Paris, as also the Lieutenant-general Gazan, are invited to repair to the council, and to assist at its deliberation.

"Art. 3. The object of the deliberation is limited to replying to the following questions:—

"*Q.* What is the state of the intrenchments and of their arming on the right and on the left banks of the Seine?

"*A.* The state of the intrenchments and of their arming, on the right bank of the Seine, although incomplete, is generally sufficiently satisfactory. On the left bank, the intrenchments may be considered as null.

"*Q.* Can the army defend all the approaches to Paris, including even those of the left bank, at one and the same time?

"*A.* It could, but not for an indefinite time; and it must not expose itself to be without provisions and without a retreat.

"*Q.* Could the army receive the attack on every point, at one and the same time?

"*A.* It is very difficult to conceive that the army *can* be attacked on all points at the same time; but, if such actually were the case, there would be but little hope of resistance.

"*Q.* In the case of a reverse, could the General-in-chief reserve or collect sufficient means to oppose a forcible entry into Paris?

"*A.* No General can answer for the results of a battle.

"*Q.* Is there sufficient ammunition for several combats?

"*A.* Yes.

"*Q.* In fine, can the army guarantee the safety of the capital, and for what length of time?

"*A.* No such guarantee can be given.

"The decree continues to provide for the promulgation of the '*Procès verbal*,' &c., and is signed,

"The Duke of Otranto, President.
"Carnot.
"Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza.
"Le Comte Grenier.
"Quinette.
"Bertier, Secretary of State."

Now, readers of mine, would it not be insulting to your common-sense for me to point out to you the captious, fraudulent nature of these questions! Some of them are puerile; others impossible; with others a negative is unavoidable and evidently sought for! Would to Heaven that on the eve of every battle, questions so contrived had always been put to the commanders of both parties, with an obligation to reply to them! How uncertain are even the best of chances! how many battles have been lost after being half gained! and the affirmative to such a question being in strictness forbidden, except to those favoured with the gift of prophecy, there would have been on our blood-stained earth a million of victories,—or disasters—the less! On this extraordinary occasion, Paris may be called the accused;—the council of war, the jury;—the Commission of Government, the judges. Then, in consequence of this verdict of the Marshals,—Paris was condemned, without appeal, to "suffer—capitulation."

I own that it is very common for the vanquished party to excuse, and, in a way, to console themselves with the plea of "*treason;*" but any one who will look *dispassionately* at the situation of the British and Prussian armies—at such a distance from their allies and resources—at the number and enthusiasm of the French in Paris only, without even reckoning thirty thousand national guards, and sixty thousand volunteers, either arrived at Paris or on their way, will allow,—that the "chances" were greatly in favour of the French. Fouché it was, who paralysed the movements of the defenders of their country, and to him must the palm for "PARIS OCCUPIED," be awarded. This fact will derive, I should think, additional credit when I inform my readers that this was explicitly acknowledged and declared by the sincere single-minded conqueror of Waterloo—the great Duke of Wellington himself. So soon as Louis felt himself

well settled in his power, and safe beset with foreign bayonets, Fouché, his tool, no longer was required. Louis, with more prudence than Napoleon, esteemed it folly to trust with power a man well known to be a knave; a knave, moreover, made still more dangerous in proportion to his extraordinary abilities. Louis, therefore, comprised Fouché in the second long list of banishments; whereon, the discarded cat's-paw traitor induced his friend, the Baron de Vitroles, to solicit of the Duke of Wellington his powerful intercession with King Louis in his behalf. The Baron addressed his Grace, but had scarcely uttered a word than he was replied to in the following terms:—"I guess what you are come for; I am delighted to see you; but I have not waited to be solicited by the Duke of Otranto to act in his behalf. So soon as I had the knowledge of his being comprised amongst the banished, I hastened to the King and said: 'Sire, I very much regret what has happened to the Duke of Otranto; to him alone do you owe the having re-entered your capital and remounted your throne. Neither Blucher or myself would have been able to restore to you your crown. We had to do with an army of eighty thousand furies, (*énragés*) who would have repulsed us. We could not have avoided a battle if it had been offered to us; or we should have been forced to make a hasty retreat, to await the co-operation of the other powers; and your Majesty well knows what were their divergent dispositions. The Duke of Otranto has prevented the battle from taking place, and it is *to him* that you owe the being re-seated on the throne of your ancestors.'" Now, may we not then say, that Fouché de Nantes, Duke of Otranto, had the chief merit *of the occupation of Paris in* 1815? The only shadow of a doubt that I entertain as to the correctness of this account of the Duke of Wellington's mediation, consists in a very slight degree of uncertainty of memory as to whether the

speech was addressed to the Baron de Vitroles, or to the Duke de la Vauguillon, who was under obligations to Fouché for something he had done in favour of his son Paul. Further, my readers may naturally wonder at the Duke of Wellington giving himself the trouble to intercede so warmly for a man whom he must have, in his heart, despised, when, as we shall soon see, he refused to say *one* word—quite sufficient—to save the life of Marshal Ney!

No sooner was the capitulation of Paris signed, and the allied armies had got possession of the place, than a list of proscriptions was framed by the orders of Louis; and Fouché, retaining the post of minister of police, was ordered to put it into execution. I was further informed that lists, containing numerous names of eminent persons, had been given to Fouché, who were not merely subjected to retire into exile, but being destined to arbitrary imprisonment for indefinite periods, they were to be immediately arrested. I hastened to Fouché, and implored him to allow me to see whether there were any names of persons whom I should be happy to save, and who really ought not (capitulation apart) to have been comprised therein. He satisfied me so far as to cause me to go in all speed to Marshal Ney, General Daure, Madame Hamelin, and several others I do not remember, advising them to seek safety in flight. I only saw Madame Ney; the Marshal was not at home, and she expressed great acknowledgments, *although professing implicit reliance on the provisions of the capitulation.* The other parties I had warned, retired in time. We all know how, on a subsequent occasion, *the tribunals declared, that there was no ground for even accusation against La Vallette, Bertrand, and others, who had previously been condemned to death!*

One day that I was dining with M. Montesuye, at his house at *Le Gros Caillon*, near the bridge of Jena, I re-

ceived intelligence that the Prussians were preparing mines to blow up that beautiful structure, merely because it bore the name attached to one of the signal defeats they had received from the French. I hastened to the Duke of Wellington, and acquainted him with the contemplated and commenced outrage. He immediately ordered Colonel Freemantle or Colonel Hervey, to repair to the spot, followed by a company of British soldiers. There we found the Prussian miners hard at work in hewing a hole in the in-shore pier next to the *Champ de Mars*. The operation had all the appearance of being a private one, and there was no guard to cover it, or any officer to show his authority for its execution. The British detachment ordered off the Vandals, and then left sentries on the bridge to watch over its safety. Such, however, is the vanity and love of theatrical effect natural to the French, even at the expense of decency and gratitude, that neither the Bourbonists nor the Buonapartists, nor the Republicans of Paris, had the gratitude and candour to attribute the saving of their beautiful bridge to the generous and prompt interference of the Duke of Wellington; but they concocted a trumpery melo-dramatic story about old Louis, on hearing of the threatened undermining operation, having declared that *he* would place himself upon the bridge and mount the skies along with its ruins, rather than allow of its destruction! Such is the stuff with which the French are so often apt to injure their best histories. Similar to this, is their story of the English "*masked batteries*" opening on the "Old guard" at Waterloo, and of the latter exclaiming, "*La garde meurt, mais ne se rende pas!*" There is no need of such strips of false tinsel to set off French real merit!

I have stated, that during my interview with the Duke of Wellington at Plessis, I begged of him to patronize my endeavours to obtain an asylum in England for King

Joachim, and of the Duke expressing a desire that the King himself should write to him direct upon the subject. I consequently had written to acquaint Murat of these particulars, and he sent me a letter addressed to the Duke. It was written with much feeling, logic, and dignified respect; but I remember that M. De Coussy, upon perusing it, was of opinion that one of its phrases was somewhat unadapted to existing circumstances. I differed from him in this opinion, but ceded the point (as I hate contention!) and so did not deliver the letter. This omission, however, seemed to have been of no importance, as it did not appear that after the benevolent Duke's arrival in Paris, he ever recollected the desire he had expressed.

About the 19th of July, I addressed a note to Lord Castlereagh, in the name of King Joachim, which was forwarded by Sir Charles Stuart, requesting an asylum for him in Great Britain. I received for answer, that "His Royal Highness the Prince Regent must be consulted before His Majesty's Ministers could assent to my request." A short time after, I received an official note from Sir Charles Stuart, informing me that he was directed by Lord Castlereagh to inform me, that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent did not think fit "*pour le moment et par rapport aux circonstances du jour*," "for the moment and with reference to existing circumstances, to grant *Marshal Murat's* request."

I immediately wrote to the unhappy King acquainting him with this unlooked-for, mean-hearted, and insulting refusal, and I sent him copies of my official correspondence on the subject. In the same despatch I also enclosed the protest of a bill of two thousand pounds I had drawn on Naples, in reimbursement of certain sums I had expended in London in the purchase of various articles for the Queen of Naples. My messenger sent to and from the King

was a good young fellow, a lieutenant of cavalry, named Grouchet, who on this journey, having arrived as far as Cuges, a post or two from Toulon, was stopped by the police. He had secreted his despatches by depositing them rolled up in holes bored longitudinally in large Bologna sausages; but rather overacting his part in offering the Gensdarmes slices of a reserved despatchless sausage, the fellows smelt the trick, and found my letters in the other sausages. No law, or government, or party, or interest whatever was violated or compromised by my correspondence with Murat, which purely and simply related to the obtaining for him an asylum in England, but nevertheless, both De Coussy and I were immediately arrested and thrown into the prison of the *Conciergerie*. Of course, I lost no time in writing to Fouché, who was Minister of the General Police, and I did not use much ceremony in telling him my opinion of the outrage that I was suffering. He sent to me his secretary, and begged me to believe that *he* had no hand in the case; that he would do all in his power to release me, but assured me, that in Paris there were then more polices than one. Prince William of Prussia hastened to send his first aide-de-camp to Fouché, and to De Caze, the Prefect of Police. Sir Charles Stuart, also, visited the minister in person, and this Minister Fouché issued positive orders for my liberation; yet the Prefect, De Caze, still contrived to keep me in confinement. No one could tell me the nature of my offence, or of what I was accused. Not even Sir Charles Stuart had been able to elicit any such explanation. I was daily subjected to a long interrogatory, from the tenour and minuteness of which any one would have supposed that it was made with a view to the writing of my memoirs, by some of the police gang. However, I answered the fellows in terms they had seldom before heard flow from prisoners lips.

During the first four days of our confinement, De Coussy and I were placed, as it is called *au sécret*, that is, solitary. Our cells opened into the same corridor and were contiguous. Coussy being a great amateur and violinist, managed to converse with me, occasionally through the partition wall by singing his words in Italian *recitativo* accompanied by his violin, to which I replied in the same strain, as though we had been amusing ourselves by singing a part of an Italian opera. In this way we managed reciprocally to communicate what questions had been put to us, and what were our answers. But all these had been puerile and ridiculous in the extreme.

The next prisoners brought into my room were the brave and learned St. Jean d'Angely, and Borg de St. Vincent, both members of the Chamber of Deputies, and who were of the five deputies sent to request the armistice of the Duke of Wellington. I think it was M. Barthe, now Minister of Justice at Paris, who made a fifth, and completed our establishment. The very name of *prison* is repugnant to our nature; so that the palace of the fairies would become a loathed abode to those accustomed to their liberty. But I must say, that I never passed a more agreeable fortnight than that in which I enjoyed the instructive and variegated conversation of my illustrious fellow-prisoners. A most excellent cook supplied the gastronomic wants of the inmates of the prison. A circulating library, close at hand, provides materials for the occupation of the mind; but this I did not need, the conversation of my comrades was preferable to a cart-load of books. At length, De Caze, attacked on all sides on my behalf, and utterly unable to give a reason for my detention, unlocked my prison door.

I did not lose a moment in first thanking the zealous Sir Charles Stuart, and Prince William of Prussia, and then I repaired to the Minister Fouché, to learn, if possible, upon

what grounds, plea, or accusation, I had thus been thrown into confinement. He told me that the Prussians being *militarily* jealous of the English, and most especially so of Austria *politically*, had organized in Paris a regular police of their own, at the head of which was a M. Justus Grünner; that having gained over De Caze, who through the Prussian interest had, from a petty clerk, been raised to the post of Prefect of the Police of Paris,—this Justus Grünner by means of this his creature, De Caze, arrested any person who was particularly obnoxious,—not to the French government, but to the Prussian commanders. So *I* had fallen under the effects of Prussian displeasure, in consequence of my dialogue with Blucher and Gneisenau, the civility shown me by the Duke of Wellington, and my interference in the sly attempt to blow up the bridge of Jena. Fouché added, that it was really to the Duke of Wellington that I owed my liberty, for his Grace had generously mentioned my case, with much surprise, to Talleyrand, who, on his part, communicated it to King Louis. An explanation was demanded, and as nothing illegal could be adduced, either against De Coussy or myself, we were consequently liberated.

Shortly after my release, the French Minister of Police, Fouché, informed me, that Prince Talleyrand had spoken of me in terms of high commendation to King Louis, who personally expressed his regret at my imprisonment, and approval of my persevering endeavours to serve my patron Murat, at a time when his utter overthrow and destitution must make any view to future favour and personal interest on my part, quite out of the question. Fouché advised me to wait on Prince Talleyrand, who would be glad to see me, and added, that he understood it was in contemplation to make me aide-de-camp to the Duke de Berri.

I do not remember the exact day in the beginning of

August, on which I waited on the Prince at breakfast. The Duke de Berri was of the company to whom I was presented. He conversed with me most affably upon a variety of subjects, without touching upon any thing political; the principal topic being on guns, pistols, rifles, shooting, fishing, wild boars, and horses,—on all which his Royal Highness spoke very pertinently, and seemed to approve of my ideas and experience in such matters. Not a word was uttered about the aide-de-camp-ship; so, shortly after breakfast, and taking a tour in the garden whilst the Duke smoked a cigar with me, I made my obeisance and retired, leaving his Royal Highness and Talleyrand together. In the evening I called on Fouché, who asked me how I liked the Duke de Berri? I said, that I found him an agreeable, affable man in conversation, the nature of which I fully described. Fouché laughed in his sly, shrewd manner, and observed, "Ha! I see that you have quite won the heart of the Prince; I shall hear again from him *about you* very soon." Other persons approaching the Minister, our conversation on that subject ended.

It certainly was a strong temptation for a young man of seven and twenty, whose most brilliant prospects in life had just been overthrown; whose hopes of restoring his name to its former rank in society, and of rebuilding a house laid low by despotism's lawless arm, were here revived by another confidential connection with royalty—aide-de-camp to the Duke de Berri, and full colonel in the French army to begin with. No state of mind is more painful than that of indecision and suspense; pending and perpending between interest and principle,—worldly advantage and personal inclination,—like a poor young man tempted by the hand of a rich old dowager,—liking the fortune—loathing the bestower,—pledged, moreover, not to abandon the fortuneless object of his real esteem. The man so

situated is really to be pitied. However, I do not say, that on this occasion, I felt anything insupportable; but I was for some days very uneasy on my *own* account; and this to me was quite a novelty, inasmuch as my course through life had always been, if not quite smooth, at least straightforward and decided. I did not go near Fouché for several days, and, mean time, having occasion to see Sir Charles Stuart, I mentioned the affair to him, who, as may be supposed, congratulated me on my good fortune. On the other hand, my anti-Bourbon friends scouted the idea and could not think of any thing so preposterous. In fact, it did so also appear to me; perhaps the Royal Duke was even in the confidence of, and prompting those who at that very moment were seeking to shed the blood of the unfortunate Sovereign who had loaded me with benefits, and who now was looking up to me for succour. Well, now that my vanity was satisfied by many of my friends having heard of *the offer made me*,—(Fouché had mentioned it to several)—I repaired to the latter personage, and desiring him to express my thanks and warmest acknowledgments for the intended honour, I exposed to him the reasons which were totally opposed to my accepting it, the most immediate of which was, the absolute impossibility of my continuing my endeavours to aid Murat in his present troubles, were I to accept of such Bourbon service. Independently of the incongruity in *principle*, I might be sent upon some mission to a distant country, &c.; in fine, in every point of view *I could not possibly reconcile my worldly interest in the way proposed, with principle, and my most sacred duty, and my feelings.*

A few days after I had given this my decision to Fouché, the Marquis Giuliano, aide-de-camp to Murat, arrived at Paris from Toulon, and informed me, that the King having heard of my imprisonment, and despairing of my being

able to extricate him from his position, and it being absolutely necessary to quit that part of France which had become the theatre of terror and licensed bloodshed, desirous of avoiding the journey by land, in which he might share the fate of Marshal Brun, who had just been massacred at Avignon, had determined to repair incognito by sea to Havre de Grace. There, being joined by me, he would solicit the protection of England and the allies. For this purpose he had freighted a vessel at Toulon, on board of which the Duke of Roccaromana, General Rossetti, and his nephew, Eugene Bonofaux, together with his attendants and baggage, were all on board, and that the King was to have embarked in the night of the very day on which the Marquis Giuliano left Toulon for Paris. The Marquis informed me that King Joachim had ordered him to confirm the instructions and powers he had already given me to act freely on his behalf.

Knowing, that the strong fortress of Gaeta still held out, and that it might, if properly defended, cost the Austrians many months of arduous siege, and a vast expence of ammunition and of blood to capture it at all, I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and, reminding him of his kind promise to intercede for King Joachim, I told him that I now knew where he was, and should soon see him, and that if either England or Austria would grant him a befitting asylum, I would pledge myself that he would immediately send orders to the Governor of Gaeta to surrender. Moreover, that probably he might be thus induced to abdicate his well-acknowledged rights to the Crown of Naples. The Duke very much approved of my proposal, and engaged immediately to negociate for me on those terms with Prince Metternich and Lord Castlereagh. But alas! here we have another instance of the inutility of walls and ditches, and cannon and gunpowder, without a stout and honest

human heart behind such inert materials. Three days after this interview with the Duke I again applied to him, and then he said to me, with evident signs of generous, humane regret, that "he was very sorry that my (he kindly said '*our*') grounds of negotiation regarding Gaeta should have fallen to the ground; news has just arrived of that fortress having surrendered to the Austrians." Moved by the anguish with which he saw me overwhelmed, and also by his own good feelings, the Duke of Wellington assured me, that he would not cease to interest himself in favour of the King, and he moreover proposed to present me to the Emperor of Austria and Prince Metternich,—an offer which I was overjoyed to accept. The Emperor expressed much interest in the afflictions of the King, but referred me to Prince Metternich for all matters of negotiation. Two days after this I was sent for by the Duke of Wellington, who informed me, that the measure of granting an asylum to King Joachim had been taken up as a general one between the allied powers, and had been agreed upon in the council of the allied ministers (Talleyrand for France included), and that Prince Metternich wished to see me on the subject. I waited on the Prince, and after some conversation he drew up and presented me with the following document. One of the points on which we had some preliminary conversation was, on the most fitting manner of conveying to the King the determination of the allies concerning him. Prince Metternich remarked, that official etiquette required the decision to be delivered to him by some general officer in the service of one of the allied powers concerned, but he added that the Duke of Wellington had kindly suggested at the Council, that it would be more agreeable both to the King and to myself for *me* to be sent to him as "envoy of the allied powers," and that he, the Duke, would vouch for my honesty.

"The Chevalier Maceroni is authorized by these presents to inform King Joachim that his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, will grant him an asylum in his states on the following conditions:

1st. "The King will take the name of a private person, the Queen having adopted that of Countess of Lipona; the same is also proposed to the King.

2d. The King shall be at liberty to choose for his residence a town either in Bohemia, Moravia, or Upper Austria; or should he be desirous of settling in a country residence in any of these provinces, his wishes will not meet with opposition.

3d. "The King will engage his word to his Imperial and Royal Majesty, that he will not quit the Austrian states without the express consent of his said Imperial Majesty, and that he will live in the style of a private individual of rank, but subject, however, to the laws in force in the above states.

"In virtue of which, and that it may have its due effect, the undersigned has been commanded by the Emperor to sign the present declaration.

"Given at Paris this 1st of September, 1815.

(Signed) "THE PRINCE METTERNICH."

Furnished at last with this document, I was on the point of setting out for Havre to await the King's arrival, when Fouché sent for me in all haste at seven o'clock in the morning, and put into my hand a letter he had just received from Murat, dated "*Du fond de ma tenebreuse retraite*," 22d August, 1815.* Indeed this letter had all the appearance of having been written in the *dark*—it was scarcely legible. He began by informing Fouché that the vessel in which he had intended to sail for Havre had, through some accident, been obliged to depart without him, carrying away his friends, domestics, money, and even clothes, and that he was left on shore near Toulon without even a change of linen. He complained of not having received any answer to several of his last letters, in which he had so urgently solicited the decision of the allies as to his future

* "From the bottom of my dark retreat."

destination, and he inveighed bitterly against the conduct of Talleyrand towards him. He also lamented the fate of De Coussy and of myself, whom he supposed to be still in prison, and warmly reproached Fouché for allowing of the incarcerations of his best friends who were totally innocent of any offence except it were one, to attempt to save *him* from *lawless* assassination. He further acquainted Fouché with some of the particulars of the persecutions and dangers he had experienced, particularly since the sailing of the vessel; and that to avoid certain destruction from the poignards of the numerous assassins who were day and night in pursuit of him, he was under the necessity of taking refuge in Corsica, for which island he was then on the point of embarking in a little open boat. He entreated Fouché to procure my liberation, and to aid me in obtaining from the allies some determination upon his case, and the deputing to him, if not me, some other person duly authorized to accept his adherence to their decision respecting him, which he would quietly await in Corsica if he could get there. This was the substance of the letter; but it was so blotted (really it seemed as if with tears) and so hastily scribbled, that I could only make out the sense by the context, or, as the Italians have it, "per discrezione."

In consequence of the intelligence brought by this letter I was forthwith furnished by the French Minister of Police with a special passport, as "Envoy of the Allied Powers to King Joachim" in Corsica. Both the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Stuart cordially congratulated me on the final success of my endeavours. Sir Charles endorsed my passport; but the Duke assured me that his signature would be superfluous, as there were no British troops under his command in the south of France or in Corsica."*

* I well remember that in making me this communication his Grace got his legs wet. I was passing in an open carriage across the Place

Princes Hardenberg and Metternich also signed my passport, as my being vested by them with a diplomatic character and mission.

Having learnt from this last letter of King Joachim that he was left without attendants or necessaries, I thought it my duty to provide him with both. I filled a large trunk with clothes, linen, toilet conveniences, &c., for all which M. de Coussy paid; and his two valets de chambre being just arrived in Paris from Havre, I engaged them to return with me to attend on their unfortunate master. To avoid complexity in my passport, the Minister of Police recommended me to take these valets, Armand and Richard, as being in my service, and leave my own behind me. Every post from the south of France brought some disgusting accounts of excesses and assassinations committed by the licensed Jacobins, *à bonnet blanc*, so that going with me was the only means of ensuring their safe arrival. To this I assented; and my readers will see in due time of what signal service it was to me, the having so left my own trusty valet in care of my apartments in the Rue de la Paix.

Previously to my leaving Paris, I was further provided by Prince Metternich, with an open letter to Count Stahremberg, Austrian Commander-in-Chief in the south of France, in which the Count was apprised of the dispositions of the Emperor of Austria with regard to King Joachim, and the nature of my mission to Toulon or Corsica, at the same time ordering him to place an Austrian field officer at my disposal, to escort and guarantee King Joachim on his journey either by land or sea, if it should be required.

Louis XV., when his Grace, who was walking alone, descried me, and running up to my carriage door, refused either to get in or let me get out, but stood talking to me with his arms resting on the door. At this time a street watering cart passed, and covered his legs with water. N.B. There was a very pretty lady with me at the time.

It further occurred to me, that in all probability, the King would prefer proceeding by sea to Trieste. I therefore requested Prince Metternich to provide me with another passport for him, under the name of "Count Lipona, proceeding to Trieste with a suite of six persons." *This* passport was granted me solely and entirely at my own solicitation, and it was *I* who, in answer to Prince Metternich's enquiries, fixed upon the number of six *persons* for his suite, as I supposed that to be the probable and also the reasonable number for such a voyage, although *I might* have named sixty. The passport, for the person of the King and his six attendants, was signed by Prince Metternich, Sir Charles Stuart, Prince Schwartzenberg, and Fouché, and the great seal of the Austrian Chancery was affixed to it. I also took the precaution of inducing Prince Metternich to write to the Austrian governor of Trieste, apprising him of the probable speedy arrival of King Joachim in that port.

Having now made every necessary preparation for my departure, and neglected no precaution to ensure the success of my endeavours to serve my patron and benefactor, I began already to anticipate the delight and consolation of having rescued him from the unhappy situation in which he was placed, and of restoring him to his afflicted consort and unprotected children.

I left Paris on the 10th of September, taking with me the two valets, as also the trunk of linen and clothes the faithful De Coussy had provided for the use of King Joachim. Travelling day and night, without intermission, with four horses, I arrived at Toulon on the evening of the 14th of September.

I now find that I have forgotten to inform my readers, that some time after his arrival in the neighbourhood of Toulon, King Joachim addressed a letter to the then restored King Louis, claiming mere hospitality on the

modest but strong plea of being a soldier of *France*, who had defended her from her inveterate foes during twenty years continual triumphs, and raised her power to a point at which even Louis XIV. never had aspired to. King Joachim, moreover, pleaded the claim of the unfortunate and exiled sovereign, *which, in the case of Louis himself, had excited compassion and insured assistance.* This letter, I know, was duly delivered to the King *of France*, Louis XVIII.; but sorry am I to say, that no reply was vouchsafed to so touching an appeal to the most ordinary feelings of humanity! It is said that adversity softens the human heart, and makes it more prone to sympathise with the pains of others! But the Bourbon heart would appear to be quite proof against such *common* sentiments of mere "*vulgar*" human nature? The Bourbon felt no gleam of pity for a fallen monarch, whom he could not even call his foe. Joachim had never injured Louis, and now sought only refuge in his land. Not only did Louis disdain to make reply to king Joachim's appeal, but the most blood-thirsty zealots, *à bonnet blanc*, were instigated to destroy him, an unoffending exile and most illustrious son of France! That Louis or his partizans had not the least shadow of an excuse for their endeavours to assassinate King Joachim, I will mention a fact which I have hitherto forgotten to state, that long before the battle of Waterloo, Admiral Lord Exmouth entered the roads of Marseilles with a powerful fleet. The fear of impediments to foreign commerce had caused the partizans of the Bourbons to be more numerous in that commercial city than in any dozen others put together; so it was not difficult for Lord Exmouth to excite the cupidity of the traders and the ferocity of the rabble of Marseilles, so to make them hoist the white Bourbon flag, on which occasion they massacred the old invalid Mamalukes of the Imperial Guard, besides many

Protestants, and attacked the garrison, under General Bonnet. The numerous garrison of Toulon, together with all the neighbouring troops, earnestly solicited, and even attempted to compel King Joachim to put himself at their head, for the purpose of marching against the assassins of Marseilles. *He peremptorily refused to comply, as he did also on a subsequent occasion*, alleging that he was "a mere fugitive, who only demanded the rights of hospitality —a stranger to the political occurrences of the country, in which he had no kind of authority to interfere." This is an incontrovertible fact, the proofs of which are still in existence, the circumstance having given rise to an official report from General Partheneau (whom I knew very well, to the then minister of war at Paris.

In order as much as possible to keep the events in their regular succession, I will now briefly relate in what manner King Joachim was forced to quit the retreat he had chosen, and how he succeeded in making his escape to Corsica. My readers may implicitly rely on the authenticity of every particular, as I collected them at different times from the very parties concerned, including the various constituted authorities at Toulon, both previously and subsequently to my voyage to Corsica. Moreover, the facts and details entirely agree in every respect with the account I received at Ajaccio from the King himself, who was so good as to repeat to me the whole history of these occurrences.

I have already stated that King Joachim escaped from Naples, landed at Cannes in the department of the Var; that Napoleon refused to give him a command in his army *so that the error of the King might be expiated by the prowess of the soldier;* and that he had waited at Toulon for the result of my applications on his behalf to the British government, for permission to take refuge in England. His pecuniary resources were inconsiderable; he left Naples

with about six thousand Napoleons; but he had with him two epaulettes and a hatloop set with diamonds, which together might be worth ten thousand pounds sterling. He had divided the greater portion of his gold between those followers of his fortunes, who had not had the time or opportunity to supply themselves at the moment of departure.

Soon after the restoration of Louis to the throne of France, the situation of King Joachim became extremely critical. It is true that no orders were ever issued *publicly* against him, because there was no *law* by which he could possibly be molested. He was a citizen and a Marshal of France, and in his quality of King of Naples, was at peace with France. That he had not interfered in the existing affairs of France I have sufficiently proved; so upon what plea was he to be *publicly* denounced? None whatever. But the assassins of Marshal Brun, and of the Protestants at Nismes, Marseilles, and Avignon, received secret instructions to destroy him; and such was their *loyal* zeal that, with the alacrity of blood-hounds, they immediately set about their murderous machinations, and left no artifice untried to effect their object. King Joachim was no longer secure in the house he had hitherto occupied, so separating himself from his friends and attendants, he retired to a secret retreat, whilst some of them were instructed to spread at Toulon the report of his having succeeded in embarking on board a vessel he had hired, and so taken refuge in Tunis. But his persecutors were by no means the dupes of this stratagem; it was reported that he carried about his person diamonds of an enormous value, and *the British Admiral, Lord Viscount Exmouth, conjointly with the Marquis de Rivière, had publicly offered a reward of fifty thousand francs to any party who should bring before them the body of Joachim Murat!* This "*par nobile*

fratrum" might just as well have said "*the head*" of Murat, as they must have been very well aware that he could never be taken alive; first, on account of his indomitable bravery, secondly, from their knowledge of the dispositions of their assassin friends, whose greatest enjoyment was in spilling blood, which spilling pleasure, in *this* case, was greatly heightened by the name and dignity of the victim, and by the expectation of the offered price, and the spoils to be found about his person!* Upon reading the name of De Rivière, my reader will probably recognise an old acquaintance; yet good reader, turn back if you please to the early part of the biography of Murat, which in the first volume I have sketched, and you will find that, in 1801, Georges Cadoudal, Jules Polignac, Armand de Rivière, with several others, were condemned to death upon conviction of having been the contrivers of a plot to assassinate the First Consul, Napoleon Buonaparte, by means of the "infernal machine." My readers will further have seen how, on that occasion, Caroline Murat, sister to the First Consul, obtained from her brother the pardon of De Rivière, whilst the others suffered under the guillotine.

And now it came to pass, that the restored King Louis despatched into the south of France his nephew D'Angou-

* Some time after I had in 1817 published my work called "Interesting facts concerning the fall and death of Murat, &c.," in which I state *this* fact concerning Exmouth and De Rivière; his Lordship happened to meet as fellow passengers on board a Dover and Calais packet, Lord Sligo and Mr. Graham of Dublin, usually nicknamed "fat Graham." Speaking with these gentlemen about me and my book, Lord Exmouth complained of my having accused him of having set a price on Murat's head. "I did no such thing," said he, "I only offered a thousand pounds as a reward to any party who should capture him." I don't know whether Mr. Graham is alive, but Lord Sligo was so a week ago. That avowal of the Admiral is quite sufficient for any jury in the world!

lème and this identical De Rivière as "special commissioners," upon a mission that was called "a tour of inspection," and wherever these men directed their footsteps, there sprung up tumults, political persecutions, and multitudinous assassinations. *This* was the De Rivière who, conjoined with the British Admiral, in violation of all justice, humanity, gratitude, and law, set a price upon the head of the guiltless, unoffending man, to whom he owed his life! To state the fact is enough, so I shall go on to record that, through the very great precaution and vigilance of his two nephews, Bonafoux, who were well acquainted with the localities of Toulon, the blood-thirsty malice of his persecutors was defeated.

In this state of things the Marquis de Rivière had recourse to treacherous artifice; he addressed a letter to King Joachim, which he charged Mr. Joliclerc, special commissary of police at Toulon, to deliver. In this letter he invited the King, in the most friendly and flattering terms, to put an end to the wretched life he was then leading; to confide in the humanity and good faith of his Majesty, the King of France, as well as in the British Admiral Exmouth, who joined him in this invitation to surrender.

From the well established character of M. Joliclerc for integrity and honour, this magistrate had not much difficulty in persuading the persons suspected of being privy to King Joachim's retreat, to procure him an interview. As might naturally be expected, the King declined confiding his person to the tender care of either De Rivière or Exmouth, seeing that they had no ostensible authority or instructions either from the French government, from the allied powers, or from any one of them to produce, either for their endeavours to murder him, or for their now proffered protection. To Murat and to his friends, it naturally occurred to ask, "What were they to do with him?" "How

dispose of him?" Lord Exmouth could not so soon have forgotten, that only a short time previously to his now joining De Rivière in this proposal, or rather summons, he had refused compliance with King Joachim's request to be allowed to take refuge on board his Lordship's fleet, which was then off Marseilles. On *that* occasion Lord Exmouth refused to receive him on any other terms than as a prisoner of war; to be sent as such to England without any conditions whatever. King Joachim, on the other hand, had requested to be received *conditionally*, and then disposed of according to the future joint decision of the allied powers, *if on his arrival in England he should be refused an asylum there on such terms as he approved of.* How then happened it that Lord Exmouth, who had refused this reasonable application, to save an innocent man from the daggers of ruffian thieves,—how happened it that his Lordship should *now* join his "most noble" friend in these overtures for the King's surrender? Perhaps he had received authority and instructions from the allies or from his own government? Then why were they not produced? It was the decision of the allies that King Joachim wished most ardently to receive, and for which purpose he had so repeatedly written to Paris, not only to the French minister of police and to me, but to the King of France himself! What confidence, then, could the persecuted King place in either of his two pursuers, so suddenly become persuaders? As things did afterwards occur, I feel extreme regret that he did *not* trust to the admiral and the courtier. He would have been instantly massacred, and most probably, like another Caracciolo, would have dangled from the rigging of a British ship of war; but then—dead for dead—he would not have been murdered by his own subjects, by those whom he had loaded with benefits and socially regenerated! M. Jolicler communicated to Exmouth and De Rivière the

refusal of the King to comply with their stupid summons. On the following day the worthy commissary received a peremptory order from De Rivière to *seize* upon the person of the King, as having now met him and conferred with him, he could no longer avail himself of the plea of being unacquainted with his retreat! I saw this written mandate of De Rivière's, in which allusion was also made to the bag of English and French gold that would accrue to the performer of the office required! But pleasing and refreshing is it to the feelings to present so beautiful a contrast to the hideous would-be murderers of the great Paladin of France; that contrast we now see in Joliclerc; he nobly refused to betray the confidence Murat had placed in him. He preserved his honour—*but he lost his place!* Incredible as it must appear, the Duke D'Angoulème at once dismissed from his office the honest functionary Joliclerc, because he had refused to perpetrate an act of the basest treachery, and become an acting party in a hideous murder!

The situation of the King becoming daily more critical, he resolved, as I have already stated, to proceed to Paris by sea to Havre de Grace. There, he argued, are now assembled those very Sovereigns and negotiators who so often have sued my clemency and found it. Who have been proud to offer me the hand of friendship. Who have struggled which of them should most successfully propitiate and flatter me, by special embassies and the donations of their various honorific orders of chivalry. How, when I commanded at Berlin and at Vienna, when I conquered at Austerlitz, did these very Sovereigns, now in Paris, solicit my intercession with my brother in their behalf? My brother spared them, and reinstated them upon their subversed thrones. Ah, sad reverse to me! Always was I humane in war—generous in victory—a decided enemy to persecution, a friend to the unfortunate. The Sovereigns

now in Paris, full well know all these things—I will throw myself upon their protection—they cannot refuse me an asylum, and my restoration to my family. Thus thought Murat, *because no length or variety of experience of human villainy is ever found to put an honest man upon his guard against repeated acts of treachery and baseness.*

The Duke of Roccoramana and the King's two nephews Bonafoux, succeeded in hiring a vessel for Havre de Grace. The Duke, with one of the nephews, the King's attendants and baggage, embarked, I think it was the 2nd of August. But as it would be impossible for the King to go on board in the port of Toulon without being recognized, it was agreed that when all was ready to sail, he should at night repair to an unfrequented spot where a boat would be waiting to receive him. At this important crisis, some unhappy error, directed either the boat or King Joachim to the wrong place. After a fruitless search and much delay, the officer in charge of the boat in great consternation at not finding the King, returned to the vessel for fresh instructions and for some person better acquainted with the localities. A considerable loss of time ensued; it was on the point of day-break, and whilst the friends of the King on board were agonized with suspense, undecided how to act, or where to renew their search—to their dismay, a numerous party of the Exmouth and Rivière assassins, having received some intimation of his projected flight, rushed on board. They carefully searched the vessel, boasting with vehement imprecations, into how many little pieces would they cut poor Joachim, if they could but find him. Not succeeding in their hope of finding him, they compelled the captain to put to sea immediately; and then remained on board some time after the vessel was under full sail.

I must leave it to my readers to conceive what was the heart-rending anguish of the King's faithful friends who

were thus forced to abandon to his cruel and unknown fate, their much beloved sovereign. Doubt and uncertainty contributed to render their situation still more distressing. It was only at the termination of a long and melancholy voyage, that they could know whether they were to lament him as numbered with the dead, or living miserably an unhappy captive.

As soon as it was dark, the King had repaired to the spot where he was to have found the boat. He remained near the spot in the greatest anxiety until nearly day light, occasionally ascending the cliffs in the hope of discerning the approach of his deliverers. When light enough prevailed, he saw his ship, not indeed far off, but under sail, and without any means of communication. In this desperate situation neither his courage nor presence of mind forsook him. He was gifted with such an undaunted mind, a self-possession in the hour of danger, a never failing cheerfulness of "soul," undepressed by difficulty, but which allowed him instantly to apply his mind to the promptest remedy. Never, even in his most trying circumstances was his countenance divested of that placid *quasi* smile which was of its most remarkable features.

His friends in the vessel remained as long as possible in the vicinity of shore, in the anxious hope that he would perhaps be able on perceiving them to throw himself into some little fishing-boat and still be rescued. But every minute increased the distance between their wishes and the possibility of their accomplishment. Still the ship lingered in the offing, and the King had actually succeeded in getting into a boat and pushed off from shore, when an autumnal gale arose, the owners of the boat declared their inability to reach the vessel, and the cruel moment arrived at which it was obliged to stretch out to sea, and separate his friends from him for ever.

Fortunately for King Joachim it occurred to him, that it might be imprudent to return to the place of refuge which he had just quitted, had it been otherwise, he would inevitably have perished, for, at that very moment, the De Rivière and Exmouth bloodhounds were in the act of visiting the very house and neighbourhood.

Utterly at a loss what course to take, Murat bent his steps whither "chance" directed him; but carefully avoiding the vicinity of the forts or of any large dwelling, lest the first house he approached might prove to be the habitation of an enemy. Thus did he wander about the woods and vineyards for *three mortal days and nights*, with no other sustenance than a little fruit and without shelter! At length compelled by weariness and hunger, he determined upon entering a small farm-house, where he flattered himself he might not be known.

He found only an old woman in the place, and informed her that he was an officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon, only recently arrived; that he had been taking a long ramble about the country and had lost his way; that he had had no dinner and would pay her handsomely for anything she could give him to eat and drink. The good old woman in the most courteous and cheerful manner, assured him that he was a welcome guest, for that her "dear master" was himself a retired officer, who would be delighted to be of service to a fellow soldier, but that to speak of remuneration for the best fare the house contained, would be regarded as an affront to the generous proprietor. This mention of her "dear master," somewhat alarmed the King, who inquired his name, and whether she soon expected him home again? She mentioned his name, which I am very sorry I do not know, that I might here record it, and she added that as he was only gone out for a walk, she expected him home from one minute to another. Pending her conversation, the good

woman employed herself in preparing an *omlette au jambon*, and before she had finished either her cooking or her story, her master arrived.

The King disguised the uneasiness he felt in this gentleman's company, who, however, very civilly bade him welcome, and seated himself at the table prepared for the King, at the same time desiring his housekeeper to prepare another omelet for himself. The King, who, as it well may be supposed, was extremely hungry, had begun his meal previously to the declaration of his host, that he would join him.

No one who ever beheld the heroic figure—the pleasant affable countenance of King Joachim, could ever forget him. This was now the case with our host, who although he never had seen him personally, had seen his portrait in the "Marshal's Saloon" at the Tuilleries, as well as his effigies on his coins of the Grand Duchy of Berg, and of the Kingdom of Naples. He had also heard of his being then in the vicinity of Toulon, as well as of the savage and illegal persecution to which he was subjected.

These circumstances all conspired to awaken the attention of the old soldier, who had been busying himself in helping his guest to wine and well cut slices of ham. Certain conviction flashed across his mind—so, starting from his seat with every mark of profound respect and veneration, while tears of emotion trickled down his cheeks, he begged the King to pardon the familiarity into which he had been betrayed, assuring him that he would readily risk his life in his preservation, and that his house, his fortune, and his person were all and entirely at the disposal of him, who, next to Napoleon, had raised France to the apex of social and military glory. At this moment the housekeeper, assiduously engaged at the fire, hearing her master's respectful and impassioned harangue, which revealed to her the rank of the personage for whom she had been exercising her

culinary skill, was seized with an universal tremor, and in suddenly throwing herself at the King's feet, overturned the frying-pan and its contents into the fire. The King cordially upraised the good old soul, and then embracing both her and her worthy master, endeavoured to make them accept some valuable token of his gratitude, but quite in vain. At length his entertainer consented to keep a pocket handkerchief as a relic and remembrance of the donor.

King Joachim remained concealed in the house of this noble-minded soldier for several days, when some circumstance made it necessary that he should be removed. Another cottage was provided, then unoccupied, and two naval officers named L'Anglade and Donnadieu were intrusted with the secret. This same old woman was removed into the new abode to wait upon the King, while the above-named officers were constantly employed, together with the old officer, either in attending upon his person with store of arms for his protection, in bringing him necessaries from the neighbouring city, or in endeavouring to obtain notice of any circumstance that might menace his safety.

In the mean time the King's pursuers by no means relaxed in their exertions to take him. The report of his having gold and jewels to an immense amount about his person, over and above the two thousand pounds reward, offered by Exmouth and Rivière, not a little contributed to increase their legitimate zeal. The dear old woman was indefatigable in her attentions. She constantly kept watch during the night, whilst her charge reposed, and would never take any rest but in the middle of the day, when there was less danger of surprise, and his three well armed friends were with him, who, to avoid suspicion or remark, always slept at their respective homes.

Something, however, *did* lead to a suspicion of the King's

retreat; for, in the middle of one dark night (13th August), a party of sixty men, headed by one Mocau, a son of the French Admiral of that name, repaired to the villa in which the King was concealed. The house being placed upon an eminence, it would have been difficult to have approached it in the day without discovery; but aided, as this party was, by the darkness of the night, they made quite sure of taking their victim by surprise, and this must infallibly have occurred if the imprudent assassins had not provided themselves with a lanthorn.

The good dame, who was watching at a window that looked towards the path the ruffians were ascending, was alarmed at the appearance of the advancing light, and immediately awoke the King, who was then sleeping in his clothes with his arms beside him, and apprized him of his danger. He instantly covered himself with his cloak, seized his poignard and two pair of double-barrelled holster pistols, slipped out of the back-door, and concealed himself under the thick foliage of some vines that had fallen from their support, at about thirty yards distance from the house. The old woman fastened the door after him, whilst the Mocau-gang surrounded the house. She had also the presence of mind to make some little delay in opening the door, under the pretence of requiring time to dress herself. In a few moments she disposed of the King's mattress, and set all to rights. This privileged banditti examined every corner of the house, and a party extended their search to the garden and vineyards, in doing which the King heard several of them pass within a few paces of him, expressing, with fiendish imprecations, their wish that they might find him, to enjoy the pleasure of cutting him to pieces and dividing his spoils; but, after an unsuccessful search, they left the house, loudly complaining of having been misinformed. The King afterwards informed me, that it was his

intention, in case he had been discovered, to have killed as many of his murderers as he possibly could, and then to have discharged his last barrel at his own head. After what had happened, it was the King's opinion, in which his nephew and his other friends agreed, that to remain in the house which had been so strictly and unexpectedly searched was his safest plan, and he accordingly did so.

King Joachim now began to despair of receiving any answer to the last letters he had written me at Paris, requesting to be taken under the protection of the Allied Powers. He had heard of my imprisonment for having merely applied to Lord Castlereagh in his behalf, and had little hope of my being able to make any further exertions in his favour. It was no longer possible for him to remain concealed. A price had been put upon his head. His generous friends might fall victims to their philanthropy; but whither could he flee?—where be secure from the poignards of his pursuers? He had not the means of undertaking a long voyage, or he would have followed the Duke of Roccaromana to Havre. Corsica now seemed to be the only asylum which he had any chance of reaching. The bold character of its inhabitants—their spirit of independence—their regard for the rights of hospitality, together with the mountainous, inaccessible nature of their island, all induced the King to hope, that, amongst this people, he could not fail to find an hospitable reception and a secure retreat. Thousands of Corsican officers and soldiers had by him been led to victory in a hundred battles, many of whom were now at home. In Corsica, then, he determined, if possible, to await the decision of the allies concerning his future destiny.

It became imperative for the King to attempt the passage to Corsica in a little open boat, which one of his nephews, who had remained at Toulon, and Messieurs L'Anglade and

Donnadieu purchased and prepared for the expedition. On the evening of the 22nd August, the day on which Murat addressed his last letter to Fouché, which we have seen, he embarked in the little boat, accompanied by L'Anglade, Donnadieu, lieutenants in the navy, and M. Blancard, an officer of cavalry, son of a distinguished merchant of Marseilles. These three gentlemen gave ample proof throughout of being actuated by the most noble and disinterested motives. They, nevertheless, subsequently suffered a long imprisonment for an act which infringed no existing law; they were cashiered and reduced to beggary, as far as the power of their ruffian oppressors could effect it.

The King and his three friends had been part of two days at sea, when they were assailed by a violent storm, and it was with the utmost difficulty, by unremitted exertions even in bailing out the water with their hats, that they were enabled to keep their little boat afloat. In the afternoon of the 24th August, they met with a small vessel steering an opposite course; it was a vessel laden with wine bound to Toulon. The King hailed the master, and offered him a large sum of money to take him to Corsica. Whether this fellow was alarmed at being accosted by four armed men in such an unusual plight, or whether he was actuated by a spontaneous love of cruelty, which is some men's greatest pleasure, I do not know. So far, however, from accepting of the proffered gold, he put up his helm to run down the boat, and surely would have succeeded, but for the quickness and dexterity of the royal party; though even, as it happened, their boat was greatly injured by the concussion. It was with much difficulty that the King could be restrained from boarding the vessel, and taking proper vengeance on the heartless miscreant, who was, however, allowed to continue his voyage with impunity.

The King assured me, that never in his life did he feel so

overwhelmed with indignant grief as upon *this* occasion of his leaving France; *that* France for which he had fought, and bled, and conquered during thirty years; hunted there like a felon or wild beast, and *then, by a Frenchman*, attempted to be drowned without provocation, and while offering to the scoundrel a bag of gold!

On the morning after the rencounter which had so nearly proved fatal to them, they had the good fortune to be overtaken by the packet and passage boat which sailed regularly between Toulon and Bastia, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. It would have been impossible for them to have kept their boat much longer afloat, such was the injury it had received, and so greatly were the whole four fugitives exhausted with the constant labour of rowing and bailing out the water. They were taken on board the packet without hesitation, and were then agreeably surprised to find as passengers, the senator Casabianca, Duke of Massa, General Ottavj, Oletta, a Captain in the French navy, Colonel Rossi, nephew of Prince Bacciocchi, the Chief Commissary Bocrio, and many other persons of distinction who were fleeing from the sanguinary scenes and proscriptions instigated by the Duke d'Angoulème and De Rivière, at Marseilles, Toulon, and the neighbourhood. Several respectable Protestant families were also on board, after having escaped, with difficulty, from the Bourbon sanguinary attacks upon their community at Nismes and Avignon. It might have almost been expected that the personages on board the packet, being all involved in one common catastrophe, should have neglected the etiquettes of royalty; but so far from it, they all behaved towards King Joachim as though he had been within the precincts of his royal palace at Naples. We may judge of the spirit which actuated the restored Bourbonian government, when I state that the captain of this packet-boat gave himself up for lost in the case of its being known

that he had picked up at sea, and given a passage to the unfortunate King and his companions, even under such circumstances as I have related. It was decided, therefore, that the King and his three attendants should land at Bastia under assumed names; the King took that of the Count di Campomele.

He landed at Bastia without being recognised. But, in a few hours, the indiscretion of some one of the numerous depositories of the secret, caused the fact to be spread throughout the city, which was immediately thrown into a state of excitement.* Had King Joachim even been an enemy to Corsica, his coming thus amongst them *for protection* would have insured his safety; but on several points of the island there were French garrisons and commanders who might wish to curry favour with the Bourbons by acting with hostility towards "the second soldier of France." Desirous of avoiding all cause of offence or uneasiness to the authorities of Bastia, Murat hastened with his party to Vescovato, a village about eight miles south of Bastia. Overcome with fatigue, dressed in a grey jacket, with the trowsers, gaiters, and shoes of a private soldier, a coarse cap upon his head, a beard unshorn for many weeks, and covered with a cloak stiff with ocean salt, he presented himself at the house of M. Colonna Cecaldi, mayor of Vescovato, and a staunch partizan of the Bourbons, in whose cause he had suffered many years exile from his native land. The King was aware of his former aide-de-camp, General Franceschetti having married a daughter of this M. Colonna, and of his being at that time a guest

* The Italians have a good saying about secrets,

"*Segreto che si sa da tre,*
Quello segreto piu non è."

"The secret that is known to three,
A secret that no more can be."

of his father-in-law. The surprise of the worthy General at seeing the King so unexpectedly, and in such a plight, may be well imagined. He hastened to present to him his father-in-law, who, as well as himself, assured the King that he should be perfectly safe if he would honour them by remaining in their habitation, and that everything they possessed was at his disposal. This member of the illustrious Colonna family, which for ages has been distinguished by honourable actions, assured the King that, as there was no cause, or any declaration of the French government, or any law by which King Joachim could be considered as an enemy to France, he was determined to give him hospitality, and guarantee his safety to the utmost extent of his ability.

The political state of society in Corsica was at this period somewhat curious. The French garrisons of Bastia, Calvi, and Ajaccio did not collectively amount to more than one thousand men. The inhabitants were divided into three factions, the Buonapartists, the English, and the Bourbon. The two former were by far the most numerous and influential, and in a great measure appeared to unite their efforts in opposition to the latter. Each party was in arms and on the alert, ready to act as circumstances might require. There was also some vestige of a party called Independents, but their views did not appear to be well defined, except inasmuch as they regarded the arrival of Murat as favourable to their hopes. The white Bourbon flag was displayed on the forts and the church steeples, in various parts of the island. The Buonapartists and Independents, as well as the garrisons, were warmly disposed to second Murat in any thing he should desire; but he declined their proposals and assured them that he only claimed hospitality until the resolution of the allies should arrive, decisive of his future destiny. Had it been his pleasure, he might have taken

possession of the entire Island in less than a week. The command of the fortress of Bastia had been given to a royalist Colonel, named Verrière, who, from a silly zeal, had well nigh involved the Island in confusion and bloodshed. He sent a detachment of fifty Gensdarmes, and some armed Bourbonite partisans to Vescovato, with a summons to "*General Murat*," commanding him to surrender and await the disposal of his Majesty the King of France. To this insane and insolent message the King replied with a simple dignified refusal. Already had several hundred stout veteran Buonapartists, forgetting their political differences, united with as many hundreds of the Bourbonite friends of Mr. Colonna, determined to defend the rights of hospitality, and the sovereign who had, in his glorious career, raised above two thousand Corsican soldiers to the rank of officers. The officer commanding the Gensdarmes of Colonel Verrière, Captain Serra, finding the formidable attitude of Colonna, contented himself with requesting the honour of being presented to the King, who received him with his habitual suavity, and sent him back to his commander, with the assurance that he would do every thing in his power to preserve the peace of society, and would leave Vescovato as soon as he possibly could. This prudent conduct of Captain Serra, in which he was prompted and encouraged by General Franceschetti, prevented an explosion, and the commander of Bastia, now contented himself with *inviting* Mr. Colonna to send his guest to him, that he might better provide for his safety in the fortress!

Meantime the news of the King's arrival, spread far and wide over all the Island, and numerous officers of every grade, as well as veteran soldiers who had for the most part served under the illustrious proscribed warrior, flocked from all parts to pay their homage and tender their assistance. Vescovato speedily became the head-quarters, as it

were of a little army, and Corsica was at the disposal of Murat, to whom all the honours of royalty were paid. Although it had been proved, that there really existed no cause of fear to the constituted authorities of the Island, the party which called itself Bourbonite and loyal, *although* in 1814 it had hoisted the *English* flag, and called the English into the Island, seized upon this opportunity to evince their zeal by sending deputies to Genoa and Leghorn, in the hope of introducing British troops, and eventually remaining under the sway of Britain, which they held to be more conducive to their prosperity. But the British commanders returned for answer, that being allies of France, they could not interfere by sending any of their troops into the territory of France; which Corsica was regarded to be. Nevertheless, an English brig of war was sent to Bastia, with an officer on board, who stated that he was Aide-de-Camp to the British Commander of Genoa, and charged with a summons to *Mister Murat*, in which he was invited to deliver himself up forthwith to the said Aide-de-Camp, under some threatened pains and penalties. Notwithstanding the stupid coarseness of this message, the King received the bearer with politeness, and questioned him as to the authority of those who sent him, the nature of his instructions, the way in which he the King was to be disposed of, and what guarantee they had to offer him? To these natural interrogatories, the only answer the messenger could make was, that he had orders to summon *Mister Murat*, in the name of the allied Sovereigns, to deliver himself up to His Excellency the British Commander-in-Chief, at Genoa!!! The Aide-de-Camp diplomatist was accompanied to Vescovato by the Captain of the English brig of war, and although their message was absurd, unauthorised, and impertinent, these officers, whose names I cannot remember, *personally* conducted themselves as became their quality, with polite-

ness and consideration. They really seemed disposed themselves to laugh at the empty absurdity of their errand, as the King certainly ought to have done outright, but for feelings of decorum. In order to anticipate any pretence of ignorance or misconception, and not to give unnecessary offence, even to these impertinent and thoughtless summoners, the King gave himself the trouble to make a reply in writing to the following effect:—

"The fortune of war has obliged me to quit my kingdom. Ferocious and illegal persecution has thrown me upon this Island. I am not come to bring discord and strife, but only to seek shelter and hospitality. I am not surprised at the hearty reception I have met with from the inhabitants with whom misfortune gives a double claim to their well known hospitality. I have given epaulettes to more than two thousand Corsican soldiers. Many of these have come to visit me, but I will never permit my name or presence to serve as a pretext for disturbing public tranquillity. I am living here as a private individual, awaiting the passports which my friend Maceroni is soliciting from the Allied Sovereigns. If you have brought me any such documents I am ready to leave this place and embark on board your brig, in full confidence in your honour and sincerity."

The officers replied, that they had no such decision or passports from the allies, but that the brig was at his disposal. This offer was of course declined, because, if accepted, where was he to go? So the English deputies took their leave.

Joachim now reigned at Vescovato; and the Commander of Bastia was glad to be allowed to remain unmolested in possession of his place. All the garrison would have joined Murat had he lifted up a finger.

The King had now been three long weeks in Corsica, awaiting my arrival; but at length began to fear that he was totally abandoned by the Allied Powers to the mean and dastardly assaults of those from whom he had so lately escaped, and who, he well knew, still thirsted for his blood

and hoped to shed it. Such considerations inclined him to yield to the dictates of his heroic and dauntless spirit. Driven to extremities, his unconquered mind prompted him rather to seek death in the field, than meet his fate at the hands of midnight assassins. He had always held, that a king who could not keep his crown had no alternative but a soldier's death; and he began to surmise that although a prison might be offered him as an asylum, a grave would lie at no great distance.

In order to avoid coming to open hostilities with the infatuated Commander of Bastia, who wavered in his prudent resolves, he determined to quit the island. He knew that the fortress of Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba, was still held by the brave French defender, General Dalem. So rather than remain any longer in such an uncertain, undefined position, well called by the French "*une fausse position*," he despatched a confidential officer to apprise General Dalem of his speedy arrival with several hundred veteran auxiliaries. He also apprised the Commander of Bastia of his intended immediate departure from Corsica. Having raised a sum of money on the deposit of a portion of his diamonds, Murat hastened to hire or purchase several small vessels in the port of Bastia, in which operation he was even seconded by Colonel Verrière, who now hailed his departure with great satisfaction. Between four and five hundred of the most experienced officers and men who were about him volunteered to share his destiny. The point of embarkation was fixed at the mouth of the river Golo, ten miles south of Bastia.

The preparations for departure being on the point of completion, a British frigate, commanded by Captain Bastard, accompained by five Sicilian gun-boats, unexpectedly arrived at Bastia from Leghorn. Captain Bastard, seconded by the chiefs of the Bourbon party, placed an

embargo upon all the vessels then at Bastia, and Colonel Verrière, who for some days past had been doing every thing in his power to hasten the departure of the King, now seized upon the feluccas that had been engaged for his use. I must not forget to add that Captain Bastard had brought from Leghorn another summons from Lord Burghersh, the British Minister at Florence, which the Captain and Colonel Verrière addressed to *Mister Murat*, a copy of which was afterwards shown me by the Colonel, together with the printed reply of the King, which was similar to the one he had given to the officer sent from Genoa.

Encouraged by the presence of Captain Bastard and his forces, Colonel Verrière again undertook a crusade to Vescovato, to seize by force of arms upon the host of Mr. Colonna; but again, no sooner was the project known about the district, than above fifteen hundred veterans and armed friends of Colonna's assembled for his defence. The King was more afflicted and perplexed at the hourly encreasing warlike preparations around him, than by the hostile demonstrations at Bastia. It was impossible for him to persuade his generous defenders to retire to their homes; so, in order to prevent disorder, he exacted from them a promise to obey him as their temporary chief, and not to take a step without his orders. He then maintained himself entirely on the defensive, and offered no opposition to the advance from Bastia of the hostile forces commanded by one Galloni, a chief partizan of the Bourbonites. The latter, however, upon approaching Vescovato, and ascertaining the formidable attitude of the defenders, took discretion to be the better part of valour, and returned in haste to Bastia. The old Governor, alarmed at the report now made to him of the forces of Murat, so far from thinking of offending, in all haste made preparations for defence; he placed his guns in battery on the citadel, and issued a proclamation inviting

all the "well-disposed and real Corsicans" to be in readiness to march against "the rebels of Vescovato." These affairs had now assumed so serious an aspect, that King Joachim, through fear of compromising his noble friend Colonna with his government, as abundant misrepresentations would be sent to Paris on the subject, determined to leave the village and repair to Ajaccio. All the turmoil I have been describing was caused by the silly imprudence and fussy impotent zeal of the military commander.

King Joachim now insisted on the major part of his defenders returning to their homes, to which positive injunction, with tears and great affliction, they reluctantly complied. The generous officers Donnadieu, L'Anglade, and Blancard, who had saved him in the little boat, returned to Bastia, where I soon afterwards met with them, as I shall mention.

The 17th September was the day fixed for the departure from Vescovato, when all the friends, who had assembled, formed themselves into a circle, in the midst of which the King addressed to them a brief but moving speech of thanks and assurances of gratitude and affection. The whole party then formed in two extended lines along the road. The King, after embracing his noble host and family, accompanied by Franceschetti and several other officers, with an escort of about sixty veterans, left the hospitable mansion, and, as he passed between the lines of his afflicted friends, bade them a last adieu. The multitude now quietly dispersed; and never in the memory of man had the peace and order of society been so rigidly and entirely preserved as during the sojourn of Murat at Vescovato; not even one instance that we might call "breach of the peace" was known to occur.

The journey of Murat to Ajaccio was a kind of triumphal march of seventy miles, at the rate of ten miles a day. At

Corte, Venaco, Bogonano, deputations waited upon him, and banquets were displayed. The King wrote to apprise the magistrates of Ajaccio of his approach, and of his desire to be granted the mere rights of hospitality. He entered the city amidst the acclamations of the people of all classes, with the exception of the relations of the Queen his wife, the Ramolini, Arrighi, and other immediate connections of the Buonaparte family. These gentlemen sent a message to the King, apprising him that he would not be received at any of their houses, and the widow Pallavicini, who had offered him (the husband of her first cousin) hospitality under her roof, was forbidden by the other relatives even to see him. This implacable enmity of Napoleon's relations was founded on the idea of Murat's having been the main cause of ruin to Napoleon, by his alliance with Austria, in 1814. Sorry am I to confess, that they were not far wrong.

I must now state briefly how I managed to join the King at Ajaccio, where we will leave him for a moment, while he is ruminating on, and listening to the suggestions of those who regarded his restoration to the throne of Naples a matter of easy accomplishment.

I arrived at Toulon on the 15th September, and in the first place requested to see M. Joliclerc and M. Bonafoux, from whom I learnt how the King had been hunted, and compelled to take refuge in Corsica. I wrote to Count Stahremberg to apprise him of my not being likely to require the services of the Austrian officer I had requested of Prince Metternich, and after waiting four days for a conveyance, I was obliged to hire a vessel on purpose, in which I sailed on the 20th for the nearest port, Calvi. Here I learnt that the King was at Ajaccio, but the road thither from Calvi by land being represented to me as impassable, by reason of certain feudal troubles, I sailed back to Bastia.

The Mayor of Calvi procured me a trust-worthy man, to convey a letter from me to Ajaccio, in which I apprised the King of my approach. I was further induced to visit Bastia, from a desire to communicate with the authorities of that virtual capital of Corsica, and acquire *official* information concerning King Joachim's retreat. I reached Bastia on the 25th, where I found the English frigate Meander, Captain Bastard, with five Sicilian gun-boats.

Immediately on my arrival I received a complimentary and official visit from the Mayor, accompanied by the Chief Commissary of Police. I communicated to them my mission and credentials, and desired them to apprise the military Commander of Bastia that I should wish to confer with him. The polite Colonel de Verrière immediately sent an aide-de-camp to announce that he would wait upon me in half an hour; but I judged it equally polite for me to insist on paying my respects to him in the citadel. Upon seeing my passport, he apologised for not having received me with befitting honours due to a diplomatic envoy from such first-rate powers, and all the powers together who had deputed me.

My readers may suppose that the suavity and politeness of this old emigrant officer would be most likely to dispose me in favour of his official proceedings; so upon his detailing to me all the measures that he had taken with respect to the King and the summonses of the English in which he had joined to induce him to confide his person into his and their good keeping, I merely told him that I was astonished at a man of his experience supposing it possible to induce *the King* to deliver himself up to those who had neither authority to receive him or guarantee to offer him, and who insulted him by the gratuitous insolence of their address to him. How could he expect the King to listen to such proposals. "The King," echoed de Verrière; "*I* called him Marshal Murat at most." "Then, Sir," said

I, "you are in error and at variance as well with the history of the last ten years as with the will, acknowledgments, and present intentions of the King of France and of his allies." "Look, Sir, at this paper signed by Prince Metternich, with the concurrence of *Prince Talleyrand* and all the emperors and kings and princes whom you reverence; look here." "*The Chevalier Maceroni is authorised to propose to King Joachim, &c., the Queen, &c.* Look, Sir! no page of history can now-a-days be obliterated. If you were in England, or at Ghent, with a fugitive King Louis XVI. or XVIII., you would have felt it hard that he should be officially denied that he had ever been King of France." And so I talked the really good, but prejudiced, old Colonel into the best possible humour with me, and into the acknowledgment that he, as well as the Genoa and Leghorn envoys, had acted unadvisedly. The only thing that puzzled him, was, to make out to what genus, or tribe, or subdivision of mortals I could possibly belong. Born in England, and Italian by family, language, and service; aide-de-camp to the ex-King Joachim; now diplomatic envoy *to him* from the allied powers; in language, a Frenchman also. "By Saint Louis," said he, "I never met with such a mixture!" After an hour's very agreeable conversation with this other "mixture" of a gentleman and a fanatic, I took my leave, after begging him to sign my passport for Ajaccio, which he duly performed. Upon retiring to the inn at which I had put up, I found that the polite commandant had ordered a guard of honour to be placed at my gate.

The Governor having acquainted Captain Bastard with my arrival and mission, that gentleman honoured me with a visit, and partook of my dinner with the worthy Donnadieu and L'Anglade. Captain Bastard, whom I found to be a very sensible, gentlemanly man, superior to *some* of his

"order" in time of war, confirmed all that I had heard from Colonel Verrière and others of official credit, and moreover assured me that great, though suppressed, alarm prevailed at the court of Naples in consequence of the reports received from Corsica concerning the intentions of King Joachim upon Naples, but that every preparation had been quietly made to repel his attack, and that it was his (Captain Bastard's) intention to send his gunboats that day round to Ajaccio, whilst he himself should cruise off the straits of Bonifacio, by which he expected to prevent the departure of the King's flotilla, or capture it if it got out of port. This was the very first word or suspicion that I had ever heard pronounced concerning any such project, and knowing as I did the ardent desire of Murat to join his family in Austria, or by obtaining an asylum in England, become united to it in this country, I assured Captain Bastard, in all sincerity, that there could be no real foundation for the reports or fears he alluded to, and that I was confident that Murat would receive with joy the decision of the allies, of which I was the bearer, and for which he had been so long most anxiously waiting.

On the strength of my explanation, added to the documents which I shewed to Captain Bastard, amongst which I well remember, was the written refusal of Lord Castlereagh to my application, besides the consentive document signed by Prince Metternich, already transcribed in this book, Captain Bastard very cordially joined me in the conviction, that upon the receipt of my letter from Calvi, Murat would delay his expedition even if it were ready to sail, and gladly accept of the asylum. I therefore submitted to the Captain the propriety of postponing the execution of his coercive plan until the result of my mission to him was known. To this he cordially agreed, promising to remain at Bastia with his squadron until he heard from me on the subject, which

I assured him should be as speedily as possibility would allow.

Captain Bastard superadded, that from all he had now seen and heard, he felt no doubt of the King's accepting the proposed asylum; in which case he should feel himself authorized to convey the King and his suite to their destination, according to the terms of the passport to Trieste, which I had also shewn him. I highly approved of the offer, and most sincerely thanked him for it; upon which he promised to bring his frigate round to any port of Corsica, which I should subsequently indicate for the embarkation of the King. He even was so kind as to remark, that if the suite of the King should unavoidably, and not unreasonably, exceed the six persons mentioned in the said passport, at my suggestion, he would not refuse them admittance on board his frigate. In addition to the motives which I have above enumerated, Captain Bastard said, that he felt the propriety of remaining at Bastia until he should learn the *final* decision of the King, as it was evident that any precipitate measure of his against him at Ajaccio would have thrown the whole island of Corsica into a state of sanguinary hostility, and been pregnant with consequences in the last degree disastrous.

Upon my arrival at Bastia I was visited by two Corsican gentlemen, who had come from Leghorn in the Meander. They were brothers, of the name of Carabelli. One of them, a captain on half pay, had served many years with credit in the "Royal Corsican Rangers," in the British service; the other brother had occupied a very respectable civil situation in the kingdom of Naples under the government of King Joachim. These gentlemen were, in a way, introduced to me by Captain Bastard; for, upon finding that he treated them with cordiality, I invited them to meet him at dinner at my hotel. After dinner I repaired with Cap-

tain Bastard on board of his beautiful frigate; the Carabelli also were invited.*

These Carabelli, after some previous conversation with me, produced a document, signed by Medici, Minister of Police and of Foreign Affairs to King Ferdinand, by which they were commissioned to impede, counteract, and weaken by all the means in their power the expected expedition of King Joachim, especially in diminishing the number of his followers, by pointing out to them the inevitable destruction which must await them should they land with him on the Neapolitan territory, &c.

I must confess that I felt somewhat embarrassed how to deal with these men. I could have wished to prevent the King from embarking upon an expedition which I then regarded as hopeless; but, on the other hand, I did not like the idea of contributing to any manœuvre of his enemies, or any sort of *coercion*, however such might have tended to the accomplishment of my object, *which was to restore him, at least for a time, to the bosom of his family.* I am certain, however, that the Carabelli were quite sincere in joining me in opinion, that the King would gladly accept the asylum I was empowered to offer him; and learning that I intended to depart early the next morning for Ajaccio, they requested me to permit of their accompanying me as part of my suite, as in the then state of affairs *it would be utterly impossible for them to reach that city without such protection.* I readily acceded to their request, and desired them to be ready at midnight.

The governor and the Mayor of Bastia procured me the requisite number of mules, and gave me an escort of ten

* It is a curious coincidence, that these gentlemen were brothers to the Carabelli, whom my readers have seen as threatening my friend Rambaud with assassination in revenge for his intrigue with the wife of General Cataneo in the year 1810.

Gensdarmes. My party altogether consisted of fifteen efficient men, all well armed. According to appointment, at midnight we started, after drinking several bowls of punch, which were partaken of by Captain Bastard. The rising moon displayed to me the hills and snow-white dwellings of Vescovato, so recently occupied by him whom I was endeavouring to save from the fate of which I now began to feel some foreboding fears.

The beautiful picturesque scenery of the country through which I passed; the abrupt confused stupendous piles of granite mountains thrown, as it were, one above the other, and covered from base to summit with stately chesnuts, oaks, and pines, but above all, the sturdy independent character of the romantic-looking and romantically-inspired natives; hospitable in the extreme, and implacable in their enmities, but brave and open-hearted. These themes would form the subject of an interesting digression, especially if conjoined to the geological and social novelties that I culled upon my way. But such matters I am prohibited from entering upon; inasmuch, as the arts and sciences,—the treating of the phenomena of nature, which I have, with so much assiduity and delight, treasured up in my mind, are, they say, *now* held by "the reading public," as tiresome interruptions to the "story" of mortal strife, battles, blood, and civil turmoil! I must, therefore, submit, and wave much that I had intended to depict of the chesnut crops *vice* potatoes, which distinguishes the main resource of the Corsican poor labourer from his social counterpart of Ireland;—of the interesting sight to a geologist, of granite rocks merging into the constituents of basaltic lavas filled with lucits. Of granites, by clear gradations, becoming *Cipolinas*. Of the most palpable demonstrations of the identity of granite with igneous lavas, in which latter, upon cooling, crystals of feldspar are produced, although a *sub-*

stance which *subsequent* incandescent heat calcines and obliterates. All these things, and many more, which *I* think might be very acceptable to a portion of my readers, I *must* eschew. However, I will not forget my brothers of the angle. I am an angler, even in defiance of the definitions attributed to Dr. Johnson, that prince of pedants; I will tell my brethren, that if ever they should visit Corsica, not to leave behind them their fly-rods and tackle. All the numerous mountain streams that intersect that island are full of trout, and fine ones too. One day I asked a man, at an inn where I breakfasted on beautiful fried trout of about a pound a-piece, how they had been caught? He answered, "with a feather." "What do you mean by a feather?" said I. "Why, we take a feather from the neck of a cock and tie it on to a little hook, and casting it on to the water by means of a long cane and a line of silkworm gut, the trout bite at it and are hooked." Oh, that's what *we* call "fly-fishing," thought I, and continued to devour the delicious produce of "the feather."

Not far from the "city" of Corté, which enjoys the honour, *de jure* but not *de facto*, of being the capital of the island, the road we were travelling followed the margin of a river embanked in clean rocky vertical margins, with here and there murmuring falls of limpid water into deep stone basins of some fifty yards in length, and then again and again other little falls into recipients of similar formation. Here are large trout, said my informant (a Corsican soldier) and some of ten pounds weight. I had my rod and tackle with me, but the circumstances of my journey were not at all conformable with my desire to catch one. "There," said my informant, pointing to a deep still cavity of the river channel, "there, some few weeks ago, another sort of fish, a black fish, floundered in the water." "What do you mean?" said I. "A parson," replied my man,—"a parso

of the neighbouring parish—a young Frenchman, promoted from Toulouse, or Avignon, to a living in this Italian island." "But how did he get into the water?" "Why, Sir, you must know, that he was more than suspected of paying very frequent and secret visits to a young woman (whether married or unmarried *I* forget) who lived on the other side of the river, and his shortest and most private way being across it at this spot, he had a very long plank which he placed across that deep narrow chasm over which he passed, and then withdrew his plank, and concealed it in the underwood. The relations of the woman found it out, and, thereupon, without making any fuss, sawed the plank great part through, so when my priest again trusted his weight upon it, snap *it* went, and down *he* went into the water. The smooth upright sides of the stone margins allowed him no other choice but that of dropping down the fall into the pool below the one into which he fell, and he was drowned." Thus, as I was conversing with my attendants, I arrived at Corté, where I learnt that my former acquaintance Mariani, who had been several years private secretary to the Minister Saliceti, of whom my readers will have some remembrance, had that very day been killed in a family broil, like those in "*Romeo and Juliet.*" Such as *in default of law*, deluge misgoverned communities with blood and crime.*

I took some rest at Corté, where I was met by an aide-

* I was much surprised to find the Italian language more generally well spoken by all classes in Corsica, than in any other part of Italy. The Venetians, Genoese, Neapolitans, Milanese, &c., &c., all have their dialects; even in Tuscany the aspirating pronunciation is so excessive as to render the lower orders unintelligible. But an Englishman who had only learnt his Italian from a master in England may converse with a Corsican shepherd and not lose a word, or be misunderstood in a word.

de-camp of King Joachim, with a letter in his Majesty's own hand, informing me, that in consequence of my despatch from Calvi, he had delayed his departure, otherwise fixed for that same evening; so he desired me to hasten my arrival at Ajaccio. The aide-de-camp also brought me a capital horse richly and comfortably caparisoned, upon which I peformed the remainder of my journey with more ease and celerity, leaving a portion of my suite behind me.

I arrived at Ajaccio at mid-day of the 28th September. The house occupied by the King was distinguishable by his standard over the gateway, and by the guard in front. The city had all the appearance of a fair. French soldiers of the garrison, unarmed, were walking arm in arm, or sitting with the followers of the King. Ladies were passing to and fro—a band of music enlivening the scene. I entered the house of a relation of M. Colonna, of Vescovato, because my attendants informed me, that the inns in that street were all full. I then sent to announce my arrival to the King, who desired me to come to him instanter, but invested as I was with the character of envoy from the Allied powers, I deemed it requisite first to communicate to him by letter the object of my mission; so I wrote the letter and was myself the bearer of it. He received me with all imaginable kindness, warmly embracing me, as though I had been his brother. Upon my giving him a brief account of the manner in which I had obtained for him from the Emperor of Austria, the offer of an asylum, he declared himself highly satisfied with every step I had taken. He was particularly affected at my description of the benevolent and generous co-operation I had received from the Duke of Wellington, expressed the most heartfelt acknowledgments and the ardent hope that he should one day have the happiness of taking the great and noble warrior by the hand, to thank him personally for his

favours. "And now, Maceroni," said the King, "You have another instance of the use of fortified places, and of the evils that must ensue from their being inadequately defended—had *you*, or such as you been in command of that magnificent fortress of Gaeta, by this time I should have been safe in England, and in the bosom of my adored family! You have seen how in three consecutive campaigns in Germany, empires and kingdoms were overthrown through the abandonment of the strongest fortresses in the world. Ulm, Magdeburg, Custrin, Stettin, and a list too long to name, having been surrendered by their dastardly or traitorous commanders, even when no other force was near them than I and my *cavalry!* Look at Paris in 1814,—had Marmont held out two days longer, which he might have done, France would have been saved!" Here, upon the mention of 1814, he looked up to the ceiling and struck his forehead with his hand in agony. These words of Murat were addressed to me in the presence of Generals Franceschetti, and Ottavj, of Colonels Currani, Ottaviani, Semedei, Ettore, Captain Galvani of the navy, and other officers, most of whom, I have reason to believe, are still living, being then all young men.

King Joachim desired me to retire with him into his private apartment, and conversed at length upon the object of my mission. I had recourse to every argument in my power to induce him to accede to the proposal of the Emperor of Austria, he replied, "You are unfortunately come too late, my dear Maceroni; the die is cast; I have waited nearly three months with the utmost patience, and at the constant risk of my life, for the decision of the allies. At last it appeared evident to me, that I was totally abandoned by the sovereigns who so lately courted my alliance, to perish by the daggers of my gratuitous enemies. At length I have resolved to regain my crown. I have great pros-

pects of success, but even should I fail, I can then only meet that death which I have so many hundred times faced when fighting for my country. The war in which I have recently been engaged with Austria, and in which England joined against me in violation of a treaty, during the course of which I have been obliged to take refuge in Corsica, could not, *de jure*, remove me from my position of a sovereign, acknowledged, during ten years, by all the governments of Europe. Kings, on going to war, do not, *ipse facto*, question each other's right to the crowns they wear! If by the fate of war a sovereign be driven from his capital, surely he has a right to return to it if he can find the means; and, moreover, I have signed no abdication."

While acknowledging the justice and the truth of these remarks, I still persisted in conjuring the King to abandon his project for which I did not think that he possessed adequate means; I prayed him to accept the refuge offered, and in the bosom of his family to await some favourable turn in the affairs of Europe, which might lead to the re-establishment of his fortunes. These arguments were of no avail, and the King concluded his reasons for persisting in his resolution in the following words. "I had made up my mind to become a prisoner for life, the pains of which would be much mitigated by my being in company with my wife and children; but, I repeat, I have now gone too far: *I have compromised three hundred brave officers and soldiers by accepting of their services, and if I now abandon them and leave them here behind me, they must infallibly fall victims to the vengeance of the Bourbon government.*"

The King assuring me that he intended to sail that night, I begged him to give me a written answer to the proposal of asylum I had been charged to make to him. Whereupon he sat down and wrote, in my presence, the following letter, in which he evades the question of immediate compliance,

and, in fact, merely conforms to the conventional necessity of giving me some sort of reply or other:

"Ajaccio, 28 Sept., 1815.

"M. Maceroni, Envoy of the Allied Powers to King Joachim,—I have just perused the despatches of which you are the bearer. I accept the passport which you are charged to deliver me, and shall use it to repair to the destination fixed in it. As to the condition which his Imperial and royal Majesty annexes to the offer of an asylum in Austria, I reserve to myself the privilege of treating upon this important subject when I shall be united to my family.

"The disrespectful summons which the Captain of his Britannic Majesty's frigate has addressed to me, prevents me from accepting the offer which you make me in his name, to receive me on board *his* vessel.

"Persecuted and menaced even in Corsica, because some persons ventured to accuse me of sinister intentions on this island, I had already prepared for my departure; in fact, I shall set out this night.

"I accept with pleasure the valets-de-chambre which you are pleased to cede me.

"Whereupon, M. de Maceroni, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. (Signed) "JOACHIM."

This letter evidently means just nothing at all, and was written without reflection, as it speaks of treating about the conditions of his asylum, when he shall be united to his family which was then in Austria. In fact, I instantly pointed out this absurdity to Murat, but, laughing, he said "never mind, never mind, it is an answer, is it not? Diplomatists never speak or look for truth." I then observed to him that it was utterly useless for him to think of concealing the real object of his expedition from Captain Bastard, for that, independently of myself, who had pledged my word to acquaint the Captain with his final determination, two persons named Carabelli, who had arrived from Leghorn on board the Meander, had just been conveyed by me to Ajaccio, whither I had brought them, because I

agreed in the object of their mission, which was to prevent, if possible, his expedition to Naples. He smiled and said, that neither I, nor Carabelli, nor Bastard, could now detain him, and added that I might present to him the younger Carabelli, who had been in his service, after dinner.

Dinner was announced, and the King seated me by his side. The company consisted of Generals Franceschetti and Ottavj, and five or six other officers of his staff. During dinner the King conversed with me with his usual gaiety and débonnaire; he was urgent in his inquiries about his family, and about those of his ministers and courtiers whom he feared might have suffered in the political convulsion. He also particularly questioned me concerning his "good and honourable friends," the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, Lord Sligo, Sir Robert Wilson, Lord Oxford, Lord Landaff, Lord Alvanley, General Montague Mathews, and several other Englishmen of distinction, who had partaken of the festivities of his court; and I have now particularised the names of these gentlemen, in consequence of the desire which the King expressed that they should be apprised of his remembrance, and, from the hope I entertain, that they will not feel less disposed to accept recollections because they were dictated in an hour of adversity. Murat was always what the French denominate an *Anglomane*, and now he spoke in very high terms of the British nation at large; but most especially of the Duke of Wellington, both as a "great Captain," and as a magnanimous enemy. On alluding to the late hostilities of the English government against himself, he said that it would soon discover its erroneous policy in neglecting to set up, or rather maintain, so powerful an auxiliary as he would have been, had he retained the crown of Naples. He likewise spoke at considerable length of the battle of Waterloo, and much praised the valour and discipline of the British troops;

but he reprobated the manner in which the French cavalry had been employed and sacrificed even at the beginning of the battle. "Ah," said he, "how must the Emperor, on that day, have regretted the having refused *me* the command of that cavalry! Two or three only—perhaps one—of the British squares of infantry broken—and the battle was surely ours! *I* would have broken their squares! I never charged one yet which I did not break—even the Russian squares, and *no* troops can stand *more* like posts of wood than do the Russians. It is absurd to think that any line of men on foot can avoid being knocked head over heels, were their feet spiked to the soil, by a body of horses coming in *contact with them at a real and determined unchecked gallop.* No infantry, Maceroni," added the King, "can ever stand a *proper* charge of cavalry, unless such as you proposed to me to arm and call 'foot lancers.' The ten foot lance *may* keep off the cavalry, especially with the front rank of lances fixed obliquely in the ground. The bayonet and musket is too short a weapon *in its spear capacity;* but your plan will *double the defensive as well as the offensive power of infantry.* I wish that I had had time to adopt your plan."* He then spoke of an oblique spiral charge against the enemy's bayonets, which often succeeds with cavalry that is not certain to be brought up with an entire and *sincere* impetus in front. On the subject of Waterloo, he concluded with a sigh, "Oh, had I been there!" Such was his calm, collected cheerfulness of mind, even under such circumstances, that he spoke of and joked me about many things and freaks that he had heard of my performing at Naples. For instance, he asked me if I had shot any more wild ducks in the head with ball, and

* I will explain all about my Foot Lancers by and by, in my *Opusculi.*

heard the stroke? Whether I still continued to catch wild ducks in winter by going into the water with my head covered with a bush or a pumpkin, and so pulling them down by the legs? Whether I was as fond of the crater of Mount Vesuvius as ever? Running races against coach and horses; and many other questions, some of which having ladies in the case, I cannot mention.

After dinner he desired me to attend him again in his private apartment. He allowed me to speak with the utmost frankness and unreserve, but as it was too late to discuss past errors, I just merely glanced at some of these and directed my efforts to dissuade him from his project. Amongst other arguments I depicted the allied Sovereigns, together with their advisers and their armies, still all congregated together, disposed and able to act in concert as one man, upon any emergency, or at the desire of any one of their number; on some perhaps not far distant day, divergent views and interests might arise; the different armies would soon be withdrawn into their respective countries, and the Neapolitan people would have had time to appreciate the vast superiority of his enlightened administration, and become thoroughly sickened of the change of masters which had been imposed upon them. The Neapolitan army would also have been reunited by the new government, and upon the re-appearance of their old commander and Sovereign, secure his triumph by one spontaneous movement. Many other things I urged; but he was immovable in his resolution. I now reflected that it was by no means impossible or even *improbable*, but that some circumstance might occur during the execution of, or even previously, to the actual commencement of his hostile attempt, which might lead him to alter his intentions, either from necessity or change of counsel, and dispose him to take advantage of the offer he then rejected and so still be saved.

I conceived a hope, for it was within the verge of possibility, that a moment of reflection might cause him to relax in his purpose. In the then season of the year the dispersion of his little squadron was highly probable. Dissensions amongst his officers, who were not on perfectly good terms together,—even sea sickness might assist in diverting him from the execution of his project, for sadly does that affection of the human frame lower the moral as well as physical energies of the sufferer. I, therefore, as a last resource, and as physicians oftentimes prescribe things that can do no harm, if they can do no good, requested the King to take the passport for Trieste "*for himself and six attendants*," supplicating him in the most earnest manner to avail himself of it should the least occasion offer. He smiled at my idea of his changing his resolve, but complying with my request, put the passport into his pocket.*

Having now found all my arguments and entreaties vain, I could not refrain from begging the King to allow me to accompany him on his expedition, and share his destiny. To this proposal he would not for a moment listen, but declared, that both my duty and *his interest* demanded that I should return to Paris to render an account of my mission to those who had deputed me, and that he would not fail to communicate with me as soon as possible, when having at Paris or in London a friend like me, upon whom he could implicitly depend, would be to him an advantage infinitely greater than the adding one more officer to the

* My readers will by and by see how I was subsequently insulted and libelled in the Quarterly Review, as having been guilty of a treacherous breach of faith and duty, and worthy of being hanged, for having by the consignment of *this passport*, endeavoured to assist Murat in *his invasion of Naples at the head of three hundred armed soldiers!* Incredible as it may appear, party malignity and Tory persecution *did* adopt, and even insist upon so atrociously ridiculous a pretence to injure me!

expedition he was about to undertake. I ceded to these reasons, or rather to the first expressed, that is, the propriety of my giving an account of my mission to those who had employed me with so much considerate courtesy.

Previously to my taking leave of the King, I reminded him of his promise to see Carabelli, upon which he sent for Ignazio, whom I believed, and still believe, to be an honest man. It was not many minutes before he entered the room, in which the King desired me to remain, saying, that he had no secrets for me. Carabelli urged every argument in his power to dissuade the King from his meditated enterprise, and assured him of the preparations that, on all points, had been made to defeat him. It has been stated by other writers, that the Carabelli were sent by Ferdinand and his crafty minister Medici to comfort Murat in his undertaking, in order that he might fall into the snare prepared for him, and thus speedily be got rid of. But I do not believe a word of this, or, much less, that any of his former generals and courtiers assisted Ferdinand in inveigling him to his destruction, which has also been asserted. The fact is, that the Bourbon government were frightened out of their proprieties at the idea of his attempt, and thus they sent the Carabelli and Captain Bastard, not to encourage but to prevent it. So alarmed were the Bourbon ministers, that, even after he was captured and safely lodged in the castle of Pizzo, it was proposed in their councils to arrest all the most prominent Muratists at Naples, lest he should be rescued. These "Muratists," nor any other portion of the public at Naples, did not even know of his landing or arrest, because the government, of course, had possession of the telegraphs, and they took good care not to announce even his capture, except simultaneously with his death. My space will not allow me to go any further into the refutation of the charge of his having been invited

or inveigled, either by the Bourbon government or by his former friends. The former was far too much afraid of him to have done any such thing, especially as there were so many *ifs* and contingencies in his case that might have caused his success. On his friends and late courtiers it is a stupid calumny; besides, I do not think that there was, at that time at Naples, even one such remaining in whom he would have reposed sufficient confidence for such a momentous decision.

Whilst Carabelli was still present with the King, the latter remarked to me, that the letter which he had addressed to me that day was very unbecoming his dignity and firmness of purpose, and that he would now address me another in which he would take occasion of expressing his real sentiments, motives, and intentions. Accordingly, sitting down to his desk, he wrote the following letter, or rather, he wrote the first half of it, then calling for Colonel Ottaviani, I think it was, he continued to dictate to him whilst I conversed with Carabelli.

"Ajaccio 28th September, 1815.

"M. Maceroni, Envoy of the Allied Powers to King Joachim,—My first letter of this day was dictated by the impulse of the moment. But it is now a duty which I owe to myself, to truth and to your noble frankness and sincerity, to acquaint you with my real intentions.

"I value my liberty above every other good. Captivity and death are to me synonymous.—What treatment can I expect from those powers who abandoned me for two months to the daggers of the assassins of Marseilles? *I* saved the life of the Marquess de Rivière—he was condemned to perish on a scaffold; *I* obtained his pardon from the Emperor. Execrable truth!—*he* instigated these wretches,—*he* it was who set a price upon my head! ! !

"Wandering in the woods, hidden in the mountains, I owe my life solely to the generous compassion which my misfortunes excited in the breasts of three French officers; they conveyed me to Corsica, at the imminent peril of their lives.

"Wretches there are who assert that I have taken away with me great treasures from Naples; do they not know that when I received that kingdom in exchange for my Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves (which I possessed in virtue of a solemn treaty), I brought to Naples immense riches? All was expended for the improvement of my kingdom at Naples. Has the sovereign who has since been placed on that throne, recognised any of its former features? Neither myself or my family now possess decent means of subsistence.

"I will not accept, M. Maceroni, the conditions which you are charged to offer me. I perceive nothing in them but an absolute abdication, on the mere condition that *I shall be permitted to exist*, but in endless captivity, subject to the arbitrary action of the laws *under a despotic government*. Is this moderation? Is this justice? Is this the regard—the respect due to an unfortunate Monarch who has been formally recognised by all Europe, and who, at a very critical moment, decided the campaign of 1814, in favour of those very powers, who now *contrary to their own interests*, pursue him with the overwhelming weight of their persecutions?

"It is a well known truth that I drove back the Austrians as far as the Pò, only because I had been persuaded by dint of intrigue, that they were preparing to *attack me*, though without the concurrence of England. I judged it necessary to advance my line of defence, and gain the people to my cause.

"No one knows better than you, M. Maceroni, and Lord Bentinck himself, that I made the fatal movement of retreat, only upon the declaration of that General, that he felt himself obliged to support the Austrians, because they had claimed his aid. You are well aware of the causes which produced disorder and desertion in my fine army. False reports so artfully circulated of my death—of the landing of the English in Naples,—the conduct of General Pignatelli, Strongoli; in fine, the treachery of *some* officers, who, by their insinuations and example, succeeded with perfidious art to sow discouragement and desertion.

"At this moment there does not exist a single individual of that army, who is not sensible of his errors. I am going to join them—they are all eager to see me again at their head. They, and every class of my well beloved subjects, have preserved to me their affections.

"*I have not abdicated.*—I have a right to recover my crown if God gives the force and the means. My presence on the throne of Naples could not now be a subject of dread. It could no longer be pretended

that I corresponded with Napoleon, who is at St. Helena. Much to the contrary. Both England and Austria might reap advantages from it, which they may look for in vain from the Sovereign whom it has pleased them to put in my place.

"I indulge in these details, M. Maceroni, because it is to *you* that I am writing. Your conduct towards me, your reputation and your name, give you claims to my candour and esteem.

"You could not throw any obstacle in the way of my departure, although such might be your desire. By the time you receive this letter, I shall be well advanced towards my destination. I shall either succeed or terminate my misfortunes with my life. I have faced death a thousand and a thousand times in fighting for my country:—shall I not be permitted to brave it once for myself? I tremble only for the fate of my family.

"I shall ever remember with pleasure the noble and delicate manner in which you have fulfilled your mission to me. It forms an agreeable contrast with the gratuitously insolent and revolting behaviour of several other persons towards me, who neither possessed the powers nor public consideration which you enjoy.

"I have given orders that your papers may be returned to you. Whereupon, M. Maceroni, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping."

(Signed) JOACHIM."*

Previously to my taking leave of the King, he spontaneously remarked, that he owed me a considerable sum of money, for several journies I had taken on his account from Italy to England, and for various articles which I had purchased in England for the Queen and himself, for which I had not been reimbursed. He added that for the present,

* These two original letters of King Joachim to me, were amongst my papers, seized upon by the Marquis de Rivière on my arrival at Marseilles from Ajaccio, and were sent to Paris, where they have been all retained. But I had previously sent copies to Prince Metternich and to London. Both Generals Franceschetti and Colletta seem to have obtained copies somewhere, as the versions they gave in their histories of the death of Murat, correspond *verbatim* with the above. If I find space, I will give the original French in the Appendix.

it was only in his power barely to repay me, but expressed a hope that it would not be long before he should be enabled to confer on me substantial proofs of his regard and estimation. He regretted that he had only a very small quantity of gold, which it was necessary for him to husband for his most pressing necessities, but that he would give me a draft for forty thousand francs, payable to my order on a Mr. Barillon, banker in Paris, who held some funds belonging to him. I replied that it was my fault in having so often neglected to apply for my reimbursement and even my pay, at the proper quarter, and at the proper time at Naples, and that with respect to this my journey from Paris to Ajaccio, Prince Metternich had promised to reimburse me; that I could by no means think of taking money from him in his present circumstances, but as the draft he offered me was on Paris, I would willingly accept such payment as could not personally inconvenience him. He wrote a letter of advice, and the draft itself, the former of which I put into the post at Toulon, the latter I placed in my pocket-book.

It was now past eleven at night, and the departure of the expedition was fixed for one o'clock. I sent for the two valets I had brought to Murat, as also for the trunk of clothes, &c., and consigned them to him. Armand and Richard were men of very superior intelligence and information. They had attended on the person of the King during many splendid happy years, whilst their wives were in the service of the Queen. Poor Murat, of so affectionate a disposition, was more delighted at having these faithful servants restored to him, than had I brought him their weight in gold.

On the point of midnight, General Franceschetti entered to announce that all was ready, upon which the King cordially embracing me, I took my leave in an agony of emotion.

Carabelli came with me. Not thinking it consistent actually to assist at his embarkation, I retired to my lodgings, which were within a stone's throw of the citadel, under the walls of which the King's flotilla lay. Being much heated and fatigued I took of my clothes and endeavoured to compose myself to rest. I found it impossible to sleep, and listened with anxiety to the sound of agitated people, running up and down the streets calling out names, as if in search of some comrades who were missing. I went to my balcony and saw Carabelli speaking with energy and gesticulations to a group of his armed countrymen close under me. Every house and window was closed—no noise was heard proceeding from the port close by, and I began to hope that some suspense or counter-order had been given. I determined upon going out to make inquiry, but I had only got on my boots and trousers, when I heard the discharge of a cannon of small calibre close at hand. This was soon followed by another from a heavy gun loaded with shot, as I heard it whistle. I hastily buckled on my sabre, and seizing my double barrelled carbine, rushed into the street. Before having time to make myself known, or give any explanation, I was on the point of coming to disagreeable extremities with several desperate fellows armed cap-à-pie, who were looking for absconders. The singularity of my appearance, as well it might, particularly attracted their notice, but I arrived unhurt under the walls of the citadel, though greatly alarmed for the safety of the King. There were artillery-men with lighted matches upon the sea-batteries, and I could discern the little armament at a short distance under sail. Several more shots were fired, upon which I anxiously, and in a peremptory, tone inquired of a sentry on the walls, the cause of the firing, and whether it had not been directed against the King? His answer was, "You may make yourself easy about that, Sir; you may depend upon it, we

take good care to fire wide of the mark," and, on my further inquiry, he added, that the first shot I had heard was from the King's own vessel as a signal for getting under weigh. On this information I returned to my apartment, not without some further altercation with armed men in the streets, and meeting also with Ignazio Carabelli, now joined by his brother, who had arrived with him in the Meander, and another brother, the identical Captain of the guards who had several years previously threatened the life of my friend Rambaud, in consequence of his affair with Madame Cataneo, as already related.

Early next morning the first visit I received was from the Mayor of the city, a M. Martinenghi. He came to apprise me officially of the departure of King Joachim, who, he said, had sailed at one o'clock with only two hundred and fifty followers, who were, however, all veteran soldiers, and the most determined characters in the island.* In a few minutes the now three Carabelli came to me with a similar account, but they added that, through their remonstrances and representations, above a hundred of Murat's followers, amongst whom were several officers, and even General Ottavj, had been induced to abandon the expedition and remain at home. Upon this information I internally regretted the having permitted these men to come with me from Bastia, where they must otherwise have

* This gentleman, Martinenghi, by his firmness, moderation, and conciliating conduct, saved his country from the horrors of civil war. With this benevolent intent he remained at Ajaccio on the approach of King Joachim, when all the other magistrates, through fear of being compromised with the Bourbons, abandoned their posts. I afterwards learnt, that his stay in Ajaccio at that moment was regarded as a non-participation of the hatred and bloodthirsty views of the Bourbon court towards King Joachim, upon which pretext he was imprisoned and suffered a long persecution.

remained; but I had done so in the confident expectation of the asylum being accepted by Murat, and of the Carabelli perhaps aiding me in my persuasions. But as Murat *had* sailed, I regretted having been the cause of a diminution of his forces.

I was shortly afterwards visited by Colonel Delaforest, military commander of Ajaccio, who informed me that from the first moment of the arrival of the King in that city he had been so entirely unable to control his garrison as not to have it in his power to oppose the least obstacle to the views and preparations of the King and of his friends. The utmost that he had been able to effect was the having kept his men within the gates of the citadel; but on the sailing of the expedition, he had thought it requisite at least to fire a few shots as an official sign of non-concurrence. That in doing this he had met with much difficulty and danger, as the soldiers openly and loudly exclaimed, that "the first who should put a match to a gun should certainly be saluted by a volley from behind." At length he had, he said, succeeded in persuading his men to fire the few shots I had heard, but in a direction quite wide of the flotilla. He was at great pains to assure me, that had he acted towards his garrison with less policy and cautious forbearance, they would have entirely broken from his command, and thus given a first impulse, more than sufficient at that juncture, to create a general insurrection in the island. I assured him, that I highly approved of the entire of his conduct, and would make my report accordingly to his Government.

At this moment a person brought a letter, addressed to me by the King, which was no other than the one I have just transcribed. I opened it, and gave it to read aloud to Colonel Delaforest, that all present might hear it. *They all shed tears.* I immediately had copies of it taken, to

send to the French Minister of Police at Paris and to Prince Metternich.

In conformity to my engagement with Captain Bastard, it was necessary that I should inform him as soon as possible of King Joachim's departure; but during the turmoil of the preceding eventful night it had been quite impossible. It was, moreover, absolutely indispensable for me to procure for that journey some sure and trustworthy person, and for that purpose I had applied to Messrs. Carabelli and the Mayor, Martinenghi. I had the preceding evening been about to acquaint the King with the necessity of my performing that unpleasant duty, when he quickly interrupted me by asking, whether I supposed him to be so short-sighted as not to have foreseen the necessity of providing against this circumstance? and he assured me, that no sooner had I and my party passed the defiles of Bogonano, which may be called the Thermopoly, between northern and southern Corsica, than they were immediately guarded by his friends so as effectually to prevent the return of a single individual, or even of an army, back to Bastia. He added, that they would continue to be so guarded until the evening after his departure, which would ensure him the start over Captain Bastard by at least forty hours, which was more than he desired.

The occupation of the pass of Bogonano by the King's friends, indeed, presented an impediment to any communication with the northern parts of the island, which could not have been overcome by a thousand of the best troops in the world if such had been at my disposal.*

* Most people are acquainted with the great strength and inaccessibility, in a military point of view, of the island of Corsica. I think it was in 1795, that in the vicinity of Bogonano four hundred British soldiers were arrested in their march by some Corsicans, who defended their post in an old ruin for three days, when, from want, principally of

It was mid-day before a proper messenger was introduced to me; I consigned to him my despatches to Captain Bastard, as well as those for Paris, and Carabelli gave him their's, addressed to the Neapolitan government. I paid the man twenty-five Napoleons for his trouble. Maugre all this close guarding of the pass by the King's friends, my courier passed without the slightest interruption. The parties on guard were fully prepossessed with the idea that my intelligence would have been conveyed by the detachment of Gensd'armes who had escorted me from Bastia, and which was still at my disposal. Thanks to this error of the pass-keepers, Captain Bastard received my letter in the unusually short period of *thirty hours*; that is, forty-two hours after the sailing of the King. He immediately set sail in his pursuit, but unluckily did not overtake him.

I will for a moment leave King Joachim with his two hundred and fifty men, on board of six feluccas to pursue his voyage, while I just mention what further occurred to me at Ajaccio, where, through contrary winds, I was compelled to remain several days. Some of the most influential men of that part of the island paid me great attention, invited me to several dinners, and did all in their power to make my sojourn agreeable. Their conversation always led to the discussion of the great advantages that would accrue to Corsica in being under the dominion of England, the

water, they were obliged to capitulate, but on the most honourable terms. To the astonishment of the English, this *garrison* was found to consist of only thirteen men. They had killed or wounded fifty-six English, including several officers, amongst whom was the commander, who, impatient at what he called the paltry impediment, had approached close up to the enemy in the idea of intimidating them by his boldness and his verbal threats. We see fortresses of the first class, commanded by Generals of high titles and sage experience, deliver up their trusts, with three hundred cannon, which might as well have been as many butter barrels!

mistress of the sea—the centre of commercial enterprise and power, rather than be attached to France. I joined in such remarks, merely as a matter of conversation, but assured the interlocutors, that in the present state of European affairs, there was no chance of England depriving her bosom ally, Louis XVIII., of that which was regarded so absurdly as an integral portion of his dominions—a very "*department*" of France. I soon began to see their drift, and to feel embarrassed by it; at length, one day, several of these gentlemen, observing that I was fond of fishing, invited me to an excursion up a certain valley, in which a river flowed, teeming with trout. I accepted the invitation, and being provided with my rod and tackle, and mounted on a capital mule, off I started early on the morning of the 3rd October, 1815, in company with four or five of my kind entertainers. We did not travel less than seven miles before arriving at that portion of the river which I was assured was so very fishy. There at last we alighted, in a glen, which to describe or portray would well employ the pens or the pencils of half a dozen picturesque-tour writers or painters. Rocks heaped upon rocks—stupendous—reaching up around and on every side to bid defiance to the foot of man, and only to be surmounted by the eagles and the ravens which we saw soaring over-head. The sound of waters falling from above, and then the bright sparkling waves dashed under our feet, confined in rocky beds, where sure the gentle naiads could find but ill repose. Huge chesnut trees and oaks, which looked coeval with the granite masses out of which they grew, seemed to defy the lapse of time, and to take nourishment from the ambient air and flittering sunbeams, rather than from the scanty covering of earthy matter that barely concealed their roots. But hold! I must stick to incidents. So out of the ample wallets of a sumpture mule or two were speedily extracted viands of sweet and savoury

odour, fresh from the hands of a master cook; then store of bottles filled with wines, corked up in olden times, and now struggling to be freed from wires that imprisoned them. Hams, sausages, cold pies, were all spread out beneath the shadow of an over-hanging rock, from whence the trickling water gave a freshness to the air, and falling on our bottles, cooled the wine almost as well as ice. What can all this preparation mean, thought I? we are but four, and here is food for forty! Presently the sound of horses' feet was heard, and five more members added to our company. Again a little while and other six arrived. My introducers, or perhaps, *se*ducers I might call them, now formally presented to me all the party that had joined us, and after we had all partaken of the ample feast, the servants were ordered to retire to a distance and regale themselves with the remainder. The real object of the meeting was now unveiled to me, and I give my reader thrice to guess at what it was. Nothing more nor less than to request that I would put myself at the head of a powerful and overwhelming movement of the English, Buonapartian, and Independent parties, all combined, to break the yoke of French dominion, and proclaim the island of Corsica a dependency of England. It is unnecessary for me to repeat the arguments I used to shew these gentlemen the impossibility of the plan. It all lay in a mere nutshell, as it was sufficient to assure them, that England would not, because she *could not*, accept the offer. She was at peace—nay in strict alliance, offensive and defensive, with Bourbon Louis, whom, big as he was, they had by dint of bayonets, just crammed down the throat of France. How could they expect that England could listen for a moment to such a proposal! That the union would be of vast advantage to both, it was very true. The magnificent timber of Corsica alone would be of infinite use to maritime England. But

the thing that they proposed was utterly impracticable, and so I earnestly advised them to say no more about it, if they did not wish to find themselves attacked by an overwhelming force of Bourbon troops, supported, probably, by the fleets of that very England whose protection they aspired to. I assured them, that no man could possibly feel a greater degree of contempt and detestation of the base sanguinary Bourbons than myself, or a stronger desire to promote the interests, not only of that glorious England where I had first drawn my breath, but that of the whole human family. So if I could see the slightest hope of *final* success, I should be delighted and most proud of accepting the honourable command they offered me, the command of such noble, free-minded, and valorous men; but again and again I urged that theirs was only a glorious dream, and nothing more. The deputies and chiefs listened to me with great attention and respect, but so pertinacious were they, that I was compelled to repeat my objections and arguments over and over again, before I could duly impress upon them the truth of my positions. Had I not fully detailed to them the history of my own imprisonment at Paris, and of the murderous persecutions of Murat, they would have attributed my refusal to some feeling in favour of their hated dominators; but that recital satisfied them of my innocence of any such bad taste. To conclude this anecdote, I have only to state, that I was obliged, to promise my friends, that upon my return to England I would at least, sound Lord Castlereagh on the subject they had proposed to me. I then returned to Ajaccio with the party with which I had left it in the morning.

Bitterly! oh, how bitterly! have I since had cause to regret that I did not accede to the proposal of these brave and sincere Corsican patriots. I should have been for a time in a position to inspire some particle of *fear* in the breasts

of my unrelenting persecutors, and when ultimately overthrown, I should either have met death or preserved some wreck that would have saved me from starvation, and my shoeless children from going supperless to bed!

Several successive days of bad, blowing weather, detained me at Ajaccio, when, there being no other conveyance, I hired a vessel called a *Speronara* of about sixty tons, purposely to convey me to *Toulon*. Having been summoned to embark at a very early hour, in consequence of a sudden change of wind, and dressing myself in a hurry, I left behind me, under my pillow, a gold chronometer watch with chain and seals, of the value of one hundred and twenty guineas. Upon discovering my loss, I put into a little bay, and sent a messenger to Ajaccio for my watch, but did not recover it. Whilst *I* am on my way back to Toulon, I will call my readers' attention to the progress of King Joachim, and then continue my own personal recital.

The King's vessels were six feluccas, or bilancellas, each commanded by an officer of rank, but the whole was unfortunately under the orders of one Barbara, a Maltese ex-Privateer commander, whom the King had some years before elevated to the rank of captain of a frigate. As I have already stated, the King had reckoned on about four hundred men, but Carabelli's persuasions had reduced the number to two hundred and fifty. This was but a very slender force for the important enterprise, but to Murat, the desperate situation in which he had been for some months past, suggested desperate projects. Joachim had lived in constant prosperity. Every enterprise had succeeded; fortune had smiled upon him for more than twenty consecutive years; he had all this while been the veritable Achilles of the French armies; like him superlatively brave, powerful, generous, and seemingly invulnerable. Ever in the midst of the greatest danger, peril was quite unknown to him. He flew

into the face of death,—and death invariably respected *him;* his enemies even loved him. A state of happiness and prosperity was to him the natural course of things; his late sufferings had been an episode, which had only excited his feelings. His friends had often times remonstrated against his so recklessly exposing himself to danger in the hottest part of every battle, to these he would reply—"The bullet that is to kill me, is not yet cast." Thus, an enterprise which to my more cool and calculating mind appeared temerity,—to Joachim, was but a freak and risk of ordinary and natural performance. Another fact, which history teaches us to remark, is, that a man who has once been seated on a throne, can seldom or never become reconciled to retire into private life; even when such has been accompanied and rendered most enviable, through every appliance of wealth, and every enjoyment save that most troublesome and responsible one of regal command. Some sovereigns, who have had a spirit superior to their feelings and inclinations, have ceded regal authority with a good and philosophic grace, but of such was not Joachim Murat.

As it will not occupy many lines of this book, and as most men when they have done their duty, are pleased at seeing their actions recorded on the page of history, and so preserved to the knowledge of their children, I will here give the names of the officers, sincere and honourable men, who were put in command of the six little vessels which composed the "Corsican armada." These were, Colonels Currani, Ottaviani, and Courrand; this latter, a Frenchman, who, I am very sorry to say, betrayed his trust, as I shall by and by show. Further, there were, Captains Ettore, Mattei, Moltedo, Semidei, Giacometti, Galvani, Permei, Lanfranchi, and Medori; and the Lieutenants

Rossi, Lega, Graziani, Costa, Marchetti, Reobaldi, Battestini, and Cecconi, of the navy.

During the first twenty-four hours, the wind and weather were favourable to the expedition; but on the second night a gale of wind threw the flotilla on the lee shore of Sardigna, where they were on the point of shipwreck. With much difficulty the vessels rallied at the desert island of Tavolara, on the N.E. point of that island. At length, after six days of bad weather, they arrived at night off the coast of Calabria Citra, three leagues distant from Paola. Being so near shore, but not at the point where it had been agreed to land, all lights and fires were extinguished on board, to avoid observation from the coast. A violent wind now sprung up from land, occasioned, probably, by a fall of snow on the higher ranges of the Appennines. The night was dark, but the squadron for several hours kept together and near the shore, by tacking and lying-to. But at midnight it blew such a gale, as to drive them all to sea and disperse them far and wide. At daybreak on the 7th of October, *the King found himself alone.* But in the course of the morning he was joined by the vessel of Cecconi; the two cast anchor in the roads of San Lucido. The King despatched Cecconi in search of the four missing vessels, and meanwhile ordered Colonel Ottaviani, accompanied by a sailor, to land on the neighbouring shore for information. They were both made prisoners.

At Salerno, which is a considerable city only thirty miles south east of Naples, the principal remnants of Murat's army had been assembled for the purpose of re organization. There, with his three or four hundred men, he intended to land, and little doubt was there, but that he would have been instantly joined by the great majority of his late forces. From Salerno, the march was to Avelino, and destroying

the telegraphs wherever found, pass on rapidly through the provinces round about Naples, which city would be entered by him so soon as his operations, and the efforts of his partisans, had sufficiently alarmed the Bourbon authorities and excited the people.

But now all this plan was blown to pieces by the rude breaths of Aquilon and Boreas. The felucca of Cecconi brought in the one commanded by Colonel Courrand, but could gain no tidings of the other three. It was proposed for the three vessels to pass the point of Paola, as there they would infallibly find their three companions; but Barbara overruled this decision, by alleging that they would by so doing fall in with the Sicilian gallies, which had already been advised by the telegraphs of the presence off the coast of their suspicious-looking vessels.

Whilst the King and his officers were consulting as to the best course to steer, Captain Pernice and a Lieutenant came hastily on board the vessel of the King, and requested permission to remain there, inasmuch, as they declared Courrand to be a traitor who was tampering with his crew to abandon the expedition. The accused being ordered on board the vessel of Barbara before the King, strenuously denied the charge, declared his entire devotion and readiness to do his duty whatever might happen.

It was highly dangerous to remain stationary; so Murat ordered the prows to be directed towards Amantea. By order of General Franceschetti, Barbara had taken the boat of Courrand in tow. In this boat were sixty veteran soldiers who had assisted in a hundred victories. About midnight, just as it was intended to land with about one hundred and twenty men, the traitor Courrand cut the tow rope and made off from the coast in the direction of Corsica. It was afterwards ascertained that he had with difficulty succeeded in persuading his men, that in consequence of the

loss of half of the squadron and of the men, the King had decided upon going to Trieste. At the moment when he cut the rope, the men were asleep and did not discover their situation until they could no longer see anything but stars and water.

The loss of Courrand's vessel and men sorely distressed the King, and Franceschetti now taking advantage of so favourable an occasion, undertook to dissuade him from his fatal project of landing in Calabria. He found, with disinterested joy, that the King became perfectly resigned to the acceptance of the offer of an asylum in Austria, as he spontaneously exclaimed, "Now, what a fortunate thing it is, that I was prevailed upon by Maceroni to put the passport for Trieste into my pocket. We are more than six, but we have two vessels, and those who do not wish to accompany me on the voyage to Trieste, can return home to Corsica in one of them; moreover, I am sure, that the governor of Trieste having been written to by Prince Metternich, will not refuse to receive a few individuals more than are indicated in the passport. Besides, the chief document proposing the asylum, does not limit the number of my suite, and so half a dozen more or less will make no difference." This reasoning of Murat's was perfectly correct, because the honest Emperor Francis was sincere in his expressed compassion for the fallen King of Naples, and infinitely above being capable of allowing any paltry police technicality to interfere between his benevolent will and its fulfilment.

King Joachim now cheerfully gave orders for proceeding towards Trieste, but Barbara pleaded that there was not water or provisions on board sufficient for the voyage, and that it was indispensable to enter some port in order to provide all that was necessary, and added, that, if possible, a larger vessel should be hired to navigate the Adriatic

with safety at that equinoxial period of they ear. Barbara concluded by offering to enter the port of Pizzo with the felucca of Cecconi, where he expected to find everything that could be required to effect a safe voyage to Trieste. Murat acceded to the proposal, and as the hostile landing was given up, he cast into the sea five hundred copies of a proclamation he had intended to distribute about the country, as an invitation to the Neapolitans to second his efforts in regaining his crown. Barbara had just pushed off for shore, when, as though actuated by a second thought, he suddenly requested that the King's passport for Trieste should be confided to him, that he might show it to the authorities of Pizzo; *but he also hinted that he had some misgivings that the King might set off before his return, and so leave him in the lurch.* Murat, surprised and indignant at the demand, especially as it was accompanied by so injurious an insinuation, refused to allow the papers to be for an instant out of his own possession, and exclaimed, "As he refuses to obey me, and dares to suspect *me* of treachery, I will go on shore myself. I have done too much good to the Neapolitans for them to have forgotten it; they will not refuse me the supplies and necessaries I require, especially as I shall pay for them handsomely."

At mid-day on Sunday, the 8th of October, 1815, King Joachim Murat landed in the little port of Pizzo, in the gulf of Sant Eufemia, not far from the celebrated field of Maida, the antecedent gests of which are well known, besides my having recorded them again in this book at the proper period. So soon as the boat touched the shore, several officers were in the act of leaping out, when they were checked by the King exclaiming, "Hold a bit, gentlemen; allow me to be the first to set my foot again on the beautiful land I love," and then leapt on to that soil which, in a few brief hours after, supplied a grave for his mutilated

remains. Twenty-eight officers and soldiers and three domestics followed their heroic chief. *Sixty-nine veterans, and for the most part decorated warriors, remained behind in the two feluccas of Cecconi and Barbara. This fact is alone conclusive of Murat's sincere abandonment of his reconquering enterprise, and of his intention to proceed to Trieste.* A number of sailors who were the first to see and to recognise him, shouted out "Viva il nostro Ré Gioachino!" Many inhabitants and artillery men of the coast batteries soon came up, and most of the soldiers joined the sailors in the shout of welcome. The circumstance of its being a Sunday caused the assembly of people rapidly to increase; but the *inhabitants* showed, by their astonished looks and dubious manners, that they knew not what part to take in the event. Along the entire coast of the kingdom of Naples, from Fondi to Reggio on one side —from Reggio to Ascoli on the other, a spot could not be found on which the inhabitants were *less* well disposed towards Murat than at this quasi Spanish village of Pizzo. Joachim hastened to exclaim, that he wished to be heard and to give an account of his appearance to a magistrate of the place. But before any such explanation or arrangement could occur, it seemed probable that an explosion would throw all into confusion. It was evident that parties of different sentiments were in contact with each other. At this moment of suspense two young gentlemen accosted the King, and privately urged him to listen to their advice; but the crowd prevented him, probably, from understanding their meaning. "Allow *me* first to explain myself before it be too late," replied Murat; "I am come here, as you see, with only a few attendants, simply for the purpose of obtaining means to proceed to join my family at Trieste, for which place I have passports that I wish to shew to the competent authorities." "You will find nothing *here*,"

whispered the young men, "but enmity and death. You are here surrounded with enemies, who will not give you time to explain yourself. Even now they are preparing your destruction. We are of Monteleone, which you know is only six miles distant; we will conduct you thither, and pledge ourselves that, one way or other, either by force or by stratagem, you shall be saved, if you are but fortunate enough to escape from this vile place."

"On, then, to Monteleone," said Murat; and onwards the little party marched. The road ascending out of Pizzo to Monteleone is extremely steep; the King who had had his great limbs cramped up for so many days on board of his felucca, and who, moreover, in consequence of the comparative tranquillity he enjoyed in Corsica, had accumulated a little extra fat about his heart and lungs, became inconvenienced and somewhat "blown" by the pace at which his party ascended the mountain. At last he was seized with a violent "stitch," and was compelled to halt for breath in an olive grove by the road-side.

It had so happened that, during the rigours of General Manhes in Calabria, the town of Pizzo particularly suffered, because the Anglo-Sicilian instigators to Brigandage had been greatly encouraged in making this place one of their principal points of landing, in consequence of the greater portion of the town and its dependencies being the property of the Duke del Infantado, a Grandee of Spain and a red hot Tory. The agent and factotum of this Duke, one Don Antonio Alcalas, of course possessed much influence over the inhabitants, and no sooner had Joachim turned his back upon the town, than this Alcalas hastened to call his tenants, "friends," and dependents, to arms. In this proceeding he was strenuously seconded by a captain of gendarmerie, named Trentacapelli, and both were favoured in their sudden movement by its being a Sunday, and every man at home

with his gun in a corner. This Trentacapelli had once been tried by a court-martial for some offence, and Murat had confirmed the sentence against him, which was very mild. He now chanced to be on a visit to his parents at Pizzo, and seized the opportunity of joining in the attack upon his sovereign and commander.

From the elevated spot where we have just left Murat halting for breath, the party headed by Trentacapelli could be descried at a considerable distance. In advance of the rest, the King recognised two artillery-men, who, he thought, might be of those who had just previously given him a "loyal" welcome. Regardless of the intreaties of his friends, he insisted upon awaiting their coming up. They arrived, and the King asked them "where were their comrades?" They answered, that they were "following." In fact, upon the King stepping up into an olive grove which afforded a better view of the intervening ground from Pizzo, he saw artillery-men along with the others who were advancing, but at a very slow and seemingly reluctant pace. General Franceschetti begged the King to remark, that amongst the Pizzo party there were a great many armed peasants, whom it was fitting to suppose were adherents of Alcalas, and that these appeared to be in greater haste to advance than the others. Notwithstanding the solicitations of the General and of the two volunteer guides, the King insisted upon waiting for the arrival of the party which he erroneously imagined were coming to join him. But he had scarcely uttered the words expressive of this opinion, when it was perceived that a detachment of the armed peasants and a few artillery-men had made a detour, and were approaching by another path, so as to take the King's party in flank and front.

There would still have been time to escape from the party, who evidently were in no haste to overtake the objects of

their pursuit; but at this fatal moment, Murat, prompted by his indomitable daring and sanguine disposition, stepped quickly forwards to meet his enemies. He did not approach them hastily, but in the hope that they would listen to his remonstrances. "My sons," said he, "you surely will not use those arms, which I have taught you to wield, against your unfortunate Sovereign and benefactor! Look at the spire of yonder church of Pizzo, can you so soon have forgotten that it was *I* who in 1810, caused it to be erected? Ask your worthy vicar; to him I gave the money for the purpose. My heart and purse were always open to my people's wants. All *I now* want is, to obviate strife amongst you, or any political demonstration. I am come to seek the means of joining my disconsolate family at Trieste. If you had allowed me time for explanation, on the square at Pizzo, I should have had no occasion to attempt applying to the authorities of Monteleone, and you would have seen, that I have documents and passports, such as even King Ferdinand himself could not but respect." Trentacapelli, little heeding this now veritable explanation and just appeal, approached,—and in respectful terms, invited the King to step down into the road, for that *he* would conduct him safe to Monteleone. The King's few soldiers stood drawn up on a little eminence by the road side, and by their veteran imposing attitude kept the peasants in check. But the King frankly advanced towards Trentacapelli, the movement being instantly followed by General Franceschetti, Natali, and his brave valet Armand. The mischief was now accomplished;—it was too late to recede. Trentacapelli threw off the mask and closing up to the King, summoned him to follow him back to Pizzo!—Franceschetti discharged a pistol in the face of Trentacapelli, which only singed his beard) although for a moment it liberated the King. But Murat peremptorily called out, that he would have "no

firing—no blood-shed!" The King's officers now darted forwards, and hemming him around, left the few soldiers at their post contending with the peasants — then, sword and pistol in hand, they rushed through the mass of enemies towards the sea. Nothing could withstand their onset—so amidst a shower of balls, which covered with numerous wounds all save the King, they reached the beach. There they seized a boat upon the sand, and placing the King within it, endeavoured to push it into the water. But—alas! it was hauled up so high, that their utmost strength could not suffice to move it. Astounded, awe-stricken and confused at the superhuman efforts of half a dozen men, who had strewed their path with slain and wounded, the pursuit had in the end, become most feeble. Captain Barbara had been commanded and had promised solemnly to remain with his two feluccas, close to shore. He had two six-pounder guns on board, with store of ammunition. A few shots would have covered and ensured the embarkation of the King; especially had he sent a boat on shore, upon perceiving (as he surely did) his desperate situation. But the wretch no sooner heard and saw the approaching turmoil than he stood out to sea, and left his benefactor and commander to his fate.

The King was in the stranded boat, with several of his friends around it, and soon were they encompassed by their enemies. Every individual of the former was laid prostrate with a multitude of wounds, but Joachim was unhurt. Captains Pernice and Giovannini lay dead along the bottom of the boat into which they had entered *for the sole purpose of shielding him with their bodies*. General Franceschetti, Captains Lanfranchi, Biciani and Galvani, with several other officers, together with his faithful and brave valet Armand were covered with wounds, received by interposing their own persons to screen him from the blows and shots aimed at him

by the base ruffian crowd, which, a few weeks previously, would have been proud to lick the dust from under his feet. All further resistance, or attempt at flight being vain, the King gave up his sword, and with such of his party as could possibly stand, he was conducted or rather dragged towards the prison of Pizzo. The little party of veteran Corsicans who had remained upon the hill, being pressed on all sides by overwhelming forces—after having slain more enemies than three times their own number—refusing to surrender. were, to a man, either killed or so badly wounded as, incapable of using their arms, or standing to their defence, became unyielding prisoners.

General Franceschetti, supported on his legs by several of his captors, preceded the King in this melancholy march to prison by about twenty paces;—suddenly a man, apparently a butcher, armed with a large axe and followed by twenty other ruffians—pushed forwards vociferating—"which of these two embroidered fellows is the King Murat?" Franceschetti tall, with dress and decorations very like unto the King's exclaimed "*I am the King—that officer who follows, is my Aide-de-Camp.*" No sooner were these words uttered, than on him rushed the ruffian, with axe uplifted, that would have put a speedy end to all his sufferings, but for the men who held him prisoner, hemming him around and frustrating the attempt. He, however, of the axe, though baulked of one, quickly turned his eager eyes towards another victim, and against the head of Joachim fiercely directed the keen edge of his ponderous weapon. Again he was repelled by the escort; and so, Murat, together with his heroic friend Franceschetti, were saved for further sufferings. The coarse minds of men like these, who revelled in the power and the pleasure of being *now* enabled to shed the blood of him to whom they had

been wont to prostrate, were even touched and edified at the noble act of self-devotion, exemplified by Franceschetti!

The King and all of his, now left alive, were cast into a chamber of the gaol of Pizzo. Trentacapelli searched the person of the King, and seized upon his money, jewels, watch, together with a letter of credit on a mercantile house of Naples, that held of his considerable *private* funds. Moreover, and this was a misfortune, *one* only copy out of the mass of proclamations which we have just seen him cast into the sea, was unwittingly about his person, and there discovered by his enemies.

The darkness of the prison—the silence of the prisoners—all crowded together, covered with blood still flowing on to the floor;—the stifled groans of these afflicted but heroic men, the ferocious yells of the base populace without, resounding through the iron-barred issues,—all contributed to form a scene of horror and of desperation. All Joachim's friends were close around him, stretched on the cold pavement, weltering in their blood, which soon mingled into one common pool, as common was their sad condition. Joachim shewed himself superior even to such extreme disaster. During the entire of that mortal day and night, he seemed to think of nothing else but the administering every consolation in his power, to his suffering companions. The telegraph soon brought orders to transfer the prisoners into the Castle of Pizzo; and Captain Stratti with forty soldiers of the line arrived to escort them thither from the prison.

Upon entering the castle it became the duty of Captain Stratti to take a list nominative of the prisoners, but when arrived at the name of *Joachim*, he rose, respectfully bowed, addressed him by the title of "*Majesty*," and conducted him to a separate apartment. This little incident was in a

degree consolatory to the prisoners; it was much also to the honour of Captain Stratti, who is now a general officer, and highly esteemed. Shortly after this, arrived General Nunziante, the military commander of the district. My readers will have seen this name when reading of the horrors of 1799, but now I can present it to them under a more favourable aspect. Nunziante having put some questions to King Joachim, the latter answered, that upon having at length succeeded in obtaining an asylum in Austria, he was proceeding from Ajaccio to Trieste, when forced by bad weather he had landed at Pizzo, for the purpose of procuring provisions, or a larger vessel; but that (as the General might learn upon inquiry) his explanation had not been listened to; he had been suddenly attacked and made prisoner. "But," said Nunziante, "how can your Majesty account for the printed proclamation which I grieve to find was discovered upon your Majesty's person?" "I *did*, at one period, contemplate the recovery of my crown, my right to which, not having abdicated, I might, by all the laws and usages of nations, recover, if possible, by arms, as by arms I had momentarily lost it. Had I retired into Calabria with my government, ministers, and the remains of my army, instead of embarking for France, would it be pretended that I had not a *right* to do so; and how is that right of defence against the invaders of my kingdom, nullified by my having chosen, for example, to enter Calabria by sea instead of by land, or even by my having thought or found it necessary to take Toulon and Corsica, or any other place, in my way thither? My regal position, moral and *de jure*, was the same on the day I landed here, as on that on which I fought the Austrians at Tolentino, or on any of the intervening days. Had I ever abdicated my crown, as did the Emperor Napoleon at Fontainbleau, in 1814, the case, of course, would be very different. All this is clear as the

sun, but waving such truisms, I did *not*, as it has happened, land here with any intention of continuing the war existing between the Austrians and myself. With your master Ferdinand I am not at war, for *he* is not in the Austrian service, and he is only *now* their ally by implication—by having stepped upon the throne which I had only stepped from physically, to put myself at the head of my armies. With regard to the past intention of *continuing* the war, indicated by the solitary copy of the proclamation you allude to, *that* INTENTION *is abrogated by its abandonment.* So even if, for argument sake, we allow of that intention having any reference to a criminal act, *no man is amenable for having at one time intended to do an act which his subsequent* ACTS *prove his having abandoned.* The papers which I had with me upon landing, and other circumstances, clearly prove, that I had then determined to avail myself of the protection offered me by the allies, and Emperor of Austria in particular. We were only twenty-eight individuals, and it is clear that I was, as I declared, on my way to Trieste." General Nunziante felt much embarrassed at his position; meanwhile he treated the King with all possible kindness and respect. After having made every arrangement for the King's personal comfort, and ordering his officers to address him by the title of "Majesty," he left him to enjoy a long and placid sleep, in which I have no doubt the images of his beloved consort and of his children were the welcome occupants of his affectionate imagination. Upon awaking from this refreshing slumber, Murat appeared in all the tranquil buoyancy of his character. He was delighted to hear, that a surgeon, who had dressed the wounds of his companions in misfortune, had declared that, although so strangely numerous, none of them were mortal, and that Galvani was the only one whose case was thought to be so serious as to make it advisable to

transfer him to a private house in town, where the surgeon could afford him continual attendance. This precaution had been taken by express command of the Governor Nunziante, who, by his conduct on this occasion, did certainly expiate many errors of his younger days, and proved, that although he had once been blinded by fanaticism, his heart was not entirely depraved.

In the course of his conversation with Captain Stratti, Murat gave well-merited blame to several of his generals, for their conduct in the late campaign; and others, such as Carascosa, Pepe, Ambrosio, Colletta, Campana, Napoletani, Macdonald, Rossetti, he highly praised; and these are they on whom the ignorant, calumniating scribblers have blindly cast the blame in which they had no share. I hope it may be permitted me to add, that King Joachim condescended to mention *my* name, in terms of such high regard as it is not befitting me to repeat. He also warmly congratulated himself upon having prevented me from being a sharer in his present calamity, and so holding me now "in reserve," to act on his behalf in England or in France, in a diplomatic capacity.

On the second day of King Joachim's captivity, upwards of eight hundred armed inhabitants and peasants, from Monteleone, arrived upon the heights of Pizzo, in the intention of rescuing the King; and several thousand others were preparing to make a movement, so soon as news should be sent to them from this advanced guard of Joachim's Calabrian friends. This armed body obtained very near access into the castle, *under the pretence of offering their services to General Nunziante in the preservation of tranquillity*. They would certainly have succeeded in their object, had not some false friend apprised the General of his danger. He then called into the castle strong reinforcements, prepared the cannon, and threatened to fire on the visitors. The peasantry

had not the means of storming such a place, so they silently dispersed. So soon as the body of armed Calabrians had retired, General Nunziante invited the King to a splendid dinner, which he had prepared for him in the armoury of the castle. The General sat next to the King, and about twenty officers and functionaries formed the party. But no effort of any of the guests, or of Nunziante himself, could elicit a single word of conversation. The company, with downcast eyes, beheld before them the man who for so many years had been the admiration and the idol of the military and reforming world; who had been for fifteen years a sovereign prince, the last ten years of which, as King of Naples, he had passed in showering benefits on the land wherein he now was bound in chains. A dismal banquet this;—a real funeral meeting—just as the event confirmed. In the course of this day, Murat wrote to his consort, to the Austrian Commander-in-Chief at Naples, and to Sir William A'Court, British Ambassador at Naples, informing them of his situation, and of the asylum in Austria, which I had obtained from the allied Sovereigns. *These letters were duly forwarded by General Nunziante.*

On that very afternoon, 11th of October, an English brig of war, commanded, I believe, by a Colonel Robinson, who had under his orders a squadron of Anglo-Sicilian gunboats, anchored off Pizzo. Murat immediately claimed the right of being placed on board as *a prisoner to the English.* He maintained, that as he had been taken under the protection of the "High Allied Powers," who *had decided* upon his future disposal, as shewn by the official notification conveyed to him through me, it was the duty of General Nunziante to place him in the hands of those allies, which he had an opportunity of doing, by putting him on board the English vessel of war now in the harbour. The General admitted the justice of the proposition, and consented to

the demand. He appeared greatly agitated, and I would fain hope that a benevolent spirit was at work within him, inducing him to wash his hands of so agonizing a responsibility, and of being the executioner of an innocent man, by seizing the alternative so luckily afforded him. But he muttered something about "the telegraph," of having had a warning signal that it was going to work; and so, his benevolence sinking under his ideas of official responsibility, he declared to Murat, that he felt bound to wait until the evening of that day, for any orders that might be transmitted to him from Naples by the telegraph; but that, in the event of no specific orders concerning the King arriving through that medium, he would put him on board the brig at night-fall.

It may be easily conceived with what anxiety the telegraph was watched by the King and his companions during the remainder of that day. It was about the season of the equinox. Four o'clock came—five o'clock—the telegraph remained motionless. Half-past five, the same. The evening was fast drawing in; the weather was squally. The passing of a cloud might decide his destiny. The sun was set—the telegraph had not stirred—when just upon the verge of darkness the arms of the machine began to move, though scarce light enough remained even to finish the repetition of the fatal signals! Nunziante immediately repaired to the apartment of the King, but, without informing him of the *real* import of the orders he had received, merely stating that it was not in his power to allow of his going on board of the English vessel, as he expected the conclusion of the telegraphic despatch early next morning.*

* I make little doubt that by this time the same reflection has occurred to my readers which has occupied my thoughts ever since the climax was put to these melancholy transactions. Why did not Nunziante save his illustrious prisoner, whom he very well knew to be guiltless of

On the night of the 12th October, Prince Canosa arrived in the vicinity of Pizzo, with dictatorial and full absolute powers of life and death, so that from the character of the messenger we may well divine the tenour of the orders sent.* Nunziante had well understood the telegraphic orders, but his benevolent mood induced him to delay, in the hope that the interference of Sir William A'Court,† of the Austrian, and even of the French Ambassadors, might have their effect, in time to cause the telegraphic despatch to be revoked by a

any offence cognizable by any social or international law? He saw that he was placed under the protection of the Allied Powers, and especially of *Austria;* it was no *treachery* to his master, Ferdinand, to allow of his proceeding to Trieste, especially in a British ship of war, which would have ensured his arrival there, according to the tenour of his passport. Did Nunziante fear the vengeance of his Bourbon Sovereign? What would he have lost by accompanying Murat, who would have been as well able to provide for his personal necessities as Ferdinand himself, and most assuredly the Allied Sovereigns would have highly approved of such an act, and have given him their protection. After all, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" Nunziante would, by saving Murat, have done an act of *justice and benevolence.* He would have saved himself from the horrid predicament of being the executioner of an innocent man—of being a murderer by deputy, and have raised unto himself a "*Monumentum ære perennius, &c.,*" a monument more durable than brass, infinitely more honourable than the trumpery nickname of "Marquess," conferred upon him by the murderer Ferdinand.

* This notorious man of blood must have travelled as fast on this occasion, as did his friend Sir Robert Peel, upon leaving him at Rome, in 1834, to assume the Premiership of Great Britain. Canosa left Naples on the 10th, at night. But who would not fly over the worst of roads to shed the blood of an "illegitimate usurper," a brother of Buonaparte?

† Sir W. A'Court "*comforted*" the despot Ferdinand in his desire to murder Murat. Of this I shall say more by and by. The Austrian and Russian Ambassadors protested against his murder, especially the former, who had been informed of my convention with Metternich in his favour.

courier, which there had now been time sufficient to receive from Naples. The sanguinary Canosa did bring the written commands, which were "short and sweet," as follows:—

"Naples, the 9th October, 1815.

"Ferdinand, *by the grace of God*, &c. &c.

"We have decreed and do decree as follows:—

"1st. General Murat shall be brought before a military commission, the members of which shall be named by our Minister of War.

"2nd. Not more than half an hour shall be allowed to the condemned for the reception of religious aid.

(Signed) "FERDINAND."

Upon the reception of this despatch, General Nunziante rushed out of the castle, unable to encounter the view of the heroic victim to this horrid mandate.

At the very time that this sentence of death was within a few miles of its fatal destination, Joachim was conversing gaily with Nunziante, and remarking that an accommodation between King Ferdinand and himself was not so difficult a matter, as he would willingly cede to the former all pretensions upon Sicily, in exchange for the abandonment by Ferdinand of his pretensions to the continental territory of Naples! I mention this fact with much reluctance, because it must, to those who are not profound observers of human nature, appear like a proof of the insanity or imbecility of King Joachim, who was, however, neither fool nor madman. This hallucination will, to philosophers, furnish a valuable instance of the singleness of vision which often affects our senses when deeply imbued with an idea of right, or justice, or of the moral fitness of things, without taking into account the feelings and interests, *and injustice of other men*, on whom the conjunction of our hypothesis depends! Joachim, in this extraordinary instance, felt so simply convinced of his so long and generally acknowledged right to

the throne of Naples, and so confident in the honour of the Allied Sovereigns, who had so recently offered him an addition of territory, as to lose sight of—the FORCE which sets all such dreams at nought. Ferdinand in full possession, which we know is of itself *ninety-nine parts of the law*,—himself a helpless prisoner,—his friends, *in power*, all turned to enemies! * * * * But I must go on with my melancholy recital, and leave the remaining philosophical reflections to the sagacity of my readers.

Now came the task for Nunziante to acquaint the King with the fatal mandate. He regarded it as his duty to communicate the fact in person. However, he did not feel equal to the task; so sending for Captain Stratti, he requested him to perform it for him at break of day next morning. Next morning came—and Stratti collected all his energy to enter the King's room and execute the task imposed upon him by his kind-hearted General. Stratti found the King, at about sun-rise, tranquilly asleep with that flittering, benignant smile upon his lips, expressive of the inward ease attendant on a mind overflowing with benevolence. Stratti was about to wake him, but his resolution failed. He rushed out of the castle and, hastening to Nunziante, begged him to excuse a former officer of the King's from being the announcer of such intelligence. Nunziante felt the merits of the affecting case, and, hastening to the castle, entered the room in which the King was still placidly sleeping for the last time. Nunziante could not find courage to awake him, but stood patiently by the bedside for a considerable time; at length poor Joachim spontaneously awoke. With tears streaming down his cheeks, and in almost inarticulate words, the General at length found means to whisper, "I am ordered to bring your Majesty before a military commission,"—and he could say no more. Neither was there any thing more to say; for

those few words announced the doom of death! The King exclaimed, "Ah!—I am lost!—this pretence of *trial* means simply *death*." Drawing his hand across his eyes, in order to conceal a tear, which was soon repulsed by a sudden manly effort, he eagerly inquired whether he might be allowed to write to his wife? Nunziante, suffocated by emotion, in vain endeavoured to reply,—but gave immediately an assenting sign. The King forthwith arose, and with perfect calmness and composure, sat down and wrote the following letter:—

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour is come; in a few brief moments I shall have ceased to live, and thou to have a husband. Oh! never forget your tender husband,—I die innocent. My life has never been sullied by any act of injustice. Adieu, my Achilles;—adieu, my Letizia;—adieu, my Lucien;—adieu, my Louisa;—show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom,—without fortune; amidst numerous enemies. Be united and superior to misfortune. Think of what *ye are*,—not of what *ye have been*, and God will bless your meekness. Do not reproach my memory. Believe, that the greatest anguish which I feel in this extremity of life, is to die at a distance from you all—my beloved family. Accept my paternal benediction; receive my embraces and my tears. Have always present the memory of your unhappy father,

"Pizzo, 13th Oct., 1815. "Joachim."

He then cut off a lock or two of his fine black hair, and enclosing them in the letter, consigned it to the General, and it duly arrived at its destination.

In accordance with the fatal order of the 12th, seven judges were appointed, who were all of such, save one, whom Joachim, during his reign, had drawn from nullity and raised to grades and honours! If these men had had the common decency and virtue to refuse the cruel and illegal office imposed upon them, they would certainly have exposed themselves to a meed of punishment; but what

punishment? what was the penalty that they could possibly have suffered? The deprivation of their military grades and (*in bare possibility*) three months imprisonment! Thus, at so low a price, might they have purchased honourable fame! But they chose the other course; and thanked even him who gave them the infamous commission with the opportunity so afforded them of proving their zeal in serving their *new master*, whom, in fact, they were aiding to cover with infamy! So it always is with renegades and apostates! Look at our Pitts, and Burkes, and Southeys, and Burdetts, and Lyndhursts! But to proceed —the nefandous council met in one of the apartments of the castle.

According to the provisions of the Code Napoleon, a counsel or defender of the accused, was named to perform that office to the King. The choice fell on a Captain Starace, son of a judge of that name, with whom I had been very intimate at Naples during several years. Starace appeared before the noble victim, in order to receive his instructions respecting the proceedings in the execution of the painful, because *hopeless*, office. The King addressed his proffered advocate in the following terms:—"They are not my judges, but my subjects. What has absolved them from their oath of allegiance to me? Private individuals cannot constitute a tribunal for the trial of a King!—nor can even another King do so,—because he has no *legal* power over him. Kings can have no other judges than God and THE PEOPLE. If I am to be regarded as a Marshal of France, a court of Marshals of France alone can judge me; if only as a General, why then a court of Generals! Before I can descend to a legal parity with the judges now elected, many pages must be torn from the book of European history. The tribunal is incompetent. I blush at the idea of appearing before it." Still did Starace

implore him to permit his being defended by him; upon which the King cut short the question, saying,—"You cannot save my life,—but allow me to preserve the decorum of a Marshal of France, and also of a King. This is not a question of *trial* but of *condemnation*, and those who are so impudently called my judges, are my executioners. You shall not speak a word in my defence. I positively forbid you."

While Starace was mournfully quitting the presence, the judge "relator" of the procedure entered, and, according to custom, inquired the name, surname, and other technical matters, when he was interrupted by the noble prisoner, in these words:—"I am Joachim Murat, King of the Two Sicilies—and yours,—begone!—free me from your presence!"

Now left alone with Starace, his head inclined towards a table, his arms folded to his breast, and eyes intently gazing on the portraits of his family, which he always carried about him, collected in one tablet, his deep sighs, and profound look of agony, betrayed the inward workings of those conjugal and parental feelings, which always proved Murat to be the man of simple, natural, unsophisticated heart. Found in this position by his benevolent guardian, Stratti, who then entered the room, the latter did not venture to address him, but Joachim awakening from his reverie—said, "In Pizzo there is joy at my misfortune! thank God, Pizzo is but a speck—a *foreign* Spanish speck upon this land. What have I done to the Neapolitans to make them enemies? I have expended for them the fruits of all my long services and wars, and I leave my family in a state of poverty. All that is liberal in the laws and institutions, is a work of mine. I have given fame to the army in Spain, Germany, Russia, and Italy, and have raised the nation to a rank of power and consequence amongst the states of Europe. For the love of

Naples I forgot all other sentiments and affections. I became ungrateful to the French, who had conducted me to the throne, from which I now descend without fear and without remorse. In the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghein, which Ferdinand now imitates, I had no part; and this I swear to that God into whose presence I shall soon be called." Here he was silent for a moment—and then he added, "Captain Stratti, I feel the want of being alone; I sincerely thank you for the love you have shown me in my adversity; but I now have no other means of evincing to you my gratitude than by expressing it. May you be happy!" Thus spoke Joachim; and Stratti, in silent obedience,—overwhelmed, convulsed with grief—retired.

Very shortly after the departure of the worthy Stratti, the priest Masdea requested audience of King Joachim, and was received with cordiality. "Sire," said this good ecclesiastic and real pastor of his flock, "this is the second time that I have had the honour of addressing you. When your Majesty came to Pizzo, five years ago, I requested your aid to complete the building of our church, which aid your Majesty did grant, far beyond our expectations. That day—Oh! Sire,—you did benignly condescend to hear my voice. Now, on this dire occasion, I feel persuaded, that your Majesty will not reject my exhortations, which are directed for the repose of your immortal spirit. Allow me a few minutes conference on that momentous subject." King Joachim calmly took the venerable pastor by the hand, and remained with him in private conversation, above half an hour. Masdea terminated his priestly office by requesting Murat to sign a paper containing the following words:—"I declare that I die as a good Christian." (Signed) "J. M."*

* In the account of Murat's invasive demonstrations against Sicily in 1810, I have mentioned his gifts to the priest Masdea, for the rebuilding of the parish church of Pizzo. See page 327.

Whilst this solemn and pious scene was taking place in one apartment of the castle, in another, not far distant, was assembled the execrable mock tribunal; the names of those composing it, I think it proper to register,—they were as follows:

Giuseppe Fasulo, Lieutenant Colonel, and chief of the staff of that military division, named President.

Raffaele Scalfaro, Chief of a Legion of the National Guards of Calabria Ultra.

Latereo Natali, Lieutenant Colonel of Marines of the Royal Navy.

Gennaro Lanzetta, Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers.

Matteo Camilli, Captain of Artillery.

Francesco De Vengé, Idem.

Francesco Martellari, Lieutenant of Artillery.

Francesco Frojo, Lieutenant of the 3rd Regiment of Foot, performing the function "Reporter."

Giovanni Della Camera, Attorney-General of the Tribunal of Calabria Ultra—Adjunct to the "Reporter."

Francesco Papavassi, as Secretary.

All these officers, with the exception of Frojo, had received their respective grades from King Joachim!

The proceedings of this atrocious tribunal were of a characteristic brevity. There were no witnesses to examine, no defence to be heard. A long bill of indictment was read, stating the particulars of "*General Murat*" having landed at Pizzo "with an armed force;" but saying no word about the request of provisions, &c. for the voyage to Trieste. This indictment would occupy too much space for me to give it here, and it cannot well be abridged. But my readers have heard all the facts without any disguise, and may well spare the official repetition.

The "judges!" were unanimous in their vote of guilty

and of death. Their reasons were "*That Joachim Murat having, by the fate of arms, been reduced to the condition of a private individual, such as he was born in, was guilty of rashly landing on the coast with twenty-eight companions in the intention of exciting tumult and rebellion, to the* OUTRAGE OF LEGITIMATE SOVEREIGNTY; *thus becoming a public enemy, and guilty of death.*"

By way of further mockery, one of the laws passed seven years previously during his own reign, and directed against the bands of Fradiavolo brigands that were continually being landed on the coast from Sicily, was quoted against him. We have seen how mild a use, however, he had made of his power, and how many convicted conspirators (even against his life) he had let live! But in fact, it is not true, as it has been stated, that he was condemned under the law alluded to. The discussion itself is futile because *his* case was quite different from that of any other possible individual; however I will, for the sake of precision, state that the very first "consideration" through which his judges asserted their competency to try him, was as follows, and therefore not founded on any of his own decrees:

"Considering that the competency of this tribunal is unalterably fixed by the decree of the 28th of June, 1815, article 5th., which says:—

"The Military Commissions shall be competent to proceed against the authors of the following crimes, committed subsequently to the 29th of May, 1815: *i. e.*

"Against such as are convicted of an attempt declared in the second paragraph of the second section, chap. i, title i, book cxii, of the penal code; when they shall be taken with arms in their hands, or in flagrant action.

"Against, &c., and goes on to show at length, the nature of the offences which may be tried by a 'military commis-

sion,' *in virtue of the decree of the restored Ferdinand, in date of 29th of May*, 1815, at which time Murat was a fugitive in France."

King Joachim now spoke to the officers around him of the great and real benefits he had conferred upon the Neapolitan nation, and of the more magnanimous course here afforded to King Ferdinand of allowing him to proceed to join his family. He said, "My overthrow has procured to Ferdinand the enjoyment of a kingdom far different to what it was in 1806. I entered Naples with twelve millions of my private funds; and, after ten years of a dominion which I endeavoured to render as paternal as possible, I departed from it with two hundred thousand francs as my whole fortune. I leave to Ferdinand the capital wonderfully embellished; and by the royal palaces all magnificently ornamented and improved at my private expense, provided with all things which can be desirable to himself and his court. I have established a code that has greatly improved the civilization of even the lowest classes, and placed all upon an equality before the law. The administration of justice I have ensured, and swept away the most corrupt and baneful practices that could disgrace the tribunals of the most barbarous people!* I have made high roads throughout the entire kingdom; I have caused to disappear the bands of robbers which infested the face of the land;—the use of the stiletto to cease. The excellent police established by me has rendered persons and property at least as secure as they are in Paris, if not more so. I have inspired the Neapolitans with a national spirit and a self-respect, together with an idea of self-government by means of good municipal institutions in every district, city, and village.

* Would to Heaven that such a hand could be found to cleanse the more than Augean stables of our English courts of *law*.

By the distribution of the crown and feudal lands I have spread industry and promoted agriculture, and by awarding premiums to industrial manufacturing merit, I have benefitted every branch of internal trade. I have secured shelter and repose to indigent old age, and caused to arise innumerable institutions for the education of the youth of both sexes and of all classes. Look at the organization and simple arrangement of the finances; is there any other more perfect in Europe? Look at all our civil administrations! By how many generations have I not advanced the country in order and social perfection? In respect to foreign commerce everything was done by me in its favour; but the general European war threw many obstacles in my way. Yet, much was done; Naples supplied to the amount of more than six millions francs value of raw cotton grown upon her soil (a new branch of industry) to the mills of France, Switzerland, and Germany. Coffee and sugar plantations were beginning to thrive; and now peace would have caused all these germs of national and social good, which I have planted, to grow up into still greater benefits to the community." Thus, speaking and striding with rapid steps up and down the room, he continued to show what he had done towards the army (no such thing, properly so called, had previously existed); and, then continuing, he added, "Whether at my court, or when with the army in Italy or in Germany, or in Russia, my predominant thoughts were constantly directed to the prosperity of my people. For them I have made every imaginable sacrifice. I never expended a ducat of the public revenues but upon works of public utility. I have done or saved nothing for myself or relatives. All the riches I now carry to the tomb are the evidences of my conduct. This is all my glory,—my only consolation.

"In the present state of European affairs Ferdinand would

have nothing to fear from me, an exiled captive in Austria, neither will my death render his reign more secure. His generosity towards a man whom he can no longer fear, would ensure him the applause of his cotemporaries and of posterity."

Whilst poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences, so incontrovertibly true, the door of the chamber slowly opened,—Giovanni Della Casa entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour. Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calm; not the slightest change was visible in his countenance; not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. He met the hideous features of this far more terrible of deaths with as much indifference as he had faced it when it was disguised under the trappings and the panoply of war. Taking in his hand the cornelian seal on which was graven his wife's image, he gazed on it and kissed it, and then again dwelt upon the miniatured features of his four children, on which he dropped a tear. Desiring that the cornelian he then held within his hand might after death be taken from its grasp and given to his wife, and the miniature to be buried with him, he walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up in double file twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded; and upon this thrilling operation King Joachim stood, looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blindfolded he mildly rejected with a smile; then placing his right hand, which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a calm, strong voice, "Spare the face; aim at my heart!" Twelve muskets answered to the words, and sent twelve balls into the breast which had never harboured any other feelings than those of generosity, benevolence, and virtue.

The engraved cornelian and the picture were taken from his strong death-grasp. His mutilated remains, together with the portraits of his family, were buried in the very church which had been erected by his munificence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious end of the illustrious warrior whom death had respected in more than two hundred battles. He was in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the eighth of his reign over Naples.

On the report of his death reaching Naples, all those who believed, bitterly lamented it; but the majority of Neapolitans for a long time after refused to give credence to the account. A story long prevailed of his having been kept a prisoner, until leave was obtained from the high allied powers to execute the sentence passed upon him.

Posterity will certainly blame King Joachim for some political errors, which in the end were the cause of his own ruin; but his goodness of heart, his frankness and generosity, command an affectionate remembrance. As a warrior, he became an object of veneration to all nations, from the Arab of the desert to the Cossack of the Don. He was loved even by his enemies, and would have been adored throughout the kingdom of Naples, without any exceptions, had not his officers and functionaries sometimes acted at variance with his intentions, and disgusted some classes of the people by vexatious stretches of authority. One of his foibles was, *an incapacity to punish;* and this, like an analogous failing in parents towards their children, engenders laxity and disobedience. It has been shown, that Murat, even in his adolescence, was warned with a spirit of liberty by his spontaneous enlistment in the ranks of its earliest defenders. He received his diadem as a marriage portion with the sister of Napoleon. He evidently lost it through *political* indiscretion. Twice his policy was fatal to France: in 1814, by following one line of counsel; in

1815, by the opposite and more irrational. His desires were those of a King, but his mind was too much that of a soldier; his heart was that of a warm friend to mankind, and was, as said of the gigantic Sir William Jones, "even bigger than his body."

The character of Murat has been disparaged by writers, who, looking only to one side of social utility, exclaim against all "soldiering," "journeyman butchers," &c. Such epithets has even the philosophic "Junius Redivivus" applied to Joachim Murat in some of his essays. He also goes on to ask,—"What services Joachim Murat ever rendered to society, I am at a loss to discover." *I* say, let Junius go to Naples; he will see and learn. He will learn that Murat, during his ten years' reign, did more service to humanity than any king he ever heard of. These services I need not repeat; they have been amply shown in these pages. One benefit only will I state again,—*cheap, equal, and prompt* JUSTICE, *which is of more importance to a community than any other thing whatever.* This did Murat assure to the Neapolitans. Is such to be had in England? I will leave Brougham and Bentham (were he alive) to answer. In Naples, under Murat, pauperism and crime rapidly diminished, nay, almost vanished; monkry and tithes were abolished; Lancasterian and other schools were established in every parish; trade flourished; numerous manufactories were established throughout the country; roads, bridges, and other useful works were achieved with astonishing rapidity; and the city of Naples as much improved by new streets, cleansing, lighting, &c., as we have seen occur to some parts of London within the last twenty years. In his remarks upon Murat, Junius Redivivus goes on to say, that Murat "had not even the talents of a general, but was a mere leader of cavalry charges, delighting in hand to hand fighting, brave as a lion, and

also ferocious as one; fond of dressing up himself and his horse in garments and caparisons of price, and riding forth from the lines *in time of truce* (!) to tempt adversaries to a gladiatorial fight, in which he was sure of victory, being unmatched in the sabre play, and mounted on the finest horses which money—money wrung from plundered nations by his master, Napoleon, could procure. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' saith the Scripture; and no reflecting man, who thinks of the charges of him of 'the snow-white plume' in the battle field, will regret that,

'There he ne'er shall charge again.'

He fell by the hands of men reckless of human blood, as *he* had ever shown himself to be." So far "Junius Redivivus," who is a man of far too great merit to be held unworthy of a reply, even to his most mistaken notions. I therefore did reply to him in No. 27 of "*The Tatler*," a work which was unfortunately too short lived. But, all the heads of that reply are already spread along the course of this recital, so as to make their repetition here superfluous. My readers have seen how far he was compelled to set a good example to his soldiers, in skirmishing with the Mamelukes, by being the foremost to show that *he* could vanquish them. With regard to the silly saying about not having "even the talents of a general," I will point to a dozen battles and combined movements, not forgetting those at and between the battles of Dresden and Leipsic, and the onset of the retreat from Moscow, when the sheer *generalship* and strategical science of Murat did everything! This "want of generalship," which is often applied to that really great Captain, the Duke of Wellington (!) as well as to Murat, is merely one of those vulgar errors which, originating, one cannot tell how, is propagated and confirmed in

the minds of the multitude, by being repeated without investigation or reflection.

The sweeping condemnation of all those who ever "shed man's blood," is a piece of "*ad captandum vulgus*" twaddle, used by those who wish to get a monopoly of philanthropy! "Think'st thou because thou'rt virtuous, we shall have no more cakes and ale?" What man of sense does *not* loathe war and *mere* warriors? But can the charges of "ferocity," recklessness of human blood, &c., be applied to all those who have been under the painful *necessity* of shedding blood, in what all mortal men must call a good cause,—in the defence of their country, of their families, of their liberties, and their existence? Can such an anathema be applied to such men, for instance, as Aristides, Themistocles, Camillus, Hampden, Washington, Bolivar, Kosciusko, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a thousand others of ancient and modern times?

Amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, nothing was esteemed a greater act of *piety* than to fight for the good of the community; hence the common saying—"*dulce est pro patria mori.*" Socrates, that good man, at Potidæa, fought and shed blood for his country's sake; and, during a two years' campaign, distinguished himself for valour as much as for virtue and wisdom. Again at Delium, in Bæotia, he made himself renowned for deeds of prowess and "gladiatoral fight,"—and foot by foot retreated from the route, bearing the wounded Xenophon in safety on his shoulders! You seem to like quotations worthy "Junius,"—what say you to Erasmus, *he* was no "man butcher," but a reverend "divine,"—and yet he writes—"It is pious to fight for our wives and children, for parents and friends, for our altars and hearths, and for public tranquillity." The question then resolves itself, not on the fact of blood *being* shed, but on the goodness and justice of the cause in which it is

unhappily made to flow;—questions, mayhap, that it would take some time to settle. In the case of France, to which is attached that of Murat, is it not a most notorious fact, that England, and her continental allies, were the aggressors? Did not they join in unholy league to crush their nascent liberties, and invade her territory without any other pretence than that of forcing a free and independent nation to restore a despotism which she abhorred? When once the torch of war is lit, who is to extinguish it at the bidding? Which of the belligerent parties is to sheath the sword, upon the cry of "hold!—enough!" As to the threatened fate awaiting on all shedders of man's blood, history gives the lie to the quotation. Many of the most pernicious ruffians of high and of low degree,—from the crowned wholesale "men-butchers,"—the Alexanders, Cæsars, Syllas, Edwards, Charleses, Georges, Ferdinands, &c., &c., down to the thousands of "vulgar" undetected assassins have *died quietly in their beds.*

Was it or was it not probable, that if Murat had been able to keep his forces together, that is, two hundred and fifty men, each of whom was a hero in his degree, and had landed with them *where he intended*, that is, near Salerno, as already shown; would he have succeeded in his attempt to re-ascend the throne of Naples? *I* am of opinion that *he would.* He would, I think, have been successful had he landed *with such a force*, even at Pizzo; and I am further inclined to think he would have prospered, even with his twenty-eight men, had he but reached Monteleone.* In any of these cases it is highly probable that he would have remained King of Naples, at least for a time, and the house of

* The Austrians had not dared to send a single regiment into Calabria. They had seen what Massena had suffered with seventy thousand French chosen troops.

Bourbon would thus have been spared one name in the list of the murders it has committed. Hazardous the enterprise certainly was; but the probabilities were so much in Murat's favour, as to take from his attempt the character of fool-hardiness which most people have attached to the enterprise. How long he would have been able to maintain himself upon his throne, is another question which would require some time and space to discuss; and then, after all, would only be matter of supposition and conjecture. However, the defensive capabilities of the kingdom of Naples, both local and moral are of the first-rate order. The army and the people were really ashamed, disappointed, and disgusted with the change they had undergone; and if once a *defensive* war were to become national with such a well-armed people, a hundred sieges like those of Amantia and Cotrone, which I have described would employ and *consume* more troops than Austria or England either, could conveniently spare for such a service. At least, reseated on his throne, and at the head of imposing forces, King Joachim, might, upon a reverse, have ensured to himself conditions of compromise, somewhat preferable to those of being merely "permitted to live" as a private individual in the Austrian, or any other, states.

In speaking of my account of the career and fall of King Joachim Murat, *The Examiner* remarked :—

"In itself it is impossible for any romance to be more interesting: it has indeed all the features of romance, *with the vast additional interest of reality*. Joachim Murat possessed indeed, many of the attributes of *un heros de roman*. Distinguished for personal beauty and personal courage, his appearance and his exploits are perhaps more consonant than anything we have in history to the fabled doings of the knights of old. His daring was of a nature necessarily rare, and such daring is seldom long-lived. But *he* seemed to have also the gift of invulnerability. Always in the foremost and thickest of the fight—always distinguished by his gorgeous attire, and his 'snow-white plume,' it

seemed as if danger and death alike respected him. It is said, that the Emperor of Russia, seeing him always in the foremost ranks of the advanced guard, gave orders to his troops not to fire on the King of Naples."*

In 1817, a work was published in Paris, and in London, called "Rome, Florence, and Naples," by the Count de Stendhal. The real name of the author of this book was M. ————, an intimate friend of Lord Byron. Speaking of a work that I had just then published under the title of—"*Interesting facts concerning the fall and death of Joachim Murat, King of Naples; the Capitulation of Paris in* 1815, *&c.*," he gives the following anecdote:

"Rome, March 15th, 1817,—Last night I was sent for in the utmost haste, at past twelve, by Madame C——. Indeed I thought that the police were honouring me with their notice. As Rome stands in the centre of four leagues of desert every way, to escape did not appear difficult. I was agreeably surprised, however, on arriving at Madame C——'s house, that she '*only wanted to read Maceroni's work*,' a *real* romance, which is eagerly bought for the sum of two hundred livres, or rather which cannot be purchased openly, and is only to be procured by stealth.† The manuscript copies which circulate in Italy, and cost

* On one occasion, not noticed, I believe, in any of the accounts of the Russian Campaign, the King of Naples, heading a desperate charge against the Russian cavalry, it happened that the foremost squadrons of both parties were lancers — the space on which the adverse bodies met, was narrow, confined on one side by a steep bank, on the other by a precipice, thus Murat, being some yards in advance of his men, was suddenly jammed in between the bristling lances in front and rear,—of friends and foes. Thanks to the heroic coolness of himself and of his staff, he got taken into his line, with his horse only wounded in four places, but not disabled!

† The publisher of this work, Mr. James Ridgway, sold twenty-five copies of it to a French itinerant book-vendor, who assured both Mr. Ridgway and myself, that he sold them on the Continent for five hundred francs each copy. In England it went through five editions. I only mention this in corroboration of de Stendhal's account, and to

two hundred francs are spurious and full of nonsense. However, Madame C—— had procured for *three hundred francs* a French translation, and we spent the night in reading this genuine copy, a thin volume of one hundred and thirty-six pages rather closely printed. Colonel Maceroni who was born in England and was aide-de-camp to Murat, has here given a detail of the last six months of his master's life. I cannot say whether all he relates is true—we shall soon know—but the narrative is far more interesting and romantic than any novel I ever read. The interview in a *Bastide* (a country house) near Marseilles, will serve as a theme for future Shakespeares, and we shall see it upon the stage when we are grey headed.

"How is it possible that we should resemble our forefathers? Thirty years ago a man sent for at midnight to the house of a pretty woman would have had very different ideas from those of taking a false passport, money, pistols, and a dagger; and thirty years ago a beautiful Roman lady would never have thought of collecting three young men secretly at her house, in the dead of night, to read a political work. The ages of us four together did not make up a hundred. Let those who are captivated with the outward show of sovereigns, such as Pope Pius VI. and Louis XIV., only study Maceroni, and they will see that *justice*, this first want of the people, did not, in their times, go on at all."*

show the intense interest felt at that time for the fate of Murat and Ney.

* The periodical press of this period teemed with laudatory critiques upon my work, which it is not necessary for me to transfer to these pages; I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning the notice taken of it by Dr. Stoddart, then editor of "The Times" newspaper, the most furious of all furious Tories. This editor, on March 3rd, 1817, in his usual style, called Joachim a "bloody villain," and many other pretty names, concluding by comparing him to Charles IX. of France. What analogy could the writer find between Murat and the slaughterer in cold blood of above forty thousand men, women, and children? Charles sitting at a window of his palace, and firing at his *own people* flying for safety, had guns ready loaded placed in his hands to multiply this pleasure of the legitimate *"father of his people!"* This comparison is pretended to be elicited by "*Murat's massacre at Madrid,*" when the members of the French occupying army were attacked individually whilst walking unarmed about the streets, or when sleeping in their beds; and

We have seen how the Queen of Naples had been conveyed to Trieste instead of to France, as she had convened with Commodore Campbell. The trumpery excuse set up by Lord Exmouth for this breach of faith, was the olden story of *the deputy having exceeded the powers conferred upon him by his chief.* The greater portion of the private effects belonging to the Queen were packed up for embarkation, according to diplomatic agreement, but under several flimsy pretences, the main one being *want of room on board* (!) they were left behind, and the restored Ferdinand was fraudulently allowed to take possession of the whole. I have heard it stated, as an after-thought pretence for this spoliation, that the property consisted of plate, pictures, and other valuables belonging to the crown and palace of Naples, and to the national *regalia.* The utter falsehood of this assertion is well appreciated by every one who knows any thing at all about the matter. Upon the flight of the Bourbon court to Sicily, in 1805, not only were "the crown jewels" carried away with them, but not an article of any value whatever was left in any of the royal palaces. Every thing had been restored and paid for out of the private funds of King Joachim and the sister of Napoleon, and nothing was now attempted to be taken away but the absolutely *private moveable effects* of the Queen.

Upon my arrival in England, in 1816, the Queen wrote to me on the subject of reclaiming her property from the British ministry, and the Duke of Bedford exerted himself most strenuously to the like effect on her behalf. I had several communications with his Grace upon the subject;

when, after all, only one hundred and fifty-eight Spaniards were killed or wounded, the French being by far the greater sufferers in the loss of five hundred men. What would the "Times" editor say to a similar attack upon the British garrison of Malta, or of Madras, or Rangoon, or of Lisbon, or Toulouse, when they occupied those places?

and several of his letters, now before me, prove him to be perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the robbery of which he had been himself an eye-witness, and was, therefore, satisfied of the facts being just as I have here exposed them. Lords Sligo, Oxford, and Llandaff, Messrs. Whitbread, Horner, and several other of the Queen's friends, joined their efforts to those of the Duke of Bedford and my own, but to no avail. Lord Castlereagh was not prepared to deny the truth of the allegations, but he treated the just demand of the widow and the orphans with the contemptuous indifference of ill-used power. From that day to this the ex-Queen has had no reparation for the spoliation.

Upon arriving in the Austrian dominions, the ex-Queen adopted the name of Countess of Lipona, which is an anagram of *Napoli*. In the public prints this name is erroneously spelt Lipano, which reversed would make *Nopali*. Prince Metternich hastened to furnish her with a sort of steward or intendant, who might assist her, a stranger in the land, in the selection and purchase of a residence. She soon after bought a house and small estate called Forshdorf, not far from Trieste, where she has principally resided ever since the lamentable death of her husband. But in the purchase of this estate she soon discovered that she had paid for it more than double its value; so that her expected income was not one third of that which she had been led to hope from the investiture of all her little residue of money. Upon this discovery she wrote to me that I might sell her jewels in England. Provided with a detailed descriptive list of those jewels which she desired to dispose of, I consulted Mr. Sharpe, who was recommended to me as a first rate diamond broker, but I found that such had been the glut of diamonds in the London market, occasioned by the political changes and vicissitudes of the epoch, that I thought it necessary to advise the Queen to delay, if possible, her sale

in London, or seek another market, as this would not, at that moment, produce a quarter of the value she expected.

The brave and high-minded General Macdonald accompanied the Queen from Naples to her future residence, and has ever since remained her faithful and devoted secretary and cavalier equerry. The two princesses, her daughters, are both married; the elder, Letizia Giuseppina, to the Marquess Pepoli, of Bologna; the younger, Louisa Carolina, to Count Rasponi, of Ravenna. I do not know where Lucien, the younger son of Murat, is at the present moment; the elder, Achilles, has settled in the United States, and married an American lady of great beauty, accomplishments, and some property. Achilles has purchased an estate in Florida, called Wasceissa, near Tallahassea, where he has devoted himself to agricultural and literary pursuits. A work of his, entitled "A moral and political sketch of the United States of America," has lately been re-published in England and on the Continent of Europe, which exhibits a strong philosophic mind, varied knowledge, and great acumen. I had the pleasure of seeing him in England in the year 1831.

Shortly after the ex-Queen was established in her abode at Forshdorf, she was visited by the Emperor Francis, who became perfectly enchanted with her person, manners, and conversation. The visit was repeated more than once, and I have good reason to believe in the truth of the report, current at the time, of Joseph having manifested a strong desire to convert the sister-in-law of his daughter Maria Louisa, into her step-mother.

No woman ever wore a crown who was so well qualified for its duties. Wise in council; laborious in business; active in difficulties; courageous in danger; resigned in calamity; benevolent at all times. At present (1837) she is in Paris, endeavouring to obtain restitution or indemnity

for her property, principally the palace of the *Elisée Bourbon*, the *domain of Villières*, and some other freeholds purchased with the private funds of her late husband, long previously to his elevation to the throne of Naples. Whether Louis-Phillipe will evince a better sense of justice than our British ministers, remains to be seen. I fear, that, taking advantage of her present poverty, he will propose some scurvy compromise very disproportionate to the amount of her just demands.

I must now proceed to state, that I sailed from Ajaccio on the 6th October. The winds which had been so fatally boisterous to Murat, in the dispersion of his squadron, were now lulled into a dead calm. Our sails hung flapping on the yards, so that our only progress was achieved by dint of oars. The crew consisted of six men exclusive of the master, a simple-hearted, hard-working Corsican, to whom I, having no other conveyance, had to pay four hundred francs for the use of the vessel. Six hands worked cheerfully at the oars for six consecutive days and nights, without intermission, whilst they enlivened their toil by singing, —not such tol-lol-de-rol roaring, nor all one and the same notes, as we hear in England,—but forming *harmony* as well as melody. We had "*O! pescator dell' onda;*" "*Sul margine d'un rio;*" "*Nel cuor piu non mi sento;*" and many other such well known beautiful airs, besides a number of Corsican *canzonettes*, perfectly delightful. The only relaxation which these men had from their consant toil was, that one of them in turn took the helm; the master plying an oar equally with the rest. I was much struck with the abstemiousness of these cheerful men. Bread and an onion constituted the breakfast and supper; at dinner, a salt herring or a pilchard between two, was regarded a great luxury. Their wine was such as is made by adding water to the skins of the already pressed grapes, and press-

ing them again. Upon my asking my friends why they did not afford themselves a little more indulgence, they replied that, truly they *could* do so, but as they did not intend to labour in that way all their lives, they thus put by enough to purchase or rent a little farm, or buy a boat, and so become more independent in their declining years.

During the voyage, I had an opportunity of being assured that had any occasion offered to call forth the pugnacious faculties of my companions, I should not have been left in the lurch by them in any case of the most arduous conflict. One evening, just before dusk, a large row-boat was descried approaching us from a direction which, coupled with other appearances, caused my experienced "Padrone" to suspect that it belonged to some piratical vessel not far off. In an instant every man left his oar, leapt below, and returned on deck armed with an excellent gun and pistol, and knife in the girdle, garnished with a row of tubes, containing fifty ball cartridges. Upon the near approach of the boat, I took the helm with my carbine and ammunition and other arms all ready. The master and his men laid down with their guns resting over the scuppers of the side, and warned the suspicious visitant to keep off. A parley ensued, which ended in the explanation of the stranger belonging to a Greek trader that had gone in pursuit of some turtles.

The Lazaretto of Toulon is situated in the bay, exactly opposite the town. It consists of spacious buildings on the water's edge, the three other sides being encompassed with a wall which includes a large piece of hilly ground, covered with the aboriginal heath, myrtle and broom, constituting a very pleasant wild looking place for the inmates to walk and take the air. Here I could amuse myself with ants, spiders, moths, and bats, to my heart's content, besides *shooting* grey mullet from out of my front chamber window.

Shoals of these fishes will on a fine calm morning, remain stationary, with their noses out of water. I have thus killed five or six at one shot, with shot number one. The packet boat from Bastia happening to arrive at the same time, the passengers and I were placed in the same compartment. Amongst these passengers I was glad to find Lieutenants L'Anglade and Donnadieu, whom my readers will remember were two of the three gallant fellows who conveyed King Joachim in the little boat from Toulon on his way to Corsica. Their finances were now completely exhausted, and I was happy to offer them a knife and fork at my table. Another of the passengers from Bastia, was a Frenchman who had there set up as a Restaurateur; but, upon the change of government, the Bourbon authorities so annoyed him with vexatious visitations and arrests, under the pretence of his entertaining *liberal opinions*, that he gave up his business in despair, and was now returning to Marseilles his native place. Through the introduction of Donnadieu, M. Roland offered me his services in the joint capacity of valet and cook, and I, being much pleased with his behaviour and intelligence, accordingly engaged him. He was provided with a capital set of cooking tools, and I never had more cause to admire the extraordinary powers of a good French or Italian cook, than when seated at the excellent repasts provided by Roland, out of the materials to be found at the Lazaretto, which, being so near Toulon, most strange to say, were very scanty and indifferent.

During the period of my quarantine I was requested by M. Latourette, the sub-prefect of Toulon, in the name of the prefect of the department, to furnish some account of the circumstances of King Joachim's departure from Corsica. I immediately signified my readiness to comply with his wishes, and for that purpose I was invited to repair from the Lazaretto to the Quarantine parlatory in the port of

Toulon. I there communicated to the sub-prefect all I knew on the subject, and I further permitted him to take copies of the various documents, having any relation to the transaction.

Besides M. de Latourette and his secretary, there was present at the conversation another individual of most forbidding aspect, who frequently intruded his remarks and observations, in a manner and with an air of importance which excited my attention. This man, whose name I learnt, was Barthelemy,* informed me with infinite self-complacency, that he had used his utmost efforts to effect the destruction of King Joachim when he was concealed in that vicinity, and he gave me an account of the nocturnal expedition to the house on the hill which they suspected he then occupied, and as I have fully related. On this "loyal" though unsuccessful enterprise, the scoundrel said, he had had the honour to accompany M. de Mocau. In order to sound the fellow and learn what more he had to say, I asked him how, with the knowledge they must have had of the King's personal courage and prowess, they could ever expect to take him alive? "We never expected or desired to take him alive! was the miscreant's reply. "It was sufficient for us to serve our legitimate King—and, moreover, get possession of the million's worth of jewels he carried about his person." At this mention of the jewels, I remarked that to me it appeared it was the spoils that had

* In 1794 this fellow was the friend and coadjutor of the notorious assassin Jourdan Competête, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Orange which committed such atrocities. At the time I am speaking of, Barthelemy kept a small earthenware shop, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Emigrant Count de Lardenoy, the new commander of Toulon. He could arrest any person he thought proper by virtue of an ad libitum written authority from this Bourbon governor, which he carried in his pocket.

most fired the zeal of those who had so hunted Joachim in that neighbourhood. I added that I was much surprised how a few individuals in obscure situations should, of their own authority, have taken such steps against the King, at the very time when the Allied Powers were occupied in providing for his safety. To this, Barthelemy with an air of surprise, answered, that I was very much mistaken if I supposed that himself or his companions *had acted without authority;* he assured me, that the Marquess de Rivière, as well as the Lord Exmouth, the British Admiral at Marseilles, had each offered a reward of twenty thousand francs as a stimulus to their exertions in pursuit of the King. I affected to doubt this assertion, so addressing myself to the sub-prefect, interrogated him as to the accuracy of M. Barthelemy's account. This functionary, in the presence of a dozen persons, mostly officials, confirmed the statement of the sub-prefect, as a matter of public and official notoriety, which seemed, in his opinion, to reflect *much honour* "on the personages" by whom the rewards had been so munificently offered, which had confirmed the brave and zealous Royalists of Marseilles and Toulon in the conviction of their having acted in perfect coincidence with the views of their royal court!

I had been released from quarantine, and was anxiously waiting the return of the post from Paris with a remittance, when I unexpectedly received a message from M. Rosily, special commissary of police at Toulon, informing me that the Marquess de Rivière, who commanded the department of *Bouches du Rhone*,* wished to see me at Marseilles, for

* The Marquess de Rivière enjoyed the unbounded confidence and support of King Louis. His power and his functions in the south of France were unlimited and undefined for a long period. In his orders secret and public he was joined and supported by the Duke d'Angoulême

the purpose, as M. Rosily supposed of obtaining information concerning the state of Corsica, since the Marquess had recently received a commission to *organize and consolidate* the government of that island, previously to proceeding on his embassy to Constantinople to which he had been lately appointed. Now, an evening or two previously to this message, I had seen the Marquess de Rivière, in company with the Duke d'Angoulème, at the Toulon theatre, and that he had seen me was evident to the whole audience, for both of the *par nobile fratrum* had directed their glasses towards me a hundred times, and appeared to have a deal to say together about me.

I waited on M. Rosily, who informed me that the Marquess had been at Toulon two days before, and had endeavoured to persuade the Count de Lardenoy the old *emigré* governor, to arrest me, and that the Count had intimated to him (Rosily) his intention of complying with the Marquess's desire; but he, Rosily had declared to the Count, that such matters rested with himself, who being at the head of the police, was the responsible authority; further that he thought it his duty not only to protest against such a violent measure towards a man invested with a diplomatic character unaccused of any fault, and consequently inviolable in his person, during the execution of his mission, which could not terminate until he had returned to render an account of it to the parties that sent him. M. Rosily, therefore, had declared that, if the military governor should think proper to send *his* Gensdarmes to molest my person, he the civil commissary, would despatch a greater number to protect me. M. Rosily was, however,

with whom he travelled. The occurrences at Avignon, Nismes, Marseilles &c., are proofs of the benignity with which these conjoined powers andi nfluences were employed.

so influenced by the fear of displeasing M. de Rivière and of losing his place, that he now went so far as to insist upon my immediately quitting Toulon. I assured this considerate magistrate, that I was myself most anxious to get to Paris, that the only obstacle was the want of money, to obtain which I requested twenty-four hours delay.

Our conversation then turned upon various subjects, and so I took the opportunity of questioning M. Rosily concerning the persecution of King Joachim. I soon received from this functionary another entire confirmation of all that I had heard from Barthelemy. Moreover, he assured me, that a gentleman who was suspected of knowing King Joachim's retreat, had received directly from Lord Exmouth the promise of a thousand Napoleons for the seizure of King Joachim's person,—but that the bribe was most nobly and indignantly refused. This man—MAN in the noblest sense of the name—was the identical Joliclerc who had been deprived of his employment, as we have already seen, and upon which a numerous infant family depended for subsistence.

Five minutes after quitting M. Rosily, I happened to meet with M. Bonafoux, who had just returned from Paris to Toulon, and he, upon my mentioning my case, was so obliging as to give me one hundred pounds sterling for my check on Lafitte of Paris, which was duly paid at sight.

Whilst I was preparing for my departure, the mayor of Toulon, M. De Quincy, called on me at my hotel, for the express purpose of warning me against placing myself in the power of M. De Rivière. I thanked him most sincerely for his kind philanthropy,—but, at the same time, I assured him that, being quite unconscious of having committed any offence, and, moreover, feeling secure in my public capacity of a Diplomatic Envoy from the "High Allied Powers,"—whatever might be the *personal* feelings

of the Marquis towards me, as aide-de-camp to *the man who had saved his life*,* I was, at all events, sure of the official protection of *Lord Exmouth, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean, and then residing at Marseilles.* My kind adviser still persisted in his caution, assuring me that the Duke d'Angoulème, De Rivière, and Exmouth, were acting as a trinity of mischief, and would play into each other's hands for the persecution of any man who was obnoxious to the Bourbons. However, circumstanced as I was, I determined not to shrink from any encounter either with De Rivière or with any other authority, above ground or below. I, therefore, did not hesitate to pass through Marseilles, although I might have avoided that city, and reached Paris as soon by taking the route of Vaucluse, which place I should have much liked to see.

I left Toulon on the 21st of October, and on the same afternoon arrived at Marseilles, having previously ordered my postillion to drive to the habitation of the Marquis de Rivière, before changing horses. However, no sooner had I reached the suburbs of the city, than my carriage was suddenly surrounded by a party of horse gensdarmes, who rushed out of ambush as though upon an enemy's force. The sergeant informed me that he had orders to conduct me to the Marquis de Rivière. My postillion laughed aloud—the laugh of scorn and indignation—saying, "Why that is the very place to which the gentleman has already ordered me to take him!"

The "noble Marquis" received me with stiff politeness, accompanied by his well-known Hyæna grin. I warmly expostulated with him on the uncalled-for and unwarrantable outrage with which I was treated, and begged to be in-

* See page 326, vol. i.

formed of what crime I was accused? He gave me no direct answer, but ordered one of his attendants to go to Lord Exmouth's, to enquire if his Lordship was at home and could receive him? He then left the room, and I was invited to take my seat in a kind of library where several persons were writing amidst great heaps of papers. Two gensdarmes were standing at the outer door. De Rivière absolutely refused to reply to my indignant inquiries, except by saying, "we shall see by-and-by." He then left the room, and shortly after returned dressed out in full uniform. The person who had been sent to Lord Exmouth, brought for answer that his Lordship was at home and would be glad to receive him. Before leaving, however, an aide-de-camp and four Bourbonite officers of the national guard, were introduced "to keep me company." De Rivière was absent two mortal hours, which I employed in making my company "learn, mark, and inwardly digest," my sentiments concerning the arbitrary, unjust violence which I was suffering.

At length De Rivière returned, accompanied by the special commissary of police of Marseilles, whose name was Rosiez, also decked out in the uniform of his atrocious office. They now proceeded to interrogate me as to the object of my journey to Corsica? I answered by exhibiting my credentials and passport, which they could not but confess were perfectly regular. De Rivière, however, had the impudence to reproach me with having assisted "*a traitor and an enemy to France!*" I had been, he said, the original instigator of the generous measures adopted by the Emperor of Austria in favour of "General Murat," whom I had thus "screened from the vengeance of the French government." He also upbraided me for having manifested a friendly disposition, on my return to Toulon, towards M. Donnadieu, who was one of the three officers who had so

generously conveyed King Joachim to Corsica.* I answered that, in the transaction to which he alluded, I was by no means the *responsible* person. That the Duke of Welling-

* The case of this meritorious officer, equally distinguished for his bravery and literary acquirements, as well as for unassuming modesty and goodness of heart, may justly be cited as an example of the capriciousness of fortune, and the frequent inefficiency of merit (even in France) unsupported by patronage. M. Donnadieu had served his country upwards of twenty years. He distinguished himself at St. Jean d'Acre, and at the battle of the Nile; he was one of the few who escaped from on board the L'Orient, saving many of his shipmates at the risk of his own life. At the battle of Trafalgar he behaved with great distinction on board the French Admiral's ship. At one moment he was the only man left standing on the quarter deck except Admiral Villeneuve. He afterwards saved the ship when driven on a rock at the mouth of Cadiz harbour, during the dreadful storm that succeeded the battle, by volunteering to go on shore for assistance in a little canoe that was found in the hold of the ship. Shortly after this period, despairing of promotion in the navy, he entered the army. He distinguished himself at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, and was with the army of Marshal Massena in Portugal. After having served with honour in the campaigns in Poland and Russia, he re-entered the navy. We have seen how nobly and disinterestedly he aided in the dangerous removal of King Joachim to Corsica, and how I met him at the Lazaretto of Toulon. At the expiration of our quarantine, he was summoned to appear before the Prefect of the department of Bouches du Rhone, who resided at Draguinan, to which place I took him in my carriage, for the double purpose of saving him the expense, and of speaking to the Prefect in his favour. In fact the Prefect, whose name I regret having forgotten, treated me with great politeness, invited us both to dinner, and was perfectly satisfied that M. Donnadieu had infringed no law by what he had done in the spirit of benevolence. However, he had been cashiered *by royal decree* without trial, and without mention being made of any offence. The Prefect promised me that he would interfere in his behalf. Thus my offence, in the eyes of M. de Rivière, was the having afforded to so meritorious a man, to whom I felt under such obligations, the aid and attention his necessities required!

ton, Prince Metternich, the French ministers themselves, with Talleyrand at their head, and also the King of France, were the parties who had decided on the measure which he now branded as "*traitorous*" to France and to the allies! These ministers, together with his own King Louis, were they on whom should rest any odium which *he* (De Rivière) might attach to the object of my mission. "Have I not," said I, "executed my mission with zeal, activity, and propriety?" "That zeal and activity," he retorted, "is the strongest feature in your *guilt;* you knew that Murat was on the point of meeting with the *punishment due to his crimes, and of falling a victim to divine justice;* if *you* had not rescued him from *our* power by your encouragement, and obtaining for him a safe retreat, *we* should have rid the world of so dangerous a *usurper*. You are an enemy to France and to England for having espoused the cause of a traitor to both." Restraining my feelings, I coolly asked the fanatic miscreant by what act King Joachim—always calling him King—by what act "*King* Joachim" had wronged King Louis XVIII? and by what law, or decree, or public command he had been declared an enemy? Further, "what injury King Joachim had ever inflicted personally on the Marquess De Rivière?" *I observed, that in the letter through which the Marquess and Lord Exmouth had expected to inveigle the King into their snares, and which I had seen, he, the Marquess, had avowed himself to be under the greatest possible obligations to the King; as, in fact, it was a matter of historical notoriety, that Murat had saved his life! To this the wretch vouchsafed no answer!* But—he paused a while—and then summoned me to deliver up all my papers. This I most peremptorily refused to do, although I said that I had not a scrap which could possibly compromise either myself or any other person. I most vehemently protested and re-protested against the brigand

violence that was offered me. The villain cast upon me one of his fiendish Hyæna smiles, and ordered four gensdarmes to advance from the door-way at which they were standing. At first I hesitated in my mind whether I should carry my resistance to extremities, as I was armed with a good pair of pocket pistols and a poignard ; but, on second thoughts, I resolved to forget my arms and cede to force, as I never could imagine that such proceedings would have been sanctioned at head-quarters, or even by Lord Exmouth. The four gensdarmes seized my person and minutely searched me in the presence of their chief, De Rivière, and emptied all my pockets! Every part of my carriage and effects were also carefully examined, as were also the person and the baggage of my luckless new servant Roland.

Whilst these atrocities were committing, I never ceased to protest against them; and I assured the Commissary of Police as well as De Rivière, that they could not be aware of the consequence of such wanton outrages upon an innocent man invested with a high diplomatic character, and whose papers were so clear, regular, and unexceptionable. I said, moreover, that being a British born subject, I should certainly claim and meet with the protection of Lord Exmouth, who, in quality of British commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean and then at Marseilles, *could* not refuse to *examine* into my case, and not connive at my being outraged, perhaps murdered and unheard! This latter argument of mine, the Marquess noticed only by a contemptuous sneer. The Commissary of Police began to look serious, and even nodded his head very cautiously at my remarks. But De Rivière commanded his myrmidons to do their duty,—whereupon *they bound my arms behind my back with the straps of their carbines, and forthwith dragged me through the streets of the town, for more than a*

mile, in a violent shower of rain, without my hat, which De Rivière kept to examine. A troop of boys, and then the savage Bourbon murderers of the old Mamalukes and of the Protestants, collected at my heels, and showers of cabbage stalks, lumps of mud, and such like compliments, were directed at me, amidst the cries of "there goes a Buonapartist—there goes a Protestant—kill him!—kill him!" Lucky it was for me, and even for my feeble escort, that it *did* rain so fast, whereby the streets had been nearly emptied even of the *Canaille;* for, thanks to that, I arrived at the common jail, without being murdered, as so many others, as guiltless as myself, had lately been in that abominable district. I was led through several low stone passages, with innumerable iron doors, and grates, and massy bolts, and safely lodged in a stone cell six feet square. My poor servant Roland, as I afterwards learnt, was placed in another cell at no great distance from mine. Here the doors were all closed upon me, and I was left wet to the skin, without light or food, of which not having tasted any that day, I stood much in need. At about midnight I was visited by the gaoler, who informed me that, according to the regulations of the prison, I could only be provided with bread and water, and straw to lie on; but that if I felt inclined to pay well for it, he would furnish me with better fare and a mattress. I must not forget to state that my purse, containing about twenty Napoleons, and a bag with forty more in silver were restored to me, as also a watch I had purchased at Toulon. I readily agreed to the sumptuary terms of the gaoler, and after eating a capital fricassée of poulet retired to rest: I felt no uneasiness about myself. I possessed the intimate consciousness of having done no wrong to any man on earth, but of having done my duty; my only cause of anxiety was for the fate of King Joachim, whom I pictured, in imagination, in a thousand

circumstances of difficulty—and perhaps in some wherein I might be useful to him, were I by his side. I certainly felt strong hopes of his success; and I anticipated the day when I should behold him restored to that happiness and tranquillity he so richly deserved. In the midst of these reveries I fell asleep, but was shortly awakened by the echoing noise of unfastening bolts and locks of the iron gates which led towards my cell. My door presently opened, and my bed was, in a trice, surrounded by gensdarmes and gaolers. Instantly I conjectured that I was now to share the fate of many other guiltless men, who had, in the same place, and at a like hour, been assassinated by these Marseillean *loyalists;* and the only hope, which flashed across my mind, and a sorry hope it was, was to possess myself of one of their weapons, and sell my life as dearly as possible. Whilst I was cogitating how I should proceed upon this plan, and thinking of the difficulty of drawing one of their long sabres, I was ordered to get out of bed; this pleased me—but then perhaps it is only that they do not like to spoil the bed-clothes with my blood! However, up I leapt. "Now take off your shirt" exclaimed a gaoler; I still delayed my desperate alternative. "Walk across the room," said another myrmidon: I walked across the room. "Stay were you are in that corner." Then with an air of great gravity, the party began to examine the collar and wristbands of my shirt, my boots, and trousers. The collar of my coat was ripped open; in fine, every portion of my clothing was examined, so that not even a solitary *flea* could have escaped the searchers. I had soon perceived the object of *this* visit, and so luckily, did not attempt my fighting plan. The fiends then left me; and I slept soundly till late next morning.

Several days then elapsed without my seeing any other person than my gaoler, who was as rough a Cerberus as ever had the custody of similar gates. I was refused pen, ink,

paper, fire, candle, knife, fork, or any thing metallic, except a leaden spoon, nor was I allowed to shave or to be shaved.

On the 27th of October, my first examination or "interrogatoire" as they call it, took place. I was conducted to a distant part of the prison, and ushered into a small room, the door of which was guarded by several gensdarmes with fixed bayonets. Here I found assembled the three commissioners specially charged with my interrogation. These were the special Commissary of Police, Rosiez, a colonel of gensdarmes, and an aide-de-camp of De Rivière, who acted as *rapporteur*. I was invited to take a seat at the table, whilst doing which, I heard the Colonel whisper to the commissary "*Mon Dieu comme il est jeune, quel dommage!*" ("Good God, how young he is—what a pity!") Every scrap of paper that had been found upon me, or amongst my effects, and even my fishing-rod and telescope, carbine, pistols, and sabre, were now produced, and I was required to identify them and fix my initials to each of them separately.

Upon the inquisitors commencing to interrogate me as to my birth, parentage, education, my life and conduct, I again demanded to be informed of what nature was the crime imputed to me; but all the answer I could obtain was, that I must conform to the rules of the police, *if ever I wished to re-behold the light of the sun*. Again, and again, I repeated my earnest protest against this impious inquisitorial treatment, particularly as applied to me, not only a British born subject, *without charge of offence*, but in violation of the laws of nations, as I was then actually employed in the most sacred of all missions, and protected by authentic credentials and passports, signed even by the minister of King Louis himself. But to show that I had full reliance on my innocence of any offence, and that all was "*above board*," I informed the "Inquisitors," that to

remove every pretence for mystery, and to convince them of my having nothing to conceal, I would consent to give any explanation, consistent with my honour, that they might desire. I assured them, however, that had I not been interdicted the use of pen and paper, and kept in such *secret* confinement, Lord Exmouth would soon have put his *veto* to their infamous proceedings, and have obliged them to *exhibit their charge*, *before* treating me like the very worst of felons. At this observation they almost laughed outright, and the aide-de-camp of De Rivière said, "Lord Exmouth is an honest man and a friend to the King!"

They then proceeded to interrogate me, with the most ridiculous minuteness, concerning my life and actions from the time of my birth to that day. The absurdity of many of their questions afforded me not a little amusement, and I could not refrain from occasionally smiling at them. I accounted for every scrap of paper, and for every part of my public and private conduct, in the most clear and satisfactory manner; I had never committed an act of which I ought not rather to be proud than ashamed.

So soon as it appeared to me that their questions had all been fully answered, I observed to the inquisitors, that surely they could no longer have any pretext for preventing my writing to Lord Exmouth, whose interference and protection I felt confident of obtaining, especially as my passport was signed by the British Ambassador in Paris, Sir Charles Stuart. The Commissary and the Colonel both answered with a sneer that they had not the slightest objection to my writing to Lord Exmouth, and added ironically, that I had better, at the same time, write to the Duke d'Angoulème, who was at that time in Marseilles. The aide-de-camp of De Rivière, who was a young man of some emigrant family, evinced the most extraordinary rancour towards me during the whole of the proceedings. Each

time that a paper was examined, and that the mystery which he thought he had found turned out to be a "mare's nest," or a bottle of smoke, he could not conceal his disappointment. The scoundrel coxcomb took up my fishing-rod, and ordered me, in an insolent tone, to take it to pieces and unscrew the butt, that he might examine it. Indignant at the fellow's manner, I sharply bid him "*do it himself!*" The Colonel of gensdarmes gave him a look of disapprobation. The creature next seized hold of my telescope, and, unscrewing the tubes and glasses, examined every section, when, in pure spite and disappointed malignity, he violently pushed one part into the other so as to break one of the glasses, and then threw it down on the table, in the evident expectation of doing further injury to the innocent instrument. Stung to the quick at such wanton, dastardly insolence towards a defenceless man, I exclaimed, "*Polisson!*" — Anglicised "blackguard!" Whereat the doughty aide-de-camp of the midnight assassin and pardoned cut-throat De Rivière, valiantly clapped his hand upon his sword. I started from my chair and lifted it; a sort of hubbub followed; but the Colonel of gens-d'armes, who really seemed to have some feeling, and who had throughout spoken to me with respect, raised his voice to such a pitch as soon quieted the pimping minion. All sounds were hushed for above a minute; —not a word was spoken, until I craved permission of the Colonel to speak. "Certainly—certainly," replied both the Colonel and the Commissary, who was also a man of manners. "Then I tell this man," said I, pointing to the aide-de-camp, "that unless I am to share the fate of those who have fallen victims to midnight assassinations here, I shall soon be in Paris, and shall be found at the Hôtel de Bourbon, Rue de la Paix. Do you understand me?" looking at the aide-de-camp. "I shall be happy to see you there, or *to hear* from you,—

and I hear that you are going to Paris."—"Oh! surely, surely,—very happy—very happy," replied the coxcomb. Then all was quiet; and my examination, or rather the recording of it, was resumed, and soon completed. I was then re-conducted to my cell by the gaoler and two gens-darmes, who wished me a very good night, and in a tone that bespoke esteem and secret good fellowship. Probably they did not like the aide-de-camp, and had overheard the altercation.

Next morning, being provided with the necessary materials, I wrote to Lord Exmouth, the Duke d'Angoulème, and De Rivière. When my letters were ready I apprised the gaoler, who apprised the aide-de-camp, who came into my cell to receive them. He made no allusion to what had passed the preceding evening, nor did I; but he took my letters, and engaged to deliver them himself. The copies of these letters were seized, amongst my other papers, by the French police, so I cannot give them; and if I had them it would not be necessary, as it would only be repeating much of what my readers know already. To Lord Exmouth I also gave an outline of my case, and, as an English subject, claimed his protection *so far as to allow me an interview, that I might more fully explain anything he might think fit to investigate. I begged him to examine into my character, my mission, and my conduct;—to have me tried and hung* if I should be found to merit it; but not to suffer me to be outraged, not only without defence, but without even any *accusation.*

The next day I was visited again by the aide-de-camp, who assured me, that he had seen my letters to Lord Exmouth and to the Duke d'Angoulème delivered by the Marquess de Rivière himself on the preceding evening at the theatre.

On the 1st of November I received the following letter from Lord Exmouth:—

"Boyne, off Marseilles, 1st Nov., 1815.

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, *and not having had the honour of any previous communication with you,* I cannot forbear to express my SURPRISE, that under this consideration *you should now call upon me for protection.* I have just had a conference with the Marquess de Rivière, from whom I learn that your request to proceed to Paris will be complied with.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your most obedient Servant,
(Signed) "EXMOUTH."

"To Colonel Maceroni, &c., &c., &c."

My readers may well imagine what were my indignant sensations on the receipt of this letter. If his Lordship did not think fit to interfere in my behalf, he might, at least, have told me so in inoffensive terms, but to excuse himself from the performance of HIS DUTY on the ground of my not having sooner communicated with him, *knowing, as he did, that from the first moment of my entering the streets of Marseilles I had been a close prisoner, deprived of all intercourse with society, and denied the use of pen, ink, and paper,* was a mockery—an insolent, impertinent mockery,—which he might just as well have spared his own station and my common sense. If even it had happened that I had *not* availed myself of the first opportunity of communicating with "his Lordship" (and why should I have thought it necessary, in passing through Marseilles, to communicate with him at all, had I met with no impediment on my journey), if I had even, *according to his ideas,* been *guilty* of a slight breach of etiquette towards him, is he prepared to say, that this would have been a justifiable reason for his refusing to protect a British subject (never mind a *fellow man*) against the violent outrage and persecu-

tion of which he received the complaint? Moreover, his Lordship was very well aware of the manner in which his friend, the Marquess and the royal Bourbon Duke, had recently *disposed* of those who were politically obnoxious to them. Had they murdered me, as they had so many other guiltless men, any relative that I might have in the world would have been justified in taking *his* "noble" blood in exchange for mine. But it appears by his Lordship's letter that he had "just had a conference with the Marquess de Rivière, from whom he learnt that my request to proceed to Paris would be complied with;" from which sentence any one would infer that his Lordship *had* interfered, to a certain extent, in my behalf. What the nature of this interference might have been I know not; for it obtained for me, *not* the permission of proceeding *unmolested* on my journey, as the language would imply, for *that* I had requested, but the special favour of being sent forward (with my own carriage, indeed, and at my own expense) In the custody of guards appointed by the police; like a captured bandit or convicted felon. After I had received this letter from Lord Exmouth, I heard from my gaoler that a British consul had arrived at Marseilles. I thought I would attempt to communicate with this public functionary, who might be less prone than the Admiral to connive at the atrocities committed on me.

My gaoler had withdrawn my paper, &c., so soon as I had written the three letters spoken of. How could I now write to the British Consul? I found a pencil in the drawer of my table, and also a book of roads, left by some unfortunate, who had very likely also left his bones in some part of the atrocious edifice. In this book were three blank leaves, so with my pencil I wrote three brief notes addressed to the British Consul, and on the back of each of them announced, that any person delivering them to their address, should

receive a gratuity of twenty Napoleons. The window or rather grated hole which let a little light and air into my cell, was furnished with a wooden funnel or screen such as are used in convents and other buildings to intercept the view downwards into the street. By climbing up the bars, I could perceive, through the chinks of the boards, that underneath was a public thoroughfare, but that a sentry was constantly pacing up and down it. However, thought I, "I can but try;" so I put together a couple of the joints of my fishing-rod, and so dropped my notes into the street, recommending them to the care of my good genii (if I had any), or of the "devil," if I was not yet ripe unto his gathering. A high wind prevailed; the notes might be scattered far from the sentry's tread; "twenty Napoleons to the bearer;"—there was some hope of their being delivered, one out of the three. But no; one, at least, must have been found by the sentinel—for the following morning, in came my gaoler, looking unutterable things, and deprived me of the road-book, and another or two which I now remember having had with me. Finding that the sentinel was on the watch below my grating for anything that might fall from it, I amused myself with first throwing down a piece of candle, which I was now allowed. Up came the gaoler with the candle end, all hacked and cut to pieces, to discover the hidden correspondence. Then I would let fall a paper all covered with hieroglyphics of my own fancying, which were seized upon as a most portentous document. All this was very well in joke, but serious matters were transacting in the cells not far removed from mine. Twice was I awakened by the unlocking of the doors and grating, and then, listening with suspended breath, I did distinctly hear the cries and shrieks of wretches *who, I was afterwards assured,* were murdered in their cells, in lieu of bringing them to trial for offences they had *not* committed. This

seems strange—passing strange; but let any of my readers whoever shall visit Marseilles, inquire how many men accused of Buonapartism and Protestantism, and who were imprisoned at the period of which I am writing, have never been seen or heard of after? I certainly cannot produce *documents* to prove these murders, but I then *did* hear enough, and since *have* heard enough, to satisfy any jury in this kingdom on *circumstantial* evidence. So thoroughly was I aware of the legitimate practices going on around me, that I should have fully made up my mind to be included in the *expurgations* had I not thought that Lord Exmouth, *pander as he was to Bourbon atrocities, would* FEAR *the consequences of my entire disappearance.*

Having now failed in my attempt to inform the British Consul of my situation, and the infamous letter of Lord Exmouth having precluded all hope of his interference in my behalf, I regarded resistance as fruitless, and so submitted with resignation to the tyrannical inquisitorial proceedings of my persecutors.* I must not, however, omit to mention a circumstance which aggravated my case, by making me the unwitting instrument of injury to others, and which will aid in exposing the nefarious system of the French terrorist police. In passing through Marseilles on my way to Toulon and Corsica, two months previously, I had accidentally been met and accosted in the streets by a gentleman who, having known me at Naples, kindly made me a tender of his services. This gentleman was a Mr. Capron, who had held an important civil appointment at Naples (*Conservateur des ipotheques*). I thanked him for his civility, and inserted his address in my pocket-book.

* I must not forget to pay my debt of gratitude to the several mice who partook of my abode and of my meals, and who soon became so tame as to eat out of my hand. How I did love them and regret to part from them! I stuffed every chink with bread upon leaving.

This address being discovered by the inquisitors, I was cross-questioned on the cause of my having it in my possession. I clearly explained the simple fact, and, whilst doing so, I remarked that M. Rosiez, the Police Commissary, said something to the Colonel of gensdarmes; I distinctly heard the latter reply, that he would give orders for Mr. Capron being arrested that very night. I afterwards learnt that my courteous acquaintance, merely in consequence of his name having been found in my pocket-book, *had been arrested and kept upwards of a month in close confinement*!

A young actress of Toulon, whose name and address were also found in the same unlucky pocket-book, shared a similar fate!

This is the nation, the French nation, which talks of having its liberties guaranteed by a *Charter!* Liberty is *practical* not *theoretical*. A Frenchman cannot move five miles without a *passport*. A peasant who brings a load of hay to Paris, must wait for his "passport" at the Prefecture of Police before he can return home. The *chartered* people! Bagdad or Constantinople is a Paradise to this.

I had now been confined three weeks with almost undiminished rigour; for, although I had obtained the special privilege of burning the wax lights I had provided for my carriage lamps, and of purchasing a breakfast and dinner for a Napoleon a-day, I still was denied the use of any other implement than a leaden spoon. The weather was unseasonably cold, and being without any other trousers than nankeen, and without fire, I was obliged, in order to keep myself warm, to measure perpetually, like a wild beast in his den, until I was giddy, the five short steps from corner to corner of my cell.

I am far—very far from holding forth this state imprisonment as anything afflicting to a mind like mine. I had then

no wife and children to mourn my absence or to suffer even from my death. When *I* was fed, and sheltered, and asleep, all my family were so also. I then felt a buoyancy of mind which could only be afflicted by a consciousness of some error, which I had *not* committed, my only anxiety was for the fate of King Joachim, which I could only learn from the men who thirsted for his blood. Thus was the latter period of my imprisonment at Marseilles rendered particularly dreary and afflictive through the knowledge of the unhappy fate of him on whose account I was then suffering. No sooner had the news of King Joachim's murder reached Marseilles, than the Marquess de Rivière hastened to despatch his aide-de-camp to my dungeon with the intelligence. This was the identical aide-de-camp employed at my examination, and whom I have shown as particularly rancorous towards me. The wretch entered my cell with a smile of savage exultation on his impudent visage, and took pleasure in giving me a minute account of the indignities which had been heaped upon the King at his capture and death. He also read to me aloud the letter he had addressed, in his last moments, to his wife and children, and gloated upon the affliction which overcame me. Seeing me deeply affected, the scoundrel, alluding to my tears, insulted me by observing, "that he who could feel so much regret at the just punishment of a traitor, could not himself be otherwise than a very bad subject, (*un fort mauvais sujet*)." Thus was I condemned to endure, with impunity, the insults of these understrappers of De Rivière and Exmouth, without any means of defence, or of bringing them to an account for their atrocious conduct.

I think it was about the 10th of November, that I was summoned to be ready by midnight to set out for Paris. I earnestly inquired whether my servant Roland would not be allowed to accompany me, as I naturally presumed there

could be no cause of complaint against him. But, to my very great surprise, I was answered by the aide-de-camp in the negative. He allowed, "that Roland had, in his interrogations, *given a very satisfactory account of himself for the last eight years of his life*, but that his *previous* character and conduct *were not quite clear*." This anecdote must appear highly improbable to those who are not acquainted with the iniquitous system of the French police, and which still prevails in *Constitutional* France; but it is strictly true, and in accordance with the general spirit of the proceedings of the French government.

When the time fixed for my departure arrived, I was conducted from the prison gate through a double file of soldiers (at least sixty men) to my carriage. A captain of National Guards, and a serjeant of gensdarmes, were ordered by De Rivière to escort me on the journey. These men were rendered responsible for my safe delivery into the hands of the Minister of Police at Paris. This Minister was no longer Fouché, but a M. De Cazes, late Prefect of Police at Paris, a supple tool of Justus Grunner, the Prussian chief Inquisitor, who had caused my first imprisonment in the *Conciergerie*, along with De Coussy, as I have described.

My two guards were certainly courteous and attentive. I had only to complain of the gensdarme on account of his enormous and inconvenient size, he being six feet seven inches high, and rather more than proportionately broad. The conversation of both my guards was very agreeable, and we soon became the best possible friends. It was also a great pleasure for me to breathe the fresh air, and to view the beautiful country through which we passed. I could at any time have escaped, if I had thought it worth my while. The gensdarme often fell asleep, with my double carbine by his side, and the captain heeded nothing but his eating and drinking, at which he was a most rare adept. One griev-

ance I had to complain of during the journey, and that was the loss of my portmanteau from off the "dicky" of my carriage, very shortly after quitting Marseilles, and in it there happened to be, besides my clothes, more than fifty pounds sterling, in gold and silver coin. How it fell off, no one could tell, but *I* never found it.

Upon my arrival at Paris, I was immediately taken before M. De Cazes, the new Minister of Police. The *proces verbal* of my inquisitorial examinations at Marseilles, together with all my papers, were on the table before him. I addressed him with the self-possession and confidence of a guiltless man, and challenged him to name the offence that had been laid to my charge. He evidently felt at a loss for a reply, so, instead of answering my question, he asked me, in an authoritative tone, "How I had dared to take charge of two hundred thousand francs, which the Duke of Otranto (Fouché who was Minister of Police at the time of my leaving Paris) had given me in gold to convey to King Joachim?" Secondly, he wanted to know, "how I had become possessed of three Corsican *stilos* or poignards, and of a paper of "horrid poison," (corrosive sublimate, he called it) which were (*excepting the gold*) found with my baggage." These were quite new and laughable questions, and it was to me evident that they had been devised by De Rivière *after* my examination, as no such nonsense had been spoken of by my interrogators at Marseilles. I well remembered that amongst my papers a small packet of *calomel* had been found, which was opened, examined, and thrown aside; but I also remembered that I soon afterwards perceived the De Rivière aide-de-camp, clandestinely, and, as he thought, unperceived, put the packet of *calomel* into his pocket. Here was a case! here was an accusation for you! I was convicted of having purchased three Corsican poignards, of beautiful workmanship, and of being provided with a few

doses of calomel! I could not refrain from laughing in the very face of "his Excellency," and then I condescended to reply to such stuff; first, that I had not received a single franc from the Duke of Otranto, or from any other person, to take to Murat, although I should certainly have considered myself authorised to accept of the commission, if it had been proposed to me by a man so high in office as the *French Minister of Police*. With regard to the three poignards, and the "poison," I had purchased the former as curiosities of workmanship, and the latter, as might easily be ascertained, was *calomel*, of which I sometimes took a few grains when travelling.

After a long conversation, the Minister De Cazes, finding that I laughed at these paltry accusations, which had no shadow of consistency, candidly and stupidly informed me, that the Emperor of Austria, in having consented to permit King Joachim to reside in his dominions, had acted in opposition to the views and policy of the French Government, and that *I* had rendered myself very obnoxious by the part I had taken in that measure.

It will be readily supposed that I did not fail to reply to this, that if the offer of an asylum to Murat, to which he referred, had really been so odious to "His Most Christian Majesty," he might easily have opposed it while the measure was in agitation before the council of the Ministers of the Allied Powers, *at which Prince Talleyrand assisted as the representative of his said "Christian Majesty."* "What an insult to common sense, as well as to every principle of justice, is it," said I, "to seize upon the man who was the mere bearer of the message sent to Murat, with the open, official, solemn concurrence of your own Sovereign!" If there be any odium in the affair, surely it ought to fall upon the generous Duke of Wellington, on Prince Talleyrand, Prince Metternich, but especially on the former, who

was the first to propose the measure for saving Murat from the daggers of his assassins." "But *you*, sir," replied De Cazes, "were the original solicitor of that measure."

Now reason, justice, common sense, being thus impudently set at nought, what could I do? I was oppressed by *force*, every appeal to *right* was useless; but still, I certainly did think, there being no shadow of a pretence for keeping me in confinement, I should now be liberated by the scoundrels, if merely it were to save themselves the trouble of persecuting me any longer. They knew that, young as I was, I was not the man to lie down quietly under their inflictions. So now, thought I, De Cazes will send me about my business. At this moment a person entered the room in which I was conversing with De Caze, and I was desired to step for a moment into an adjoining apartment. There, to my great surprise, I found several gensdarmes, who instantly carried me off to the prison of the Conciergerie, where I was again thrown into solitary confinement.

My first step was to write to Sir Charles Stuart, and to Prince Metternich; the gaoler undertaking to deliver my letters to the Prefect of Police, who, he assured me, would regard himself bound to forward them to their respective addresses. I soon, however, had ocular proof that the letters had not been sent. The malicious farce of interrogating me was repeated, and my first examination took place at the Conciergerie. The *employé* charged with this office was named M. Boucheseche, and I must give him credit, and here express my thanks, which I trust he will see, for his kind suavity of behaviour. The usual preliminary questions concerning my birth, name, and profession being put to me, M. Boucheseche insisted upon describing me as a field officer in the Neapolitan service. Here I was determined to make a peremptory stand. It instantly flashed across my mind that were I to acknowledge

myself, or in any way allow myself to be described as still in the Neapolitan service, the Bourbons of France would hand me over to their dear, worthy cousins of Naples, who would soon find means to take the life of one who had endeavoured to save that of the magnanimous Joachim. Facts soon after proved my surmise to be well founded, but the blood-loving Ferdinand (Oh, that name!) was disappointed in his hopes of lapping mine, and so he licked his gory chops in vain. "I am *not* now in the Neapolitan service," said I; "I addressed a letter to the Neapolitan Consul at Toulon, enclosing my resignation, and if I had neglected that formality, I insist upon being now considered as absolved from all the honours of that service. The King, whose aide-de-camp I was, is dead;—my services have ended with *his* life. I am Francis Maceroni, a British born subject: note me down as such; I will reply to no other title." "You are right," whispered my interrogator, in a kind and encouraging tone, while casting round his eyes as though he feared that walls had ears,—and then he wrote down my reply accordingly. "But, Sir," continued M. Boucheseche, "I see that you are accused of using very intemperate and vituperative language towards the French government, and especially concerning the proceedings of the police." This accusation somewhat surprised me, being quite at a loss to conceive to whom I could possibly have made these offensive remarks, having been confined *au sécrét* from the very first moment of my arrest, so that some two or three words per day, addressed to my gaoler, had been the full extent of my conversation. Looking down upon the mass of papers on the table before me, at which sat my inquisitor, the origin of this accusation was made manifest; for there I saw the copy of the letter I had addressed to Lord Exmouth at Marseilles, and also the two identical letters I had by permission so recently written to Sir Charles Stuart,

charte!" Alas! you simpletons, far more locomotive liberty is there at Tunis and at Bagdad! The liberty which mankind want most, is that which makes their every, daily, hourly action free, according to their wants and pleasure. Very fine it is, indeed, to say that you cannot be taxed without the intervention of a Parliament—when you cannot *move* a foot without permission of the arbitrary will of some of the sixty thousand agents of police. The *moral torture* to which I was being subjected, was a mere substitute for the physical "torture" of which the progress of civilization has deprived the men in power. This system of *moral* torture even is at variance with the *written* laws of France. Torture of every description was abolished by Louis XVI., and that Sovereign ratified the decree of the National Convention, which protected the citizens from arbitrary arrest and illegal detention, by a clause which, something like our *Habeas Corpus* act, obliged the magistrates to release all persons who could not be legally committed, according to a prescribed form of examination, within twenty-four hours after seizure.

This same decree authorised the accused to have the assistance of an advocate *during his examination*, and intercourse with his relations and friends. Where is the benefit of such a law, if allowed to remain as a dead letter? Far better to live under the sabre sway of Eastern despotism;—*there* we *know* the rule—and pure despotism never gives itself the trouble to interfere with minor matters of human habits.

The Code Napoleon cancelled none of the above stipulations in favour of the accused. The most constrained construction of the spirit of the enactments of that immortal Code, cannot elicit any warrant for the practice of immuring a *suspected* person in a solitary dungeon; separating him from his wife, his children, and connexions; depriving him of all legal assist-

ance ; regulating his treatment and diet so as to promote the subjection of his mind by languor of body, until the victim, perhaps prostrated by the treatment, sacrifices his duty as a citizen to the impulse of his affections ; so that he has even been frequently known to frustrate his restoration to freedom and social endearment by extorted confessions which place future liberty, and even life, at the disposal of his torturers !

According to the present French, far worse than Morocco, system, charges are never communicated to the political prisoner until *his own confessions* have enabled the *Juge d'Instruction* to draw out the warrant, often *after* the victim has been confined and tortured for many months. He is then sent to trial, if tried at all, with a record of self-condemnation through the preliminary process of *secret* interrogatories, in which power and subtlety have exerted every means to intimidate and confound.

Modern justice in France seems to have no object in all political cases but *to destroy*. And when, in my time, loss of life was found to be desired by some unhappy men as a relief from so much suffering as they and all France was then enduring, recourse was had to mutilation antecedent to death.*

The lessons of adversity are said to soften the human heart ; but, alas ! she has found amongst the Bourbon Louises some too impenetrable to her tears or her philosophy !

The nefarious course of proceeding in the French system of judicature in *political* cases, as at present practised, is as follows :—

* The hands of Tolleron, Plignier, and Carbonnau, were successively cut off, before the axe was allowed to terminate the miseries of one of the unhappy victims. Several of the poor deluded peasants, who in 1816 were butchered by the Bourbon executioner, General Donnadieu, at Grenoble, were also mutilated previously to being murdered.

1st. The accused—suspected of being a suspicious or devoted person—is arrested without motive assigned, either by word or writing!

2nd. Detention in *solitude*, until so much offence is admitted *by the prisoner* as the judge thinks sufficient to justify the issue of the warrant for detention, and also for providing means for the conduct of the prosecution.

3rd. Sometimes permission is given to communicate *in public* with counsel and friends, if any "friends" have the courage to see or even acknowledge you; but there is no security against the seizure by the police of the very memoranda and papers necessary, and even prepared purposely, for the defence of the accused.*

4th. Admission of written depositions from parties turning "king's evidence," although those same parties were removed by the police to deprive the accused of the right guaranteed by the law, of cross questioning them in court.†

5th. Examination of the accused in court, by the judges in the spirit of counsel, against the accused.‡

6th. In case of a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner may be, and in matters of *opinion* always is, remanded to prison for one month, on the infamous plea that the *Procureur du Roi* may consider whether or not he will move for a new

* This felon practice is constant. When an acquaintance of mine (Mr. Smith) was in prison in Paris, in 1816, all the notes with which he was preparing his defence were seized, and sent to the Bourbon Attorney-General, to enable him to frame his prosecution by them!! But Mr. Smith's courage was not to be subdued, and the vengeance of the blood-thirsty tyrant was finally baffled.

† Vide many proofs in State Trials in 1816 and 1817.

‡ Every Englishman who, about the period I am alluding to, attended the proceedings at the Freneh tribunals, was most disgusted at such shameless abuse of the judicial functions and character. It will subsequently be seen that I have been oppressed by the like illegal conduct of *English* judges, on more than one occasion.

trial, when, in all probability, no such intention exists, or can exist: the only object being to prolong the sufferings of an innocent but obnoxious person.

In this sketch of the more flagrant of the *abuses* of the law in France, no notice has been taken of the preliminary and infinitely arbitrary operations of the police, which is responsible to no other authority than the Minister of that department.

This police, this horrible engine of organised despotism, under which the French people dream of having a "Charter" —which respects no statute, no moral obligation, and none of the decencies of society; which withers honour, blasts confidence, and crushes all individual liberty; which generates and nourishes crime for the production of *scaffold proofs* of its vigilance, crushed with its fatal power more than one hundred thousand honest men, in the two years succeeding to the second restoration of the Bourbon incubus.*

Happy England, in at least possessing the Palladium of public and private liberty—in the right of petitions, the bill of Habeas Corpus, and the *quasi* liberty of the press; but much wronged England, in having been made the restorer and Janissary guard of a tyranny more odious, because under the name of "*Legitimate*," it mocks the understandings as well as the rights of mankind!

To return to my personal narrative, I must say that my friends in Paris were at a loss to know what had become of me. Some thought me shipwrecked; others, that I had been assassinated by the "*loyal*" Bourbonists of the *Bouches*

* I appeal to Messrs. Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, if above *seven thousand prisoners* did not enter *La Force*, during the time of their confinement, coming from the prisons of the Prefecture of police? And if above *one hundred and forty* were not occasionally sent in *one night*?

du Rhone,—and, in truth, it is probable, that to this day they *might* have been ignorant of my fate, had I not luckily found means to acquaint the benevolent Sir Charles Stuart (now Lord Stuart de Rothsay), of my unhappy situation.

Shortly after being established in my new abode in the military prison of the *Abbaye*, I thought of a plan of communication with my valet, whom I had left in care of my apartments at the Hôtel de Bourbon, Rue de la Paix. I requested the gaoler to send to my apartments, and desire my servant to bring me a pair of slippers. The slippers were brought, but I was not allowed to see the bearer. My faithful and affectionate servant, overjoyed to find that I was still amongst the number of the living, ran round to several of my acquaintance to inform them of his discovery.* But such is the terror inspired by the dark Venetian-like doings of the French police, that not one individual ventured to acknowledge acquaintance with, or any interest about me, save and except a lady of great personal beauty and high accomplishments, named De Guelph. She applied repeatedly at my prison gate, and although not allowed to see me, she consoled me in some measure by her sprightly cheering letters, which she was allowed to leave *open* for the previous inspection of the inquisitors. This lady was a widow of fortune, about eight and twenty, and then on the point of being re-married to the Duke of Rovigo. I have not since heard whether the union did take place. The room I occupied at the Abbaye had just been vacated by the gallant Colonel Labedoyère, who was taken from it to the place of his judicial murder. In a small table drawer, I again found a piece of pencil, and a catalogue of books belonging to a

* This worthy man had been for many years in the household of the Empress Josephine, and had all the manners and qualifications of a gentleman, which title he deserved far more than ninety-nine out of any hundred who are called such.

neighbouring circulating library. Upon a blank leaf of this book, I wrote a brief note to Sir Charles Stuart; then tearing up the inner sole of one of the slippers, just brought me by my valet, I placed the note underneath, and replaced the sole as smoothly as I could, so that there was no appearance of anything being under it. The next day, I desired the gaoler to return the slippers to my servant, under the pretence of their being too small for me, and to ask for another pair. The rest I was forced to leave to my good or evil stars. But the stratagem succeeded; it occurred to my man (who very well knew the slippers to be of the proper size), to examine them,—and so he found the note, and hastened to deliver it to Sir Charles Stuart.

The British Ambassador had the kindness to make instantaneous and firm application to the French government, in order to ascertain the cause of my imprisonment; the first effects of which interference was my being relieved from the *solitary* feature of my confinement. I was now allowed intercourse with the other prisoners, and to communicate with my servant; but, with the malignant view of prolonging my detention as much as possible, the French minister, de Cazes, continued for three weeks to give to the repeated reclamations of Sir Charles Stuart, the most ridiculously evasive, inconclusive answers. He even had recourse to an assertion as absurd as he knew it to be false, which he thought would answer the purpose of delay. He assured Sir Charles that I had no right to his protection, as I was "not an Englishman, but *only a Roman!*" Sir Charles was so good as to send me copies of the French minister's letters which, if I have space, I will give in the appendix to this history. In one of the notes appended to the fourth Canto of Lord Byron's Childe Harold, this curious excuse of M. de Cazes is noticed as it deserves. Lord Byron remarks "that so fallen is Italy and Rome, that *now a Gaul*

presumes to plead that the innocent man whom he is outraging and confining in a dungeon, has no claim to any sympathy or protection, because the wretch is 'ONLY A ROMAN!!!'"

M. de Cazes, in a letter to Sir Charles Stuart, dated the 24th November, 1815, informed him that I was claimed by the Neapolitan Ambassador, who in the name of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, demanded that I should be delivered up to the tender mercies of his master. But Sir Charles knew his official and moral duty, and he nobly performed it.

A French officer of polished manners and agreeable conversation was now placed, ostensibly as a fellow prisoner, in my room, but, as I well knew, for the performance of the office of a "*mouton*," that is to talk and "pump" out any secrets from an unsuspecting prisoner. This poor fellow was delighted with his change of residence in the prison, for he had been taken from a room over mine, in which were twenty or thirty other prisoners, with scanty fare; and now I constantly invited him to partake of all my meals, which were furnished from an excellent *restaurateur* close by. I believe that he became really very much attached to me, for, after a few days, he candidly confessed his business, and told me that, being imprisoned on the mere suspicion of liberal opinions, and separated from his wife and infant children, he had yielded to the temptation offered him of immediate liberty if he should be able to elicit from me anything interesting to the police. I gave the poor man some shirts, stockings, drawers, &c., of which he stood much in need, and his wan cheeks were soon plumped out by the good cheer and wine which he partook of at my table. At length a portion of the information which the French robber minister expected to obtain from me, was candidly explained. I was told that it must be absurd for

me to deny my having the knowledge of large sums of money being deposited in Paris in the name of King Joachim, and that my liberty should be the immediate price of my directing the police to the seizure of such funds! To this infamous and outrageous proposition I replied, that "I was ignorant of the existence of any such sums, but that, if I had possessed the knowledge, I would set at defiance and laugh to scorn all their threats and torments, rather than be accessary to so vile an act of felon rapacity, by which the widow and children of the murdered King would be despoiled of their lawful property." I also lost no time in acquainting Sir Charles Stuart with this infamous overture, which still further stimulated him in his exertions to procure my liberation.

I do not remember on which day of Nov., 1815 it was, that the Duke of Wellington published his famous letter apologetical and explanatory on the spoliation of the gallery of the Louvre, and also for the declared charitable purpose of giving to the French nation "a great moral lesson." In this letter or manifesto, His Grace justifies the abstraction of these statues and paintings on the plea of its not having been *especially* stipulated in the Capitulation of Paris, that *they* should be suffered to remain where they were. Mark this, reader! The capitulation *does* secure their inviolability, because article twelve expressly says, that "*public* monuments and property shall be respected." But I will wave this point, and even allow that there was sanction for carrying away *the celebrated group of horses whilom belonging to the no longer existing Republic of Venice*, against which even the Moscovite Alexander remonstrated. But at this very same time the illustrious Marshal Ney was undergoing what they called a "trial," before the Chamber of Paris peers, for political offences committed antecedently to the Capitulation of Paris, which we have seen *did* guarantee

entire *security to all*, against any question or investigation whatever. The Duke of Wellington being appealed to by the Marshal, his wife, and counsel, as the commander of the armies which entered Paris and had the benefit of that Capitulation, and who was bound to cause its provisions to be respected by his co-benefiters *in* the deed, made answer, that such Capitulation was *merely military*, and that he could not prevent his Majesty, Louis XVIII., from "doing what he liked with his own" subjects! Here was a clear and distinct abnegation and discardal of the Capitulation in all that respected the interference on behalf of Marshal Ney, whereas, when the question of the statues and paintings of the Louvre were concerned, the Capitulation was then (falsely) appealed to, as authorizing (negatively) that spoliation. I was a prisoner in the Abbaye at the time, but the contradiction and inconsistency of this notable shuffle struck me so forcibly, that I instantly took up my pen and addressed a letter to the Princess of *La Moscowa* (Madame Ney), in which I pointed out this blowing hot and cold as clearly as any child of six years old must surely see it. I attribute to the agony and turmoil with which the illustrious lady must have been overwhelmed, my never having received any acknowledgment of the receipt of this letter. The princess certainly received it, as my trusty valet delivered it into her own hands. Enough on that point; but enough has not yet been said about the outrage to public faith which led Ney, Labedoyère, Mouton, Duvernet, and others to the scaffold, from which Lavallette, Cambrone, and many more escaped by evasion or by absence, and subsequently had their sentences, *par contumace, formally revoked by the judicial declaration of there being no cause for any procedure against them!* These after-sentences of acquittal are, in themselves, unequivocal, solemn, judicial, declarations of the former ones of "guilt and death," having been unjust and contrary to

law, amounting, in fact, to a solemn, official confession of *murder*. There the question might be left as settled by the most competent authorities—that is, the very same tribunals who had committed the previous *errors* of condemning innocent men to death.

The illustrious and humane Duke of Wellington was, in the melancholy affair of Ney, blinded by his political prejudices. I would stake my life that, were the transaction to be re-acted, his naturally just and benevolent mind would recoil at taking a similar part. But it is done; and, as an historian—I beg pardon—a biographer, I must state the facts as they existed, and as I saw them.

The Duke of Wellington, I repeat, and the "royalists" of France say, that King Louis was no party to the Capitulation. That a King cannot be bound by the arrangements or promises of *foreign generals*, so that he should not be free to execute his own laws on his own subjects. But I beg my readers to remember, that, according to all writers on the usages of war and the laws of nations, *a convention is binding on those who* SIGN *as well as on those who* BENEFIT *by* the document. The latter party can, in no way of law or of common sense, select the advantages, and afterwards reject the inconvenience, by a denial of participation in the contract. Let us suppose that an English army were, by capitulation, to enter a town of Spain, having a *Carlist* garrison, the personal safety of which they guaranteed, and then that their *Christino* allies were subsequently to begin to shoot and hang the confiding inhabitants or the garrison, would not the British commander who had signed the capitulation, be guilty of a murderous breach of faith if he did not interfere, and *if necessary, employ force* to cause *his* solemn word and covenant to be respected? The thing is so clear as to make argument ridiculous; but, so

strong is prejudice as to afflict its victims with more than Cimmerian darkness.

I have still stronger grounds to stand upon, where no quibble or bit of sophistry can possibly be planted. *I* say, that it was of no consequence to the people, or to the French army of Paris, whether King Louis agreed or not,—because *the allied commanders* HAD *guaranteed their safety against all persecutions for political opinions, and conduct;* so that if remonstrance failed, *they were bound to protect them* BY FORCE OF ARMS.* But I have still further to say,—besides, as I have already shown, that King Louis himself was a *direct and personal* party to the capitulation of Paris, inasmuch *as his own minister and representative, Prince Talleyrand, was present, in company with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Stuart, and Pozzo di Borgo, and met* ME *in council the next morning* (*4th July*), *at* LA GONESSE, *when Talleyrand turning to the Duke, said,* "*I pray your grace to read to Count Maceroni, the capitulation which* WE *have just concluded.*" *Let either Talleyrand or Wellington deny this if they have the stomach!* But most of my intelligent readers will, I am sure, by this time, repeat the saying of the cynic who, upon overhearing two men arguing a palpable truism, exclaimed, "one of these fellows is milking a ram, whilst the other is holding the pail!" I could quote the opinions of

* Upon the British army taking *military* possession of Egypt, and having delivered it over to the *political* authority of the Ottoman Porté; when, however, the Capitan Pacha began murdering the Beys, and proceeded against the partizans of the French, the British commander, not only remonstrated and threatened, but actually protected the persecuted men within his lines, and Lord Hutchinson, as he himself has recounted to me, marched the British army in line of battle, with loaded guns, on the Pacha's camp, giving to the Capitan Pacha, but five minutes to surrender every persecuted or threatened individual in his possession, with a solemn promise of future forbearance.

Lord Holland, and of several other men of honest intellect on this dismal occurrence; but the few *facts* I have already given, are amply sufficient for a case, which may be included in a nutshell. May the examples of Ney, Carracciolo, Labedoyère, Cirillo, and other thousands, judicially murdered; the capitulations of Naples in 1799; of Naples, Parga, Genoa, Ragusa, in 1815; of the Waldenses, of Spain and Naples in 1823; and many others in our times only, leaving out the "good old times,"—may these examples, if possible, I say, serve as a lesson and an index of the reliance to be placed in the plighted faith of those *who have* POWER *over others!* Remember the ancient Brennus, who cast his sabre into the Roman scale, just as our otherwise just Wellington retaliated on the modern Gauls. "Woe to the conquered!" is the motto of all victors! Whenever, in a *political* strife, the sword unhappily must be drawn, the scabbard should be flung away. The wiseacre Doctrinaire Constitutionalists of the French Chambers, who in July, 1815—refused to allow Napoleon to resume command of the army for only *a few hours*, to take advantage of the hasty imprudent advance of Wellington and Blucher —how, I say, must those gentlemen, with all their old saws and new learnt axioms about "Constitutional Liberty," have gnawed their fingers, when they found themselves discarded, insulted, proscribed, by the invaders in whose promises they had the unpardonable folly to confide? *They*, in *real*, though perhaps not *intentional* league with the traitor Fouché, did check and smother the national enthusiasm, and suffered their only shield, Napoleon, to be removed, so that they, together with France, could present but a naked body at the breach. Such was the insanity inflicted by destiny for the accomplishment of her purposes: "*quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" These men were, perhaps, honest; but Benjamin de Constant at least did, to my knowledge,

most bitterly repent his cavils about the "*acte additionnel*," with such Foreign and domestic enemies *at the gates*. Thus were the gates of Byzantium opened to the Moslems, whilst the defenders were discussing controversial points of the Christian tenets, amongst which the least important, was not that concerning the nature of the light, which at midnight shone on Christ and his Apostles at the interview with Moses and Elias on Mount Tabor!

Never shall I forget the anguish I endured in prison, upon reading the details of the "trial" of Marshal Ney. *I* felt, most particularly and personally, the full force of his plea of immunity. But I really had hope in the clearness of the depositions sworn to by Davoust, and the members of the Provisional Government, reiterating, that by the twelfth article, they, and all parties, certainly intended to cover every person whatsoever at that time in Paris from the persecution of *any* government which might be *restored* or *established*. They scouted the notion of having thought of securing them *from the allies*, who could have no *right*, nor even inclination to inquire into, much less to punish, political conduct or opinions.

Here must end my remarks on the murder of Marshal Ney. Much has been written on the subject; so further observations would be supererogatory. I have already said far more than so simple a question can require, so as to be clear and intelligible to the dullest understanding.

The Minister of Police at last exhausted every shuffle and pretence for the petty purpose of gaining, or rather losing time, to prolong my imprisonment. Sir Charles Stuart was peremptory; and De Cazes, not being able to muster up against me the slightest charge of any offence whatever, nor even to state how I had been *suspected*, "*suspected of being suspicious*," was obliged to release me. I received the notification of my liberty, conjointly with orders to quit Paris, in twenty-

four hours, and also that "His Excellency," the Minister of Police, thought proper to retain possession of all my papers, my arms, and even of my carriage. Upon what plea this act of barefaced robbery was at all accounted for I never could discover, any more than could Sir Charles Stuart, who made repeated inquiries, and applications for the restitution of the plunder.*

During the period of my imprisonment, and whilst writing to Prince Metternich, who was still in Paris, on the subject of the outrage I was enduring, I did not forget to remind him of his promise to reimburse me my travelling

* The things which excited the thievish propensities of *the French Minister of State for the department of the general police, Mr. (now Duke) De Cazes*, were by no means of a value proportionate to the calibres of the despoilers. They consisted only in a double-barrelled, under and over percussion, magazine lock carbine, by Forsyth, value 25*l.*; a pair of very beautiful pocket pistols; a Damascus sabre, value 30*l.*; three Corsican poignards, or *stilo's*, of exquisite and curious workmanship, for which I gave, at Ajaccio, 200fs.; a beautiful red coral tree, two feet high, one inch diameter in the stem, the value of which I do not know, but certainly not less than 20*l.* It had been confided to my care at Ajaccio, for delivery in Paris, as a present from a lady (Made. Colonna Ramolini) to (I think it was) the Duchess of Abrantes.

For the robbery of my carriage, De Cazes set up the pretext of its having belonged to King Joachim;—(and if it had, what then?)—but, in fact, it had been newly built in London, for the Count de Beaufremont, from whom I had taken it in exchange for a smaller one of equal value, but which was not so well suited for my journey to Toulon, with the two valets, and the baggage for the King. These effects were, together, of the value of above 200*l.* Then there was the bill for 40,000fs., which, at the exchange of that day—twenty-two shillings and sixpence the Napoleon—made upwards of 2,000*l.* Moreover, I had expended 400*l.* in the journey; lost my portmanteau, containing 50*l.* besides my clothes; and also a watch, worth 130*l.* So all these items put together formed a sum of above 2,800*l.* sterling, lost, or stolen, within three months.

expenses, incurred in executing his mission to Corsica. Strange and incredible as it must appear, even that powerful statesman, wallowing in wealth, thought it worth his while to forfeit his word, and commit an act of discourtesy, in neglecting even to answer my application, for the sake of defrauding a poor overthrown man of the paltry sum of four hundred pounds!*

Immediately upon my liberation, I waited on Sir Charles Stuart who was well acquainted with all the particulars of my case. He assured me that he highly approved of every item of my conduct, and felt indignant at the gratuitous insults and sufferings inflicted on me, which he could not possibly attribute to any other cause but to the French government having taken me "*en gripe*," (his own expression). *Why I* should have been so taken "*en gripe*," could only be collected from the union of many circumstances into a veritable *bouquet* of things creditable to myself, but stinking in the nostrils of my persecutors. The confidential part I had had in the capitulation of Paris—the friendship expressed for me by Murat—my laudable and successful endeavours in interesting the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor of Austria in his rescue from the Sicarii agents of my prosecutors—the fiendish, unnatural rancour of the De Rivière viper, who, foiled in his desire to lap the blood of him who had saved his life from being forfeited on a scaffold, had turned his parricide sting against *me*, the humble and devoted servant of his benefactor. It must not be forgotten, also, that I had refused the aide-de-campship to the Duke de Berri; and we all know the Potiphar-wife-like hate which takes possession of some old harridans when proffered favours are rejected. That this latter circumstance had made some impression was evident,

* *Perhaps*, if his Highness sees this book, he may feel disposed to reimburse me, which *now* would make my fortune.

from a letter of De Cazes to Sir Charles Stuart, dated 24th November, 1815, wherein the former says, "his (Maceroni's) character is so far from being defined, that even recently *he applied* for an employment in the French service," &c. Now, De Cazes very well knew that I had *not* "*applied*" for any such thing, or for *any* thing; and he puts forward this statement for the purpose, as the Italians have it, of "throwing himself forwards that he might not fall backwards." But enough on this disgusting subject. Sir Charles Stuart strongly advised me to lose no time in leaving France, lest, as he said, "the French government should again seize me, and convey me to some distant place of confinement, from whence my complaints could never reach him."

The day after my liberation I received a note requesting my attendance on the Minister of Police the following morning. I found him in company with his private secretary, M. Menars. After some preliminary conversation, in a mild and conciliatory tone, he said—"I am happy to inform you, Chevalier, that I have received accounts from Corsica and the south of France, which completely convince me of the injustice of the charges brought against you, and you are quite welcome to remain at Paris as long as you will honour us with your presence." I thought this a fair opportunity for me to learn the nature of these untangible pretended charges,—so I replied, "I am not surprised at what your excellency informs me of: I have done nothing to merit blame from any party—but since you say the charges are unfounded—pray inform me what these charges could possibly have been?" Instead of making any reply to this plain question, De Cazes inquired whether I had heard anything particular at Lyons, or in the south? I said that I had only heard that the Austrian General Stharemberg and the other Austrian authorities were *said* to be intriguing

and promoting the claims of Napoleon II.; but that I had had no communication with Stharemberg, to whom he (De Cazes) might see that I had not had occasion to deliver the letter from Prince Metternich. I added, that I had heard of these manœuvres of the Austrians having been the occasion of the late disturbances at Lyons. The minister and secretary then assumed an air of great complacency and familiarity; the former took me by the hand and said—"I fear you will never forgive us for the treatment you have met with—but you have a generous soul, *I* am not so much in fault as you may suppose."

After a few words between themselves in a whisper, Mr. Menars continued to converse with me, and De Cazes seated himself at a desk in a small adjoining room, and, being close to its door, which being wide open, caused but a very slender interval between us, and every word that passed between M. Menars and me, was as well heard by De Cazes as by ourselves. However, I clearly saw the meaning of the local arrangement, which was to form *a mock distinction between the words of the Minister and those of the Secretary*.

M. Menars continued to address me in an almost submissive tone, and asked if I had not, after the capitulation of Paris—"in which"—said he—"you showed such honourable devotion to the cause of humanity"—were you not then promised a conspicuous military appointment in our service?" I answered in the affirmative, but explained how it had been *entirely unsolicited on my part, and* how I had abandoned that and every other prospect, in order to execute the mission intrusted to me by Prince Metternich, Prince Talleyrand, and all the other Ministers of the Allied Powers, "Yes," said M. Menars,—and De Cazes turned his head and smiled upon me—"*I am well acquainted with all the particulars of this circumstance, which does you*

infinite honour, and I have no doubt but that we can get you an appointment immediately, in the mean time *you should make yourself useful*, you know we can never do too much for a government from which we expect favours. Pray do you know any Frenchman being implicated in these intrigues at Lyons? Has Fouché any hand in them?" I assured him I was totally unacquainted with the particulars of the transaction. But he continued, "Indeed Count Maceroni, you might be very useful to us; you have many friends and are much loved and respected in Paris; you frequent some of the first circles, you have been far too much persecuted by *us*, to be suspected of being *our* friend; besides, you are an Englishman; you can be well and intimate with all parties; you must frequent the Duke of Wellington's, Sir Charles Stuart's; you have had intercourse with them both, ever since the capitulation of Paris. By the by—do you know Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Sligo? What are they doing here?—are they not of "the opposition" in the English legislature? You may, I assure you, render us the gteatest services, and you will not have to accuse us of ingratitude. If your pecuniary means are slack, you have only to speak, and they shall be attended to."

In what terms of any language with which I am acquainted, or in what mixture of them all, shall I be able to express the feelings of indignant scorn with which I was obliged to listen to these proposals for converting me into a Bourbon spy, into a regular *Mouchard* of the French police! However, I restrained my feelings, and giving an alternate smile, and then a bow in exchange for the compliments heaped upon me, I determined to act with caution but free from compromise, in the hope of regaining possession of my papers, and particularly of my bill for forty thousand francs

which had been given me in *part payment* by King Joachim, as already described.

Pending this conversation with the Secretary, the Minister, on whom I had kept a watchful eye, pretended to be looking at some papers, though he evidently was attending solely to every word that passed. M. Menars approached him, and they conversed together in a whisper for several minutes. Menars then returned to me, and resumed the conversation by a very singular question. "What," said he, "do you think of Prince Metternich?" "Think! I can think nothing of him, but that he is Prime Minister to the Emperor of Austria, and that his Excellency," pointing to De Cazes, "must surely know more of him than I do." "But what do you think of his great intimacy with Fouché. They were intimate when the latter was Minister of Police, and I believe they have still frequent communication?" To this I replied, that "it had never appeared to me that the Duke of Otranto had been on better terms with Prince Metternich than with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Stuart, and Lord Castlereagh, who all frequented his house and table, and he theirs." "But," said M. Menars, "it would appear by the share which you had in the capitulation of Paris, that in many respects you enjoyed the confidence of Fouché, you must consequently be able to give us some information concerning his present connections." "In this particular," said I, "it is quite out of my power to satisfy you; besides, you well know, that when I departed on my mission to Corsica, I left Fouché in the post of Minister of Police, and now, upon my return, I find his Excellency," pointing to De Cazes, "in that important station. What communication can I have had with the Duke of Otranto whilst I was on my journey, or in Corsica, or in the prisons which have latterly been my only habitations?" M. Menars again privately conversed for

some minutes with De Cazes, and then proceeded to question me about a most "extraordinary" occurrence of which I have never learnt the real truth and merits. "Are you," said he, "at all acquainted with the circumstances of the death of Marshal Berthier, (Prince of Neufchatel) who was killed in 1814, by *accidentally* falling out of a window, while viewing the passing of some Russian troops through the city of Ratisbonne?" "All I know of the matter," said I, "is, that his fall was *not* accidental, as studiously reported, but I do not know by whose order or contrivance he was thus murdered." "Murdered! do you say?" exclaimed De Cazes himself. "Yes," I replied; "I have heard as much, though I know nothing further." Now that the Minister and his man discovered, that I was aware of the unfair means by which Berthier had been disposed of, they evidently expected me to know all the rest of the tragic history, of which they were, or pretended to be, ignorant. With an air of mysterious earnestness, M. Menars approached his visage to my ear, and said, "In November of the last year, 1814, a great personage died in Paris, under circumstances of extraordinary mystery and suspicion. His death was witnessed, and, for a time, only known to two individuals. *The death of this personage, and the murder of Berthier, were most particularly connected, and the one was the consequence of the other.*"* At this point De Cazes called his Secretary to him, and exchanged some words; the latter

* It was by mere accident that I chanced to know the fact of Berthier having been *pushed* out of the window. Playing at billiards one evening with Fouché and some other men of note, they happened to speak of this death of Berthier, and I heard Fouché, in the course of his remarks, speak of him as having been killed *by order*. I ventured to put to him a little short question on the subject, which he answered in a kind of pantomimic affirmative. That was all I knew of the matter.

speedily returned to me, and said, "Can you, or *will* you, give us any information concerning this affair? Since you evidently know that Berthier did not meet his death by 'accident,' you must therefore know much more." I assured him that it was the simple fact of his murder with which I was acquainted, and that the account of the *other* mysterious *death* was perfectly new to me. M. Menars then earnestly requested me to do my utmost to obtain information on the subject, assuring me that I should be amply rewarded for my services. I was put to a nonplus. What to say, what to do, I knew not. All I could do or say was to mutter out some unmeaning words, about "how much *I* was obliged," and how "*he* was so very kind," and I added, that as "*his Excellency was thoroughly convinced of my absolute freedom from blame, it was to be expected that he would forthwith order my papers and effects to be restored to me.*" De Cazes replied to me by so cordial a nod, and a "*oui, oui, oui,*" as to satisfy me, poor simple soul, that he really repented him of his atrocities. He took me kindly by the hand and renewed his assurance that I had it in my power to render the Government the most essential services, and finally, requesting me to call on him in a day or two, bade me adieu.

From the hotel of the Minister of Police I went straightways to Sir Charles Stuart, and giving him a sketch of that portion of the conference which expressed the conviction of De Cazes in my entire freedom from any sort of blame, I

With respect to the other death, I was *subsequently* furnished with the particulars, from no less an authority than an inspector-general of police, who had been charged with the investigation. But the case is so atrocious, of such serious implication upon persons who may, after all, be innocent, and the particulars are of so Udolpho-like a complexion, that I do not feel myself warranted in giving them further publicity, or in mentioning any names.

informed him of the permission I had just received to remain at Paris during my pleasure. Sir Charles, however, was still of opinion that it would be more prudent for me to quit France as soon as possible, as De Cazes was not to be trusted, which I assured him was my intention, but that it would take me a few days to arrange my private affairs.

Upon parting with De Cazes, I had promised to call on him again in a day or two,—but I felt utterly incapable of fulfilling this engagement. The thoughts of such another colloquy chilled my blood and turned my stomach. In an agony of dilemma I threw myself into my carriage and drove to St. Cloud, without any other object than to flee from the atmosphere in which I felt myself so nearly choked. My next interview with the Minister must elicit an open declaration of my abhorrence of the despicable office with which he attempted to invest me. Then *how was I to recover my* 2,000*l. bill, besides my other effects?* I looked forwards to the meeting with infinite embarrassment and disgust. Mine was now a most veritable *fause position*. I passed three or four days at St. Cloud, wandering about the grounds, and endeavouring to divert my thoughts by catching numbers of large carp in the fine waters of the park, and then returned to Paris just as much embarrassed in my mind as ever. On the very evening of my return to Paris I received a note from M. Menars, inviting my attendance on the Minister the following morning at eight o'clock. On my progress to that house of ill fame on the *Quai Voltaire*, my heart beat as though I had been just entering on a skirmish with a fearful enemy. No sooner had I entered the waiting room, and announced my name, than the ushers hastening before me, gave me the precedence of many other persons of respectability and rank who were already there. "This looks well," thought I; "but it may also mean much ill, and that I am regarded already as

a 'familiar' of the office of this grand inquisitor of France."

The Minister and his secretary received me with a stiff, ungainly air. Suddenly De Cazes, with a haughty inclination of the head, turned upon his heel and left the room. Menars then imperiously demanded, "How it was that, after the order I had received, I still remained in Paris?" I stared, surprised, as well I might be, and quite embarrassed to which of the crowding observations ready on my tongue I should first give utterance. Suddenly hilarity came to my assistance, and I gave vent to laughter even in the august presence of M. de Menars,* private secretary to his Excellency, the Minister of Police; I then expressed my astonishment in terms such as my readers must very well imagine. What had become of all their assurances of my innocence and of their esteem? Nothing. The day on which all that colloquy had passed was now to be regarded as a *dies non*. I must quit Paris in twenty-four hours, and the territory of France in ten days. However, M. de Menars had the sense of decency to assure me, that M. De Cazes was no party to the adoption of this measure towards me. *It had, he said, been resolved upon by his Majesty, King Louis himself, and by the Council of Ministers, of which the Duke de Richelieu was at that time President.* M. Menars further informed me, that the Government had determined to keep possession of my papers,—of the bill for forty thousand francs,—and of my arms, &c., but that my carriage would be restored to me.

Again I waited on the kind Sir Charles Stuart, who again

* This Menars was a bankrupt, petty wine merchant of Bordeaux, who, having signalized himself as a spy and informer upon the return of the Bourbons, was *elevated* to his present post by De Cazes, his Gascon countryman. He was lately Chief Police Commissary at Bordeaux.

urged me to quit Paris without a moment's delay, especially as the Neapolitan Ambassador was using every exertion and intrigue to induce the French Government to deliver me up to him. Sir Charles assured me that he would speedily wrest my papers and the bill from the clutches of the French Government.

From the hasty confusion in which I was compelled to leave Paris I sustained a considerable loss in addition to those I have already enumerated, to the amount of 2,800*l.* sterling. My carriage, a quantity of valuable harness and saddlery, I left in the care of *Doctor* Marshall, already spoken of, who *kindly* undertook to sell them for me; but as to the proceeds, I have never seen or heard of a farthing from that day to this.—Amen.

I arrived in London the beginning of January, 1816. After waiting a month, without receiving any communication from Sir Charles Stuart respecting my property, I addressed a memorial to Lord Castlereagh, in which I gave a detail of my case, and especially praying that he would obtain the restitution of my bill, which the French Government could not have the slightest ground for detaining. My papers, arms, and other effects I urged, were withheld from me in equal violation of every law of right and justice. I, moreover, solicited the "honour" of a brief interview with his Lordship, when I should be able to explain myself perhaps more to his satisfaction than in my letter I had been able to achieve. I delivered this memorial to Mr. Planta, his Lordship's late private Secretary at Paris and Vienna, and then one of the Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs. For this interview with Mr. Planta, I armed myself with copies of the letters addressed to me by King Joachim at Ajaccio, in which he condescended to speak so highly of my established character, my conduct, and of his esteem.

Never shall I forget the insolent, supercilious air with which this "Jack in office," drew himself up, and sneeringly asked, "*How could you think that the good opinion or laudatory expressions of* SUCH A MAN AS GENERAL MURAT, *could raise you in the estimation of the British Government, or in that of honest men?*—how greatly are you mistaken if you think to benefit yourself by the exhibition of such *disreputable testimonials!*" So much for that worthy Castlereagh understrapper Planta! This man, however, assured me that he had faithfully consigned my statement or "petition" to Lord Castlereagh; but for the space of five months after, I haunted the waiting room of the Foreign-office, without receiving *any* answer.

During this period I had several interviews also at the Foreign-office with Mr. W. (now Sir W. Hamilton) Under-Secretary of State. Even this gentleman, who is accused of some liberality of sentiment, took occasion to assure me, that *he* thought I had fully merited all the persecutions, imprisonments, and spoliations I had endured from the French Government, as a just punishment for my *very improper and criminal interference in King Joachim's behalf!* Mr. Hamilton also made use of very vituperative expressions towards Lord Sligo and other British gentlemen, who had been received at the court of Murat. After these samples of British *official* feeling and morality, I began to wish myself back again amongst the Bourbon murderers of Marseilles, or in the custody of Neapolitan Ferdinand! *Here* was evidently the *animus*, if not the power, of going to greater lengths than any of the De Rivières, Exmouths, Barthelemys, or De Cazes's!

At last, I received a letter from Sir Charles Stuart, now before me, dated Paris, May 29, 1816, informing me that my bill for forty thousand francs had been delivered up to my friend M. Clarmont, partner in the house of Perrigau,

Lafitte, & Co., of Paris, but that all the rest of my papers and effects were still and definitively retained! This concession, such as it was, had been brought about by Lord Sligo kindly joining his solicitations and interest to keep Sir Charles Stuart to the irksome task of never ceasing applications to the pilferers, who most likely had made such a partition of my *minor* spoils, as to render it very inconvenient to restore them!

This restoration of my bill was, however, attended with no benefit. The iniquity of my persecutors still prevailed against me. For, at the same time that I received the account of its recovery, I was informed of its having been presented and refused payment by M. Barillon, the banker on whom it was drawn, for "want of funds," the French Bourbon Government having feloniously seized upon the sums out of which he would have been enabled to pay the draft! Thus the malignant villainy of my persecutors was consummated, whilst they affected the semblance of concession to the generous interference of the British ambassador.

I am well aware that the exposition of these details of crime and persecution, or of the many others I have yet to relate, will not improve my fortunes. It is too well proved, even by my solitary experience, that justice and power are seldom allied. But I flatter myself, that I shall, in the end, transfer disgrace from the oppressed to the oppressors, and engage an attention to the foul acts and prejudices of ill-used authority, which may in some minute degree, check a continuation of similar lawless outrages and persecutions. On this theme I will say no more until my readers shall know more about me. My history will speak for me, and all I shall then have to do, will be to point the index finger to this and to that importantly useful labour or suggestion, and then ask how it is, that *I*

am never more to be "the man whom the King delighteth to honour?"

Upon my return to England, in the view of a permanent residence, I had the happiness of finding my noble father in good and robust health, a partner in the house of James Vere, Nephew, & Co., Italian silk importers, of 144, Bishopsgate-street Without, the same house in which the same firm had carried on the same business ever since the year 1714. My only brother, fourteen months younger than myself, was living with my father, or rather the latter being a widower, resided with my brother, who was married to a lady of great literary and other accomplishments. I have forgotten to mention that I had the misfortune to lose my excellent mother when I was only eleven years of age. Mr. Vere occupied for many years the great house (his property) called "Brompton Park-house," at the first mile-stone on the Knightsbridge road. My father, brother, and I, used frequently to dine there. One Sunday, returning home in the evening, I sat down on the grass by the canal in St. James's Park, fell asleep, and caught a typhus fever. My tender mother, nursing me, contracted the disorder, to which she fell a victim in the thirty-third year of her age, and in the height of her beauty, which was very remarkable. I found that my brother had made a better use of his time than I had; inasmuch as he was fitted to gain a handsome income by mercantile pursuits,—was perfect master of six languages,—an extraordinary proficient in vocal and instrumental music,—and deeply learned in all the natural sciences and the mathematics.

My father's purse was always open to me. Never were any of my demands upon it rejected. But I felt anxious to re-place myself in a situation, so as to earn an independent existence. This was surely no easy matter; at least it must

be left to time and opportunity. I was not fitted for any thing commercial, my habits and mind had taken a different direction.

In England, I met with many of my former acquaintances of Italy; amongst these, T. Williams, Lords Sligo, Oxford, Landaff,—Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Brougham, and many others. All these gentlemen advised me to write a sketch of my recent adventures, and this I published in 1817, under the title of "*Interesting facts concerning the fall and death of Joachim Murat, King of Naples; the Capitulation of Paris in* 1815*; the second restoration of the Bourbons; original letters of King Joachim to the author, with some account of his persecution by the French government.*" This pamphlet of about two hundred pages, was published by Mr. James Ridgway, and passed through five editions. But my "honest book," as the late honest James Perry of *The Chronicle* used to call it, brought upon me the unmerited spite and persecution of the British Tory ministry and their scribes, which was followed up by Austria, and all the other abettors of despotism, whose influence could any how be brought to bear against me.*

In the spring of 1817, I took up my abode at the village of Groombridge, four miles south of Tunbridge Wells, and found ample entertainment in the good society of Messrs. Campfield, Powell, Saint Baker, and particularly of two learned clergymen, of neighbouring parishes. I also had abundant opportunity for indulging in my love of angling,

* Sir Robert Wilson, in his work on Russia, published by Ridgway, in speaking of the catastrophe of Murat, says, "The whole story is, however, so well and accurately told, in the history of that Monarch's fall, by Count Maceroni, that any abridgment would weaken the interest. It is impossible for any mind, not depraved by political animosity, to read the narrative without the conviction being impressed, that Murat's treatment, by all parties, had been most unjustifiable; and that the catastrophe which consummated his misfortunes was an act of *coward cruelty*."

and in the study of geology. Respecting the latter science, there are many interesting themes in that neighbourhood, but which I cannot, in this work, find space to describe. In the sand-stone rock, and in the fine white sand beneath it the naturalist will find a quantity of charcoal, not in a fossillized state, but just in the same condition as when fresh charred. Who ever heard of crystalized sand stone rocks? yet, not far from Groombridge, the sceptical may see such rocks, known by the name of "the high rocks," which are cubes of about fifty feet square, separated from each other by channels about two feet and a half wide. They are evidently so divided and shaped by a process, much nearer to crystalization, than we see in the drying of starch.

It may be acceptable for me to say a few words on the subject of the Italian brigands, so celebrated and indigenous in the neighbourhoods of Terracina, Fondi, and Itri, between Rome and Naples, besides in one or two other favourable localities in Italy. For my own part, I never was actually robbed by them, but I have been very near it. It usually happens that the places infested by banditti are mountainous, such as Itri, Radicofani, Asti, and Tortona. My plan, and constantly expressed resolution was, *never to submit to be pillaged, but to defend myself at all risks*, let the assailants be ever so numerous. Many Englishmen, of gallant and daring spirit, had felt this same inclination, and have consequently lost their valuable lives, or been sorely ill-treated. But the reason has always been, that they were not *properly* armed, and did not go the proper way to work. "A case of pistols," is here looked upon as a competent arming; and even this said "case of pistols" is seldom accompanied by cartridges, wherewith to reload with proper alacrity! It is far better to have no arms at all, and not dream of resisting such attacks, unless you are armed as completely as possible. For the benefit of those of my readers, who may think fit

to try the experiment, I will recount my method of defence against brigands. In the first place I must state, that I always travelled, either with a servant, or a companion. Our arms were, each a double-barrelled gun,—at least one pair of pistols, a poignard in the pocket, and a sabre girt round the loins. But all this might be futile, without a due number of ball, or rather buckshot, cartridges, and being able to alight, and fight on *terra firma:*—stuck fast in your carriage, you are lost. To describe my frequently practised plan for "taking in" the robbers, one case will suffice as well as fifty. Once, about midnight, I arrived at a post-house, the name of which I forget, I only remember that it was not far from the celebrated sanctuary of Loreto. The postmaster refused to give me horses because a band of robbers had taken station upon a steep hill along the road, at about two miles from his village, and a postillion had just returned home, pillaged of his money and of his cloak. I replied, that it was *my* duty and determination to prosecute my journey, and *his* duty to supply post horses; and that if he refused, I should cause him to be far more severely punished, than he was aware of. After some altercation, I gained my point;—horses were put to my carriage, and I started. The postillion whose turn it was to ride, ceded his privilege to him who had been robbed just half an hour before, and who was very anxious to run the chance of retrieving his loss by the job of driving me. The robbers prefer to attack a carriage while ascending a steep hill, because it is then more difficult for their travellers to put their horses to any speed, and so rob the robbers of their prey. The hill now occupied by the band in question, was long and steep, and skirted with wood. Before we came to it, I told our postillion, that if I should have reason to suspect his connivance with the robbers, I should *begin* by visiting his shoulders with a brace of bullets. Arrived at

the bottom of the dreaded hill, I alighted with my servant, a gallant, faithful fellow as any man could ever wish for.

The carriage lamps shed all around a brilliant light. The apron and the glasses were all closed, as though the travellers were quietly asleep, or had settled themselves comfortably for the night. The night was "dark as pitch," and the wind whistled through the high forest trees that lined the road. Cautioning the postillion against making any noise or signal on pain of death, I ordered him to go slowly up the hill, at the pace usual to the occasion. At about twenty-five yards behind the carriage, I and my valet cautiously walked, enveloped in total darkness, whilst the carriage lamps shed a brilliant light upon the horses and the rider, to some distance in advance, as well as on each side. The four barrels of our guns were loaded each with six buck shot besides a ball; we had six pistols between us loaded with ball, and then our cartridges and *armes blanches*. The first movement of the brigands is always to rush to the horses heads and carriage doors. Each moment did I expect to see them do so;—we had *ten* shots to fire at such clearly exposed objects before having occasion to reload, whilst we were all the while veiled in darkness. It is not necessary to dwell on the obvious advantage that a couple of travellers would, in this way, secure to themselves, over even a dozen of the best brigands that ever cried "stop," in Italy. Although I adopted my plan on three or four occasions, under the most favourable circumstances of atmospheric darkness, and with the certainty of the robbers being waiting at the side, I never had the good fortune to be attacked when so prepared.

At Tunbridge I met with the heir and nephew of General Picton, whom I had known in Italy. This gentleman, Mr. Tuberville, invited me to pass a few days at his seat at Ewenny Abbey, Glamorgan. From this mansion I passed

on to that of Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredigar, and then to Tenby, feasted and detained at several hospitable mansions, such as that of Mr. Williams, of Apperpergam, and others, whose names I regret have escaped my memory.

From Tenby I removed to Aberystwith, where I took up my quarters at an excellent inn,—indeed I must remark that I found the inns in Wales very superior, in respect to fare and the moderation of the charges, to those of a similar grade in any part of England, that I am acquainted with. I here found excellent trout and salmon fishing; and had a violent altercation with some parish constables who attempted to prevent me from *angling on a Sunday*. I politely told them to go to "the devil," so off they went to the magistrate.

The first Sunday that I passed at Aberystwith, I happened to attend the church service; when in a neighbouring pew I perceived a good looking gentleman eyeing me very attentively. The service over, the gentleman came to my hotel, and asked me if I did not remember his features? I replied that I certainly had seen him somewhere, but could not recollect in what part of the world it had been. "Do you not remember," said he, "that at a grand review at Naples, in the Campo Marte, before King Joachim, there happened to be a party of English ladies and gentlemen, who, in attempting to approach within certain assized limits, were ordered back by the cavalry that 'kept the ground;' and that a field officer rode up and ordered that they should be allowed to remain where they had placed themselves?" "I think I can remember something of the sort," answered I. "But *I* do, perfectly," replied Mr. Williams; "and, further, that *you* were the courteous officer who interfered on our behalf,—I recognised you the instant I saw you in our church; pray come and dine with me to-morrow; I will introduce you to my best friends in the neighbourhood, and

to some of the very ladies who are indebted to your civility." At this gentleman's house, I met with Mr. W. Powell, Lord Lieutenant and M.P. for the county of Cardigan, who invited me to his mansion at Nantyos, where I passed a fortnight in one uninterrupted round of social pleasures and rural amusements.

Balls—concerts of music, in which the best compositions of Italy and Germany were admirably performed by amateurs of both sexes—in the mountains of Wales—were of nightly occurrence at the house of Mr. Powell, or at some neighbouring mansion. I passed from one of these delightful seats to another, till at length, in December, 1817, I found myself in Bath, just after the publication of my work, "Interesting Facts." Here I met with Admiral Macnamara, of duelling notoriety, who introduced me to Captain Flinn, of the Royal Navy. This gentleman assured me that he did actually assist, in full uniform, by official command, at the mock funeral of Fra Diavolo, which took place at Messina, as I have recounted in the proper place in this history, Vol. I.

I shall ever remember with delight the kindness and hospitality which I met with from many of the principal residents of that delightful city, Bath. Should Colonels Graves and Brownlow, Sir George Dallas, Sir W. Kingsmill, Lord Ventry, Mr. Newte, to whom I feel so much indebted, ever see these pages, I beg them to accept of my warmest acknowledgments.

Of all the cities I have ever seen, I think that Bath, taking it *as a whole* is, if not magnificent, the most beautiful. All stone buildings in a good style of architecture. A variegated, uneven surface. Almost every street terminating in a vista of some elevated terrace or high mount, covered with green trees and white buildings. No filthy, dirty streets—all wide and clean, so that we are at a loss to

divine where are the habitations of the working classes. It is also a city just of the proper size to render social intercourse easy, general, and cheap.

During the eight months that I passed in Wales and at Bath, I narrowly escaped being married to a young lady of ten thousand a year in landed property. The particulars of this case are very amusing, but I must draw my pen over them and give them on some other occasion. After making towards me the most unequivocal and persevering advances, following me all over Wales, to Paris, and into Switzerland, I, although detesting the idea of "fortune hunting," was drawn into the mistake of making to her a proposal, founded upon truth, candour, and safety to her property. She failed to take me at my word, and then repenting when too late, undertook a journey to Geneva to amend her verdict. She did not find me, but met with a man of sixty with seven grown up sons and daughters, and many thousands of pounds of debts. This man happening to meet her in a splenetic mood, she thought to "*spite*" me by marrying him off hand, according to the old saying of "cutting off one's nose to be revenged of the face." Miss H—— thus married Mr. H——; he lived with her three months; dissipated her property; left her secluded in her mansion in Cornwall, with one infant son, bewailing no doubt her folly; whilst I rejoice in having escaped the union with a simpleton, and of becoming possessed of a large fortune, which would have made me as heartless an egotist as riches make ninety-nine out of every hundred men who possess them.

During my sojourn in Wales I made many geological and statistical observations, which I must now reserve for my *Opusculi*. I returned to London in April, 1818, and about this time was introduced by my friend Champneys, who had been recommended to me by Sir Robert Wilson, to the

"captain" of a Cornish mine called "the Wheal golden lead and silver mine," situated in the parish of Peranzobolo, not far from Grampound. This mine had, for a long while, been abandoned, in consequence of inundation, and it was now proposed to drain it and renew the workings. I was well aware of the lottery-like nature of such undertakings, but upon investigating the case as well as I was able, I purchased two hundred shares in the little company, advanced six hundred pounds for the erection of a pumping steam-engine, and set the thing a-going. The workings proved eminently successful; and fortunate should I have been had I kept my shares, which soon rose to ten times their original value. I was meanwhile elected chairman of the company's committee, and offered the seat in Parliament for Grampound. However, just at that time, I had conceived an enthusiastic interest in the struggle of the South Americans for their independence, and ceding my interest in the Grampound election of 1818 to the brother of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, I declined the proffered seat. Mr. Hobhouse lost his election by neglecting to meet the electors; for he had the fear of a prosecution for "bribery and corruption" before his eyes. In his stead, the unlucky Sir Manassah Masseh Lopez stood forwards, and upon that very occasion became the victim and *scape-goat* to the rotten borough system. He was convicted of the said "bribery and corruption," fined ten thousand pounds, and sentenced to two years imprisonment! It was thought at the time that I had had a narrow escape. But it was not so in reality, because I had taken care not to expose myself to the imputation, and on the strength of my chairmanship of the Wheal golden mine direction, the electors of Grampound had come to London—given me a grand dinner—and all was arranged "under the rose" at "the Orange" tavern in the Haymarket. Hobhouse *had* a narrow escape,

because he actually went to Grampound, his subsequent caution saved him, but lost the seat.

One day in February, 1817, I received from the Patriarch reformer Thomas Hardy, who often at that time, favoured me with a visit at my house in Brook-street, a note, enclosing another now before me from Santini, who had just arrived from St. Helena. This firm and simple-hearted Corsican had been a soldier, but some how or other was taken out in the suite of the exiled Emperor Napoleon, and got into the situation of valet-barber to his Majesty. Santini had committed some irregularity, through which he was expelled the island by the gaoler Lowe, the hero of the isles of Capri and of Ponza. At this time of day, it can do no harm for me to confess, that the expulsion of Santini was contrived between the Emperor's friends and the man himself; as was in like manner that of Captain Pionkoufski. It might have been better had these missionaries possessed more aptness and talents for their business; but we must sometimes be content to work with such instruments as we can command, although not quite the best adapted for our purpose. Santini gave me proof of his having been instructed to make search for and communicate with *me*, immediately upon his arrival in London. The first thing that I thought necessary to be done, was to publish in French, and English, a little pamphlet, to which I gave the title of "*An appeal to the British nation on the treatment of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.*" attaching to it the authorship of Santini, as in reality *I* had only transcribed, in the two languages, the details of the petty, mean, vexations, and even privations to which the worthy Governor Lowe subjected his illustrious prisoner. This little tract was published by Ridgway, and such was the interest it excited, that seven editions of it were sold in less than a fortnight. It was hawked about the streets,

stuck on venders hats, and for some time attracted universal attention.

I introduced Santini to Lords Holland and Grey, to Sir Robert Wilson, and others, likely to bring about parliamentary inquiry into the numerous alleged grievances. In fact, Lord Holland moved the House of Lords for the production of all the reports, correspondence, or papers that might throw light on the subject. To this demand Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary of the day, made a most specious, shuffling, and impertinent reply, calling the Emperor, "Buonaparte," &c. But never mind titles and such abuse, the attention and the sympathies of the public became awakened to a subject of national disgrace, and the subsequent work, the "*Voice from St. Helena*," of Barry O'Meara, fully confirmed Santini's statements in the public opinion.

It was necessary for Santini to continue his journey to Munich, the residence of Prince Eugene Beauharnais, who was married to a daughter of the King of Bavaria. Mr. Ridgway gave me about fifty pounds, the profits on the sale of the pamphlet. To this sum Sir Robert Wilson and myself added seventy more, and thus supplied, I found a wealthy gentleman named Caldicot, who undertook to take him ostensibly as his valet to Brussels. I procured Santini a passport under the name of Villa, and off he started with his supposed master. Previously to his departure, he made me a present of some relics of the Emperor; a green uniform coat, a cocked hat, a pair of epaulettes, the three ribbons of the orders of the Legion of Honour, of the order of *La Réunion* (with Holland), of the Iron Crown of Italy, and a lock of the Emperor's hair. The coat I gave to Lord Holland, the hat to Sir Robert Wilson, the epaulettes to—I forget whom, and the ribbons with the hair I kept myself and they are now before me.

Santini, with his kind conductor, arrived at Margate, or Ramsgate, had to remain there a day or so, until the sailing of the packet. During this delay, he happened to stroll into a public library, in which were a number of loungers. Upon a table in the room there happened to be placed a bust of Napoleon. The feelings of the simple and silly man betrayed him into various gesticulations before the bust, accompanied by a flood of tears and expressive ejaculations. The curiosity of the spectators became excited,—questions were put to the actor,—vanity or passion prompted him to declare his name, history, and late occupation. He was greeted with flattering and consoling language, and returned to his *master* full of contentment at the reception he had met with. Not so, Mr. Caldicot, who foresaw the consequences that might ensue. They set sail for Ostend; but the name and history of Santini went with him, if not before him. He was seized by a party of Prussian cavalry, I forget exactly where, but in violation of some part of the Netherland territory, was conveyed away, and to this day has never been heard of more. Had he lived, or had he ever had the means of communication with this world, *I certainly* should have known his fate. But he disappeared and gave no sign more!

Captain Pionkoufski for whom I obtained a passport from the Foreign office, likewise left England, and was in an almost similar manner seized, I think near Stutgard, and never seen or heard of after.

It is not necessary or befitting me to speak of the communications brought by Santini from St. Helena. Without the authority of some persons yet alive, I do not think myself warranted in so doing.

But, with injury to no one, I may just allude to a plan which was a little subsequently formed, for liberating the Emperor from his captivity. This is not, chronologically,

the exact place in this history where it ought to appear, but it is more convenient for me to introduce it now that I am on the precincts of the subject, than further on, where it would too abruptly interrupt other recitals.

My worthy, honourable, warm-hearted, lately departed friend, Barry O'Meara, was surely free from any of the blame attached to him in his official capacity at St. Helena, by Sir Hudson Lowe. But I will bring him to England, exhibit him struck off the army list by an arbitrary fiat without any specific charges being made against him, without trial or any defence. He *then*, *after* such treatment, certainly most nobly and zealously *did* set to work to bring about the liberation of a much injured, sorely suffering hero. I was made privy to, and was to have taken part in, the operation. Means of no insignificant character were insured. The mighty powers of steam were mustered to our assistance. British officers volunteered to exchange out of their regiments in Europe in order to contrive being put on duty at St. Helena. But I cannot enter into particulars. The object would have been achieved, but money—money fell short. O'Meara applied in person to Beauharnais at Munich. The poor creature had well nigh died of fright in granting him one brief interview! At Rome, O'Meara repeatedly saw the mother of the Emperor, Madame Letizia, and his uncle, Cardinal Fesch. All the answer he could obtain from the former was "Give me my son—liberate my son—and I will give you all my fortune—all the millions you may demand." "But Madame," replied O'Meara, "it is just *the money, and only the money*, that is wanted to free your son; without it we cannot do it." The Cardinal wrapped up his sympathies in piety. He said that, "If it pleased God that his nephew should be delivered, he *would be* delivered, without any human combinations!!!" Thus O'Meara returned to England, after a most perilous and

disgusting expedition, without having found any support from those who owed every penny they possessed to the illustrious prisoner who would have been delivered had they been susceptible to the commonest feelings of relationship or gratitude. The MORAL cowardice of even the greatest military heroes is sometimes quite astonishing and unaccountable. It shows how easy and common it is to be brave and clever in the operations of "the field," in manslaying, and the "art of war;" but the cool determination requisite for the braving of political responsibility is far more rare in those even who brave the cannon's mouth. Thus, in every political movement, the first men to show themselves are sure to be the very best in the community, and are equally sure to be sacrificed. This has happened in all great changes and revolutions, and must happen again.

Many of my readers will remember that, in 1817, Watson, Preston, and another, marched up to the Tower of London from their *camp* in Spa Fields, and, being provided with one old musket and some ammunition in an old stocking, valiantly summoned the fortress to surrender. The magnanimous British King and Cabinet of that day, strong in the knowledge of their popularity, did not hesitate at once to bring even such powerful enemies to trial — and for "high treason," too! The guilty rebels, weak in a consciousness of their own guilt, procured the aid of counsel to defend them, and knowing how much zeal depends upon the sympathies, and how a task, when undertaken *con amore*, is better executed, cast round their eyes along the bench of advocates, and lit on one they thought an alien and Republican, because American. Although they heard that, in the year 1815, this man had triumphed in the return of Buonaparte to Paris, and worn laurel in his coat in open court upon the occasion, still they thought, that

such reverence for authority *Imperial* was due to one whom so many kings had humbled. Brief: the conspirators selected for their advocate the man of genial spirit, the Jacobin reforming Radical, John Copley.

Well was this choice of the accused rewarded; fierce was the battle in the hall of Westminster; fire flashed from the eyes of the declaimers; flour in clouds from out their agitated wigs! But, seriously speaking, Copley displayed, in his defence of the attainted for high treason, extraordinary tact and eloquence—eloquence being a power of persuasion.

The trial had lasted one whole day, and was adjourned unto the next. I happened to call at Ridgway's library, in Piccadilly, where men of liberal politics met to chat about the news. Speaking of this pending trial, Mr. Ridgway happened to observe, that to obtain a true bill of *high* treason from the grand jury, in so ridiculous a case, the ministers had managed to get their own dear Orange Tom Reynolds to be chairman of it. "And who pray," said I, "may this Tom Reynolds be?" "It's plain you've not been long in England not to know him," was the reply. "Tom Reynolds, the Irish spy and informer, was employed by Castlereagh to lead his victims in the commission of acts then termed seditious; he then informed against them, had them hanged, and got rich with blood money. He was, in Ireland, a Castles and an Oliver on a larger scale of business than was practised by those ministerial employés in our manufacturing districts." "'Tis a pity, then," said I, "that the jury now engaged in trying these summonses of the Tower, should not be made acquainted with the name of the chairman, who, by his authoritative tone, and *ad captandum* cant appeal to 'loyalty,' induced the jury to find a true bill of *high treason* against the three ammunition stocking bearers!"

But how contrive to let the jury know this fact? The

only way we could devise was, for some member of the legislature to mention it, by hook or crook, in the House that evening: the reports in the papers would then next morning be seen by the "gentlemen jurymen," and so produce the disgust desired.

Forth I sallied immediately in search of some member of "the Honourable House," when, just in time, I met with General Montague Matthew, the brother of Lord Landaff. Upon my explanation, he undertook to state the fact; on which I went to good James Perry, of the Chronicle, that he might charge some one of his reporters to give especial heed to every thing that might escape the lips of Montague Matthew. The latter did bring about a conversation on the subject of Tom Reynolds and his high treason bill, and of his former bloody occupation, regarding which the General recounted several particulars, as he, an Irishman, had been in Ireland at the period of the *triangle* exploits. But how he introduced the subject I do not now remember. Mr. Ridgway sent store of Morning Chronicles to the Court, and so the object was obtained. The jury read the character of Reynolds. This exposure certainly aided the admirable pleading of Mr. Copley: the defendants were acquitted. Had they been indicted for a riot and misdemeanour, they would have been convicted, and then punished as they deserved; but Justice, when vested in a cap and bells, excites contempt in lieu of veneration.

The powers exhibited upon this trial by the Radical successful advocate, induced the Ministry to try their hand at metempsychosis, and turn the Radical lawyer Copley into a Tory rat. To this effect they took a trap and baited it with a nice S.-G.-ship, worth many thousand pounds a-year. Smack went in the Radical lawyer, and tasting of the luscious bait, lo! he became a fiery, three-tailed, Tory-rat solicitor-general!! Seriously speaking, however, it must

be allowed, that during the S.-G.-ship of Sir John Copley, he used most lightly his power of prosecuting for political libels; the Whigs out-did him far upon their coming into office in 1831.

The cause of South American independence began to make some stir in England; I embraced it with sincerity and warmth. My first services were given with the pen, and proved of much efficiency by drawing public attention to the subject. I think it will not be amiss to register here a small portion of what I wrote. All such matter will furnish materials for the future historian, and point out the channel through which he may acquire more. Besides, the greater portion of the present generation is unacquainted with the main features of the case at issue between Spain and her quondam colonies; and the condensed shape in which *I* can lay it before them, may be acceptable to many.

In the first place, some years after the late colonies of Spain, especially Venezuela had thrown off the yoke of Spain, and had been encouraged and secretly aided in their efforts by the British Ministry and their agents on the Jamaica station, as well as by the friendly reception of the insurgent generals and envoys to England, like General Miranda and others, the continental "Holy Alliance" policy of the British Ministry, in 1815, suddenly took a different turn. The South American independents, who had hitherto been encouraged by Castlereagh and his party, were now to be sacrificed to the spirit of "Legitimacy," which suddenly had been exalted at the Congress of Vienna, and formed a "Password" between the enemies of social improvement.

In 1818, it was proposed between these Ministers of the "Holy Alliance," in which England was a real, but somewhat masked, associate, to *compel* the struggling South Americans to submit to a *mediation* of the High Allied Powers, who were to replace them under the dominion of

Spain, with certain promises to be exacted of the latter, for their *future better* government! This atrocious league, would undoubtedly have been combined, had *I* not drawn the attention of all the better thinking men of Europe, as well as of the South Americans themselves, to the iniquity and futility of the project. My first expositions were in a series of letters in the *Morning Chronicle* I soon after wrote a pamphlet, in which I embraced the whole question between South America and Spain, including the reprint of my communications to the London Press, and an *exposé* of the murders and arbitrary massacres of the Spanish General Morillo. This pamphlet is, of course, too voluminous for me to reprint in this work, but it shall be inserted in my "Opusculi," inasmuch as the most competent authorities declared, that the five hundred copies distributed by me in New Granada, did more harm to the despotic cause of Spain, than as many thousand men could have effected! General Cordova, in a despatch to Bolivar, dated Casanare, 16th July, 1819, says—"*Este pamflete mato Morillo.*"—"This pamphlet has killed Morillo." One of my letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, I was induced to write in consequence of having one day conversed with an eminent London merchant on the resources of "New Granada," who after listening to me for half an hour, exclaimed, "I could never have thought the *island of Granada* to be so important a territory!" I thought it high time to enlighten the mercantile world upon the resources of the country, in favour of which I was now anxious to devote my labours, and risk my life, and I soon succeeded in doing so. Out of a great number of communications to the press I have not room now to give even one, but must reserve them for my Opusculi.

In consequence of these my appeals to the public on South American affairs appearing in the public papers, I

was sought for and became acquainted with Mr. Jose Maria del Real, deputy or envoy from the Republic of New Granada in London. He was a man of deep learning, immaculate honour, and fervent patriotism, but ignorant of the world and of what is called "business" to a most puerile degree. I found him in the occupation of a garret in Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, dining at an "ordinary," the chief members of which were European Spaniards, very hard pushed to pay for his modest fare and lodging, and utterly incapable of acting the part of the diplomatic representative of an independent nation of four millions of inhabitants with a territory five times as large as Spain. My first step was to supply him with money to pay his arrears in Chiswell-street. I then settled him in handsome apartments in South-street, Manchester-square, and introduced him to several of my friends who felt a warm interest in the just cause for which he and his countrymen were so nobly contending. General Mac Gregor had recently arrived in England, and Mr. del Real introduced him to me as the authorized organizer of an auxiliary force, which he hoped to succeed in raising in England for the service of New Granada. General Mac Gregor had already been engaged in the service of that struggling state for some years, and he communicated to me his credentials which were undoubtedly regular. He also, was in great pecuniary want, so I thought it incumbent to commence operations by placing both the deputy and the General in a condition of domiciliary respectability. I had already advanced several hundred pounds to del Real, but Mac Gregor's wants were greater, so I provided him with one thousand pounds.

In organizing my forces I, of course, was mindful of forming different regiments or rather skeletons of regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery for the reception of the officers and men who had served in those respective arms.

My regiment of Lancers could only count three hundred private and non-commissioned officers; but they were all picked veterans; I gave the command of it to Colonel de Lima, a gallant Portuguese, who had been Aide-de-Camp to Marshal Soult. The other officers were both French and English who agreed and acted together with perfect harmony. It is not necessary for me to dwell on this part of the subject, it sufficing to say, that no military organization could be more complete than was that of the little expedition of which the following is the official table of the gross amounts, translated from the official return.

NUMERICAL AND NOMINAL STATEMENT OF THE EXPEDITION SENT FROM ENGLAND AND IRELAND, IN AID OF THE REPUBLIC OF NEW GRANADA, BY GENERAL MACERONI, IN THE YEARS 1818-1819.

NAMES OF VESSELS.	TONNAGE.	CANNON.	MUSKETS.	PISTOLS.	SABRES.	BARRELS OF POWDER.	OFFICERS.	SOLDIERS.	WOMEN.	CHILDREN.	CLOTHING, ACCOUTREMENTS, &c., &c.
1 The Hero, late H.M. sloop of war Achates	350	18—32 prs.	100	100	100	50	20	100	5	2	
2 The Monarch	640	22—24 ,,	100	40	40	10	27	308	6	3	300 uniforms, chacots, cartridge-boxes for 1,000 men, 100 saddles and bridles complete.
3 The Petersburg	204	6—18 ,,	74	20	20	3	9	98	2	1	
4 The Onyx	238	4—18 ,,	40	20	150	3	22	140	4	2	
5 The Amelia	70	2—18 ,,	750	500	500	100	2	..	..	..	Clothing and equipments for 500 men, armourers' tools.
6 The Henry	300	2—18 ,,	20	10	10	2	55	200	17	6	
7 The Maria Elouisa	300	2—18 ,,	20	10	10	2	46	240	15	4	
8 The Wilhelmina	500	4—18 ,,	20	10	10	3	67	320	20	8	100 barrels of powder, complete equipments for 500 men.
9 The Little Frank	160	..	..	..	..	..	21	164	19	11	
10 The Tarantula	170	6—18 ,,	52	20	20	5	35	65	5	1	Complete equipments for 1,000 men. Sixty saddles and bridles, and 300 sappers equipments. Stretchers for carrying wounded, &c., &c.
11 The Lovely Ann	170	6—18 ,,	20	10	10	45	40	61	6	2	
TOTAL.	3,102	72 Guns.	1,196	740	870	223	344	1,696	99	40	

N.B. Every officer was armed with carbine, pistols, and sabre; fifty had lances, all saddles, and from five to twenty pounds of powder. Each vessel was provided with one or more medicine-chests, well stocked for 300 men for six months, and two or three surgeons. Moreover, smiths, armourers, carpenters, gardeners, and seeds. Two portable printing presses, and compositors, were embarked on board the Monarch.

London, 1st August, 1820.

(Certified) F. A. ZEA.

Arrived at this point of my history, I find that the publisher has definitively reduced the extent of the work to two volumes; so I must refer my readers, for the synopsis of my career from 1818 to 1832, to an Appendix at the end of the work.

As however the captures and the catastrophes of Porto-bello and Rio de la Hacha, in which so many valuable British lives were sacrificed by the imbecility and cowardice of the notorious Mac Gregor, can be sketched in a few pages, I will venture to give the outline, and then, referring my readers to the above-named Appendix, take up my history in 1832, when I commenced my labours in steam locomotion.

Mac Gregor had preceded me with about three hundred picked men and officers, embarked on board the Hero, Petersburg, and Onyx. Our rendezvous was agreed to be at Au Cayes, in the island of Sant Domingo, where Mac Gregor engaged to await the arrival of reinforcements, which sailed, in fact, very shortly after him. But he was reckless in all things which endangered only others, not himself, so he conceived the rash idea of landing at Porto-bello, which was then garrisoned by twelve hundred Spaniards, and defended with one hundred and thirteen heavy guns, besides howitzers and mortars. The gallant General (subsequently Cacique of Poyas) with due care for his own personal safety, remained on board his ship, the Hero, during the assault in which his handful of men, led on by Colonel O'Hara, Major Baldwin, and Colonel Rafter, with splendid bravery, captured the whole of the strong forts and batteries in quick succession, with the loss of fifty-two of their number killed or wounded. The Spaniards left two hundred and seventy men dead on the spot, but carried off the greater part of their wounded.

No sooner was the New Granadian flag hoisted on the

principal fort, and all firing had ceased, than "His Excellency" stepped into his barge, preceded by a band of music playing the air "See the Conquering Hero comes," triumphantly stalked on shore, and installed himself in the palace of the fugitive governor.

Six Spanish vessels, with various cargoes, were found in port. In the *government* stores a quantity of tobacco, cocoa, cochineal, and other valuable merchandise was captured to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The greater part of the Spanish garrison of Porto-bello had escaped across the isthmus to Panama, which was commanded by the Spanish General, Horé.

According to the dictates of common sense and his clearly understood engagement with me, Mac Gregor should instantly have despatched at least a portion of the captured property to England, consigned to the representative of the government he was serving, with which a portion of the debts we had contracted would have been paid. To those who will remark how much I did with scanty means, it will be easy to conceive what an immense accession of credit such a proceeding would have created. Fifty ships, any quantity of arms, stores—every *materiel* of war would have been instantly at my disposal. Men—the best old soldiers—were ready for me by thousands. But no—the booty was not even applied to the use of the forces already in the field. Every thing was left *in statu quo!!!*

Such an egregious fault was bad enough, but the far worse is yet to follow. It had been agreed between Mac Gregor and myself that, upon capturing Porto-bello, three principal measures, either singly or combined, must necessarily be adopted. First, should it appear impracticable to retain possession of the place, the defences were to be destroyed, the prizes and government stores secured and conveyed away to the rendezvous of St. Andres, where Mac Gregor would

await the arrival of the reinforcements which he knew I had in preparation, with probably myself in person. Certes: had he sent to England but ONE of his six Spanish prizes, loaded only with oyster shells, I should, in a fortnight, have sailed with as many ships and veteran troops as I had pleased to take.

Mac Gregor neither destroyed, nor secured the defences of Porto-bello,—neither did he sail away,—but he took possession of the place. In this case, then, one of two other conditions were so evidently called for, as could not have escaped the observation of a child. First,—taking advantage of the panic which the defeated garrison of Porto-bello had carried with them across the isthmus to Panama, he might straight march in their pursuit, attack them, and Panama would have shared the fate of Porto-bello; then march back, with plenteous spoils, and arms, and stores, and fortify himself in Porto-bello.

Not any of these things were ever thought of by Mac-Gregor! The frightened fugitives from Porto-bello, looking for the English at their heels, arrived in safety at Panama, and General Horé incorporated them with the garrison of Panama!

Taking it for granted, then, that General Mac Gregor thought (if he ever thought at all), that it were imprudent to follow up his blow across the isthmus, the last and evident condition for him was,—to properly defend his acquisition, to which he knew that several vessels, full of veterans, were then actually on their way from England. The town of Porto-bello is situated in a bay, amidst a semicircular range of hills, all armed with forts, and good intrenchments towards the land. These *upper* forts, not only rendered the place impregnable to a *coup de main by land*, but so commanded the lower forts towards the sea, that situated as Mac Gregor was, with no naval force to contend with, he had no

need to garrison the latter at all! The only enemy was Horé at Panama, and he was paralysed (as he afterwards told me at Madrid, in 1823) by the expectation of my speedy arrival with reinforcements. But with all these plain and simple lines of conduct chalked out for his adoption, what did this wretched man Mac Gregor do? For the entire space of *twenty-three days*, he spent his time in feasts and ceremonies to celebrate the triumphant capture of the place! *Te Deums* at the churches; *Cantatas* in verse and prose, laudatory of the "*Hero, Sir Gregor Mac Gregor.*" Balls at the palace of "His Excellency." In fine—a total forgetfulness of the position in which he existed. During the fatal period of this insane, blind, sleeping, feasting, the upper forts and defences on the side from which alone an enemy could come, were utterly neglected. The brave O'Hara,—the experienced soldiers, Rafter, Baldwin, and Auchmuty, who ventured to expostulate with "His Excellency" on the danger of so extraordinary a state of paralysis, were reprimanded by their unworthy commander for interfering in his *sage* arrangements, and absolutely forbid to take such measures as would have averted the impending calamity. To be brief:—on the 2nd of May, when Horé, who had not ceased to receive accurate information of every silly thing that passed at Porto-bello, just at break of day, rushed into the place at the head of fourteen hundred men, Mac Gregor was just immersed in his first sleep, after having presided at some feast, in honour of "Liberty and Independence." O'Hara, always active in his duty, was already in the great square, engaged in drilling some companies of the men whom I had given him for the formation of a regiment which bore his name. Confusion dire began. O'Hara's men had only blank cartridges; all the others were asleep.

Mac Gregor's house was soon surrounded. Two of his aides-de-camp, Laye and Stuart, fought desperately on the

stairs, and perished surrounded by the slain of their sharp sabres. The doughty "chief" thus found time to leap from out a window, and, scampering to the beach, sans hat, coat, or breeches, rushed into the water, and got on board his ship the "Hero." Few were they of the gallant men, betrayed into this snare by an unworthy mountebank, who were enabled to join in his evasion. Those who had time to arm, did not fail to show of what true British metal they were compounded. They sold their lives most dearly. But poor O'Hara—surprised though not appalled—without his ammunition, rushed on the foe, with bayonets fixed. He broke their ranks, but fell himself, pierced by three bullets through the chest. His last words were uttered four days after his being wounded, and General Horé received them kindly, and closed his eyes. His last words were, "Oh, my child—my orphan daughter!" She is alive in Paris, but never has yet heard this statement. Mac Gregor, safe on board his ship, and at *a distance*, began to fire away his thirty-two pounder guns against the Spaniards, heedless of striking friends or foes. Had he approached the shore, sent off boats, and acted like any man of common sense and common honesty, he would have saved the far greater portion of those gallant men who fell victims to his cowardly imbecility.

Colonel Rafter and eighteen others were shot in cold blood by the victorious Spaniards. Major Baldwin, claiming the being a Catholic, and many others, on a similar plea, were spared, but suffered horrid cruelties in their captivity. After a detention of six months, I induced Bolivar to procure the liberation, by exchange, of all the brave survivors, to whom that noble *Washington of the South* continued the respective ranks I had given to them; and many are now serving and established in Columbia, happy and independ-

ent, whilst *I* and my family are in rags, in want of food and fuel!!!

From Porto-bello Mac Gregor fled to Au Cayes, in St. Domingo, whither he had requested me to send the first reinforcements. But when these arrived, it was found that maugre the vast resources he had had at his disposal, he had made no preparation for their reception or their maintenance!

The newsof the Porto-bello catastrophe was not calculated to aid my expeditionary operations in London. Nevertheless, by dint of almost superhuman exertions, and by raising money on every private resource which my misfortunes had yet spared me, I managed to fit out several other vessels which sailed in as quick succession as my scanty means and anxiously studied contrivances would allow of. Del Real became still more anxious for my remaining a little longer in England, in order to repair the damage done by Mac Gregor. At the same time, it was evidently imperative that the disposal of such valuable succours to the cause of independence should be wrested from such inefficient hands. What was to be done? I could not be in both places at once? Brief—I determined to send a precursor, in the person of Colonel Sanchez de Lima, who I have already mentioned as having been aide-de-camp to Marshal Soult in Spain. He was a man of tried bravery and great military talent. I gave him the command of the ship *Lovely Ann*, on board of which I placed forty French and Italian officers of experience, almost all decorated with the *Legion of Honour*. A trusty British officer, Major Mac Carthy, was second in command. I induced del Real to confer on Colonel de Lima the rank of brigadier general. Sixty-one picked British veterans, who had served in the whole of the Peninsular war, mostly intelligent non-commissioned of-

ficers, were also despatched in this vessel. I explained to them the base conduct of Mac Gregor at Porto-bello, so that they all agreed to support De Lima, Mac Carthy, and Berridge, in deposing the felon Mac Gregor, arrangements for which were made officially by Mr. del Real, so that the remaining resources might be confided to better hands.

I must here conclude my expeditionary operations in England,—my ships from Ireland had sailed pending my imprisonment: I turned my views to France and Belgium. The government of France had taken a more liberal complexion. The commercial enterprising spirit of the Dutch and Belgians induced them to look favourably on the cause of South American independence. I sent an officer of rank and talents to Brussels, with the necessary powers to purchase, or freight ships, to purchase arms, ammunition, &c.; and to engage officers of experience, upon the principle of conferring one grade above that which they had held in the French service. This my deputy to Belgium was the Baron de Beauregard, who had been Director of the Imperial arsenal and cannon foundry of Turin. He was one of the half-dozen officers of rank and distinguished talent whom I had selected to keep with me for my personal staff.

In this projected expedition from Antwerp, I found it expedient to take none but officers, and a very few non-commissioned officers. Of the former, scores and scores applied to me in Paris, amongst whom were many distinguished Poles. All that I could say to them was, that so soon as I should have a couple of ships ready to receive them at Antwerp, I would gladly accept their services. Meanwhile Baron de Beauregard succeeded in purchasing, at two years' credit, three beautiful armed vessels of two hundred and fifty tons burthen each; ten thousand stand of arms, and engaged above a hundred and fifty French and Belgium officers, not forgetting even a musical band. It now only remained for

Mr. del Real to ratify the treaty, *which he had duly authorised*, and I should have transferred my corps of officers from Paris to Antwerp, and sailed forthwith. But, alas!—the silly capricious, wayward New Granadian, happened to be in one of his desponding humours. He had received bad news from New Granada, and therefore *lucus a non lucendo*, just when succour was most urgently required, he refused the God-send, I had now so unexpectedly offered him! "It's all over!—we are lost—ruined; you can do no good now. It is too late, &c." Such was the idiot language of this deputy, in whom his struggling countrymen confided for help! In fine, del Real refused to sign the contract for the purchases at Antwerp, and when, through his delay, the succour was lost, he wept like a disappointed child at the mischief he had himself committed!

The disastrous news which thus had overthrown the moral courage of the South American patriot Ambassador, was the capture of Rio de la Hacha by Mac Gregor, and its recapture by the Spaniards; being exactly in every particular a repetition of the infamous delinquency of Porto-bello, though still more fatal.

De Lima, Berridge, Mac Carthy, who, now commanding above one hundred officers and five hundred men, had solemnly engaged with del Real and myself to depose Mac Gregor, and wait my arrival from Antwerp for at least one month, had had the weakness to place themselves and their valuable troops under his orders. He made them believe that he had devised an expedition, in which success and *immense booty* were equally certain. Thus he induced two hundred and forty officers and men to be led by him in three vessels to Rio de la Hacha, a town on the northern coast of New Granada, about fifty miles east of the city of Santa Marta. Mac Gregor did everything which imbecility and cowardice could devise to ruin the operation.

On the 3d October, 1819, he arrived off the place, but instead of landing suddenly in the night, he made a parade of exhibiting his flag before the batteries, so as to give all convenient leisure for the garrison to prepare for their defence, and for the removal of government property! After having ostentatiously wasted ammunition in exchanging many long shots with the batteries, at two o'clock A.M., Mac Gregor commanded Lieutenant-Colonels Rafter and Norcott, under the orders of Brigadier General de Lima, with Lieutenant Colonel Borel, Major Berridge, thirty other officers, French, English, and Italians, and two hundred picked men, to land under the cover of some brushwood. Seven hundred Spaniards sallied out to the attack of the invaders, or rather, had taken post without the town to meet them. A sharp conflict ensued; the Spaniards, after losing forty men, retreated into their works. *Mac Gregor all this while remained on board, drinking, smoking, and singing patriotic hymns.* But upon hearing of the enemy's repulse, he mustered up sufficient courage to land with a staff and escort of twenty persons. In this operation he had (for him) the misfortune to stumble upon a detachment of the enemy amongst the brushwood, and mistaking them for friends, received a volley, which wounded several of his staff. Upon this he hastily regained his boat, and returned on board, without concerning himself one jot about his gallant dupes who were then warmly engaged, and advancing under the fire of forty pieces of cannon and six hundred infantry. Not satisfied with being safe on board his ship, Mac Gregor hastened to get under weigh, and stood out to sea, tacking about beyond any possible stray shot that might take that direction. He actually retired quietly to bed, and was only awakened by Colonel Norcott arriving on board with the intelligence of the forts and town having been taken by storm, with a loss of fifty-six

men to the Independents and three hundred and seventy to the Spaniards out of six hundred and fifty who were engaged.

Full of indignant scorn and contempt for so base and incompetent a commander, and seeing that the lesson of Porto-bello had noways improved him, the brave Colonels Rafter and Norcott threw up their commissions, and refused to take any further part in such misdirected proceedings. The New Granadian flag was waving over the town and forts; the surviving Spanish troops, as well as the inhabitants, had disappeared; but still the doughty *Sir* Gregor Mac Gregor refused to venture his precious person on shore! In vain did Colonels Borel, de Lima, and other officers implore him to check, by his presence, the scenes of pillage and devastation committing by the English soldiers, who could not, or *would* not, understand the French and Italian officers, and who even threatened their lives. It was only on the 5th October that his future "Highness, the Cacique of Poyas," condescended to land, accompanied by the sound of martial music, and hurrahs for liberty. During the four following days Mac Gregor feasted, and the soldiers pillaged. Many of the inhabitants, encouraged by the proclamations of Mac Gregor, had returned to their homes. De Lima, Borel, and some other officers, were indefatigable in their endeavours to induce their unworthy chief to exert himself in the restoration of order; but he was deaf to all good counsel. He even encouraged his English soldiers and *officers* in pillaging during the night and carrying the booty on board. But the day of retribution was at hand. He took not one of the most common precautions to guard against a surprise from the enemy, who he well knew, were not far off, and greatly superior in numbers, leaving out of the account the garrisons of Santa Marta, close at hand.

On the 8th October, a Spanish schooner from Carraccas,

richly laden, came to anchor, ignorant of the presence of an enemy. It was taken possession of, and Colonels Rafter and Norcott undertook to arm it with some brass guns and howitzers taken from the fort. Having put on board stores of provisions, &c., and thirty men, they quietly heaved their anchors in the night, and left their devoted comrades to the fate that their commander was preparing for them.* They sailed to Jamaica, and returned at last safe back to England, where I hope they may now be enjoying health and comfort. On his arrival in England, Captain Rafter published a book, in which, I am sorry to say, that he represents me in several points of view which are inconsistent with truth. For instance, he accuses me of dissipating my money upon officers who merely flattered me for the sake of what they could get out of me. The fact was, that several English officers had expressed unwarrantable envy at my having supplied the necessities of many French and Italian officers of established reputations, because it was utterly out of their own power to maintain themselves in England, pending the delays which occurred in my providing means of embarkation. An inculpation of this sort, came with a very bad grace from Captain Rafter, inasmuch as, even his own brother the Colonel, who was shot at Porto-bello, had, though in a small degree, shared the assistance of my purse. The day on which he sailed, I lent him fifty pounds to clear his bill at an hotel, and certain residues of outfit. I merely glance at this subject, in case any of my readers may have met with Captain Rafter's book, which is written in a spirit

* I do not blame them for what they did, but I think that they might have done better and saved their fellow sufferers, besides acquiring fame and fortune, had they, leagued with de Lima, Berridge, Borel, &c., taken the command from the wretched Mac Gregor, and made such arrangements as would have insured the quiet possession of Rio de la Hacha, and put them in speedy communication with Bolivar.

of sincerity, but without a due knowledge of the subject treated of, as far as regarded my operations *before* his departure, as he was only one week in London previously to his sailing, and gathered the materials of the first chapters of his book from the vague tittle tattle he heard during his voyage. After all, he has the kindness to say that I "was more sinned against than sinning."

To return to Mac Gregor and Rio de la Hacha, I will refer to the official report which was subsequently addressed to me by Lieutenant Colonel Borel, who was as brave and intelligent a French officer as ever received, as he did, in Egypt, a "Sabre of Honour," and afterwards the "Legion of Honour," from the Emperor Napoleon. Hitherto I have, for the sake of brevity, refrained from giving that report in full, but the description of the final military catastrophe which Mac Gregor was enabled to bring upon his dupes, is told by Borel, in as few words as I could possibly contrive. This brave old soldier, who is still alive and hearty, living on his pension in the vicinity of Paris, after stating how the inhabitants began to return to their homes, goes on to say that Mac Gregor commissioned one of the principal of them, Don Aniceto Rodrigues, to form a battalion of the natives; and immediately eighty robust citizens were furnished with new English muskets, by Mac Gregor. Colonel Eyre, who had sailed from Ireland, in the Wilhelmina, had been elevated by Mac Gregor, to the rank of Brigadier General. Eyre, a worthy and reasonable man, had joined his efforts to those of Borel and de Lima, to check the pillage which Mac Gregor evidently winked at, from a most base, mistaken notion of currying favour with his men! I now conclude in the very words of Borel:—

"The inhabitants whom we had armed and organized, to the number of eighty, and who were really disposed to join us and the cause of independence, seeing that the system of

pillage and violence was continued, and that the General appeared to have neither control over his men, nor the least capacity for defending the place, dropped off rapidly from the muster, so that on the eighth day of our occupation, we had only eighteen left. The others had retired to the woods which surround the town, no doubt meditating the means of surprising us, so negligent and detestible a crew. On the evening of Sunday the 10th October, General Mac Gregor sent for me to ask my opinion of the position in which we were, and my advice as to the best remedies to be applied. I told him frankly that the inhabitants were no longer in our favour; that we were not in sufficient numbers to keep the place, that our vessels were in want of provisions, which must be put on board, and then we should embark ourselves. But to execute this operation it was necessary to place three fourths of our force in advance of the town in a cordon of videts, then with the other fourth hasten to provision the ships with order and regularity, and then retire in column of retreat to the beach, and embark the entire corps under the battery of which we ourselves had possession. This unworthy chief affected to approve of my counsel—but did nothing. The following day, Monday the 11th, Mac Gregor sent for General Eyre, and said, "I leave you in command of the place, while I go on board to prepare for the embarkation." What had this miserable wretch to do in going on board, except to abandon his troops as he had so basely done before at Porto Bello?

"As for myself, I could not unfortunately on this occasion avail myself of the lights which my common sense, military science, and great experience, abundantly furnished me with. All the soldiers were English, and I cannot speak their language; and moreover, not being charged with any particular command in the place, my quality of Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of Lancers which bears your name,

was not *at this moment* available. Not only did the soldiers, pretending not to understand me, refuse to obey me, but upon my interference for the restoration of order and the prevention of pillage, they menaced and attempted my life.

"Under the shallow pretence of going on board to prepare for our embarkation Mac Gregor basely fled, upon which the soldiers rambled about the town without arms, and set to work breaking open houses, which my firmness had hitherto saved from pillage. They coolly took away everything that struck their fancy, even to cumbrous articles of furniture. The inhabitants, who had returned, indignant at this second edition of pillage, and seeing the stupid, defenceless state of the ruffians, began to fire upon them from the windows. The drunken soldiers seized by panic fear, fled towards the fort, instead of taking up their arms in self defence. This conduct still more encouraged the assailants, and further, an Indian chief, named Michel Gomez, who was encamped with a portion of his tribe, at one extremity of the town, and who was sincerely disposed to fraternize with us, the enemies of the Spaniards, now felt so disgusted at our conduct, that he charged the rear of our fugitives with fifty of his men, who, although armed with bows and arrows, handled them with great dexterity. The inhabitants, encouraged by this unexpected conjunction, and further reinforced by many of their friends who from the woods had heard the firing, redoubled their exertions, so that driven at all points we had just barely time to slip into the fort towards the sea.

"Here a warm combat was engaged with cannon and musketry. But the most fatal confusion reigned. General Eyre gave no orders. I endeavoured to prevail upon the soldiers to spare their energies and ammunition by not firing useless cannon shots. In return for every musket discharged at us, off went one or two twenty-four pounders,

without aim or result. I proposed the only measure which at that moment would have saved us all,—a vigorous sortie, making regular platoon discharges upon the enemy (mostly peasants), and setting fire to a house or two on our way, in order to engage the attention of the inhabitants in the salvation of their dwellings, whilst we in the confusion gaining the beach at hand, would find refuge in our ships. But my voice was unheeded, lost in the confusion, and the fire of our artillery continued without rhyme or reason. Incredible as it may seem, a heap of cannon cartridges was laying on the ground at the entrance of the fort, and some of them were actually so broken that the loose powder was strewed about and trampled under foot! A cannon fired close to this heap of powder caused an explosion which killed or dreadfully scorched thirty men. Fortunately for me, I happened at the moment to be on the other side of the fort, seated on a gun-carriage; I was absorbed in thought, bewailing our unhappy condition, the consequence of disorder and such miserable manœuvres.

"Our vessels gave no signs of coming to our aid, nor even of sending their boats to facilitate our evasion! On the contrary, I perceived that they were preparing to stand out to sea. We were reduced to sixty men in the fort; a number totally incompetent to any lengthened defence. Finding that no one would obey me—that all was in confusion and, consequently, lost, I felt authorized in looking to my own preservation. So, sliding down the face of the rampart towards the sea, I gained the water without much injury, and, committing myself to the waves, had the good fortune to reach the brig, *Lovely Ann*, just as she was getting under weigh, together with the other vessel, on board of which, the infamous General was coolly beholding the destruction he had wantonly produced, without making the least effort to save his victims!

"We still remained within gun-shot of the shore for more than an hour after I had got on board. It would really seem as though Mac Gregor remained to enjoy the sight of the last expiring struggles of his followers! We had fifteen eighteen pounder guns on board our vessels, and plenty of boats. The enemy had not yet entered the fort; our poor comrades might have yet been rescued. It was evident that the enemy's attack was most singularly feeble; for since the explosion, during an entire hour, only a few musket shots were fired from time to time. But still Mac Gregor moved not to this easy rescue! At length the firing ceased, and we beheld the royal Spanish flag hoisted on the fort. On this sad sealing of his victims' fate, Mac Gregor made all sail away; the other vessels followed his example, and I soon found myself in Jamaica, preferring rather to cast myself amongst strangers in a foreign land, than willingly remain an hour more in the company of a man who had inspired me with such abhorrence and contempt.

"Your brave Majors, the Chevaliers Saint Germain and De Voidet, also gained *The Lovely Ann* shortly after I did, and by the same bold means of swimming. The former distinguished officer accompanied me back to France; the latter, joined to about thirty officers who had wisely refused to follow Mac Gregor after his exhibition of baseness at Porto Bello, found means to join his Excellency General Bolivar, who received them with distinguished kindness and confirmed them all in the grades which you, my General, had thought proper to bestow upon them. I am now living in a little cottage, No. 108, at the village of Yére, where, as I have already had the honour of assuring you by word of mouth, I am waiting with burning impatience to join you in your fresh expedition. Whilst cultivating my

little garden, I can think of nothing else. Oh that it may be very soon. I have the honour to be, &c., &c."

(Signed) "BOREL."

To General Maceroni, &c. &c. &c. *Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Lieut-Col. Cavalry, &c..*

Yére, near Paris, 24th July, 1821.

For reasons already expressed, I must now take a leap over sixteen years and introduce my readers to my steam carriage labours; again repeating, that a synopsis of my intervening history may be seen attached to the first volume of this work. The reception of these two volumes by the public shall determine the Author respecting a third volume, which, if published, will contain much that is important and amusing in history, science, mechanics, and general literature.

I now introduce myself returning from Constantinople in 1831, and at sea, on my way from that beautiful city called Cork, where my captain had called for instructions; and sailing through St. George's Channel I amused myself with catching mackarel, and with such success as to supply the whole ship's company with breakfast, dinner, and supper. The captain tried his experienced hand at this sport, but I always caught ten to his one. I can only say that I used three small hooks on the bait, instead of one big one, and a thin line, and proportionately light ship-shaped lead, in lieu of the thick cord and pound-weight lead in usage, that cause you to have a fish upon your hook for half-an-hour without feeling it, besides other defects in the method.

Arrived at Sheerness, our vessel had to perform twenty day's quarantine, the arrangements for which would disgrace the most barbarous nation. I found, that during the latter period of my absence, my family had been suffering great privations and distress, in consequence of a person to whom

I had intrusted some securities having appropriated the proceeds to his own use. Previously to my going to Constantinople, I had endeavoured to obtain employment from the agents of Don Pedro; but at that time they had no money. Shortly after my return, I again met Generals Valdez and Saldanha, Mr. Ferere Borges, Mr. Vascocillios, Mascarhinas, &c.; and, soon after, they obtained a loan for the purpose of fitting out an expedition against Don Miguel, and landing at Oporto. I exhibited the powers of my *new naval compound rockets*, &c.; and proposed to arm a steam-ship with shot-proof cuirass at her bows, armed with two guns to throw ten or twelve inch shells horizontally, and a frame to project fifty of my rockets, with their prehensile "devils," in a minute, at a range of one thousand five hundred yards. The whole of the Portuguese chiefs, including General Sir John Milly Doyle and the Marquess of Palmela, were delighted with my proposal. I asked, as my reward, a certain share of the value of all such ships of the enemy as I might capture or destroy. But the directing Junta had the folly to give the entire direction of the expedition to a certain Captain Sartorius. This man came to see the conflagrating qualities of my rockets, &c., and then managed to persuade his employers, "that my means were too destructive to be used between Portuguese and Portuguese!" Now, if this were true, what greater compliment could he have paid me? But, in point of fact and common sense, by that portion of my means which consists in infallibly setting fire to the sails, ropes, yards, masts, of an enemy's ship, a stop is put to the effusion of blood, because he *must* immediately strike. No other incendiary projectile, such as red-hot shot, carcasses, Congreve rockets, &c., are to be much feared on board a man-of-war, because the timbers of her hull, being set on fire, are easily extinguished by the crew with buckets or fire engines; but, in

the case of *my* rockets, fifty in a minute are lodged in the sails, and on the tarred ropes, and in the tops, &c., from a distance of fifteen hundred to two thousand yards. And then, as in the ignition of bed or window curtains, let the crew put these fifty or five hundred fires out if they can! All this while my thirteen-inch shells, containing the spherical ones, sixteen pounds, the spiral ones, thirty pounds of gunpowder, are plunging into the sides; and every shot returned that hits my sharp cuirassed bows and high bulwarks, glances off like hail from off a house top.

Brief, I was deprived of the steamer that I was to have armed "according to mine own heart;" and I was favoured with an offer from "the admiral," Sartorius, by a letter through Barry O'Meara, now before me, with the offer of the command of the Marines of the squadron. I made reply, that there were two thousand, one hundred, and fourteen British officers of marines, equally well calculated to command "eyes right or left," or lead them through the manual exercise, as I was, but that the means *I* had to offer were known to me alone. So ended this attempt at employment.

About this time, I managed to induce Captain Pechell, and Sir Philip Green to see the action of my water-proof percussion lock for cannon. Captain Pechell came, and poured a dozen buckets of water over the lock at the moment of each going off, without a single miss-fire. He also saw the rockets, and said, of the lock, that nothing like it in excellence existed at Woolwich,—and of the rockets,—that *against them, no three decker could stand a quarter of an hour*. He promised to recommend me for employment at Woolwich. But, alas he gave no sign! My paddle-wheel was also most energetically praised; but Sir Robert Seppings referred me to the Admiralty,—the Admiralty—back to the navy-board; and at last, I was told that "if I

would deposit 500*l.*, the experiment on it would be made! I replied, that "had I even so much as 500*l.* then at my command, I would see them all damned before I would ask for their assistance." I then applied to Mr. Stace, whom I had known at Paris in 1815. He shewed me much kindness, but assured me, that although he was well initiated into the excellence of many of my important inventions, and that even my *roche à feu*, was far superior to any made at Woolwich, it was useless to expect, that anything would be done for a man who was not *one of the corps!* I asked for any employment—labourers' work—anything for a living!—Nothing!—

I found myself involved in the most distracting misery. Absolute destitution,—starvation. I still contrived to keep my family out of view, a little way out of town. They could manage to exist on such a little as would appear incredible to those who know not what strict, rigid economy, and self-denial can achieve. I was obliged to pass my time the greater part in London, looking after work. A diary of my sufferings would beat any of the most afflicted, friendless exile! Day after day, have I suffered the pangs of hunger, added to which I always had the horrid fear of my wife and children being turned destitute into the open air. I managed to earn an occasional pound from the periodical press, and I am bound to say that here and there, an old acquaintance helped me with a trifle. My stock of arms, books, uniforms, watches, &c. waned away—all went to the pawnbrokers. I endeavoured to sell my Philadelphia estate, for which I had paid Mr. Franklin 3,850*l.* But I could get nothing, but a small part payment in nails, scythes, &c. from Birmingham emigrators, with the expectation of their paying the balance by instalments, *after they should be in complete and full possession.* This would not do. I applied for employment in all directions; published a second edi-

tion of my "Hints to Paviours." Attempted to find some body with an ounce of sense and a little money to join me in taking out a patent for my paddle-wheel, which, in addition to its unique qualities for sea-going ships, as it works best when almost, *or even entirely under water*, is the only one, even now (1838), capable of furnishing the great desideratum of being applied to the stern of a tug to tow barges along, and through the locks of canals and rivers. In this, the common paddle has failed in numerous trials; because it has not sufficient hold upon the water. If Lord Cochrane, when in conjunction with the principal engineers of London, he built the steam-ship vauntingly called "The London Engineer," had had *my* paddle-wheel, he would have avoided the ridicule with which the "London Engineer" was exhibited *running* at two miles an hour BACKWARD, with the tide, its wheels grinding water in the drums on each side the keel.

My late father's partners in the house of James Vere, Nephew, and Co., were Mr. Huntly Bacon and a Mr. Banbury, who from making during many years 10,000*l.* a year as a silk broker, aspired to become a silk merchant. Both these gentlemen were, and still are, exorbitantly rich in money and landed property. The former had also recently inherited 200,000*l.* from his father-in-law, Mr. Cline, the surgeon. Now, as both these sons of Dives had been my father's friends and partners for thirty years, and had known me, and tossed me as a child, I ventured to apply to them for a little aid, so that I might take out a patent, and bestir myself to obtain employment. But the narrow spirit of Toryism, I do not mean the sincere *political* Toryism, but the narrow, ignorant, bigotted hatred to all who thought of change, was strong within them. These partners of my father, these intimates of my infancy, whom I had never offended, conceived towards me an antipathy

which I hold as a great encomium. I had written against the corn-laws; against the punishment of death, especially for forgery. I had laboured in the substitution of steam in lieu of brute power. I had proposed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the institution of Government insurance offices, which including, of course, the risk of damage or destruction from popular tumults, would gain the preference over the other insurance companies of which these gentlemen were directors. These and other similar delinquencies of mine, cut me off from any other of their aspirations, than that I might end my days upon a gallows. They, as also Mr. John Vere, have seen me starving, and returned my applications for a little aid—unopened. Of course, I soon ceased to importune them.

I now returned to my labours in elementary locomotion; but in order to make this portion of my career intelligible to my readers, I must go back to the year 1825, when I commenced my apprenticeship to that most difficult department of useful science.

At the close of 1831, I felt, like most people, very warmly on the subject of the Reform Bill; so upon King William being seduced from his allegiance to his word and to the people, and dismissing the reforming Grey Administration, I wrote and published a book, entitled "Defensive Instructions to the People: containing the new and improved combination of arms, called FOOT LANCES; miscellaneous instructions on the subject of *small arms and improved ammunition, street and house fighting, and field fortification.* Together with a demonstration of the *legal right* (not to say duty) *of all Englishmen to be provided with arms.*" The mottos on the title page were—"*He that* hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and

he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Gospel according to St. Luke.

" Get thee a sword, though made of lath."—Henry VI.

Of course I have not space to give even an extract from that work in this history; it shall appear entire in the variegated work which I intend to compile, if for it I can find a publisher, to be called my " Opusculi." But it is expedient for me to state, that I was comforted and encouraged in my undertaking by the exhortations and approval of the editors of the " *Times*," " Morning Chronicle," " Examiner," and other papers. The editor of " The Times," on the 26th October, 1831, observes :—

" The Tories are organized in all quarters. What, then, are *the people* doing? Why do they not form unions every where: in town, in country, in cities, parishes, villages, hamlets. Handbills must be posted up. Let them break no law; but let our shout, in God's name, so act, as to prevent the Tories from succeeding in a plot, which, under the name of 'moderate reform,' will, in time, make the laws of England but a cloak for the arbitrary pleasure of an incorrigible faction."

Again, from " *The Times* " of the 28th October :

" Our desire was, and is, that all householders should combine to form and swell the bulk of the Conservative unions, which we have joined some of our contemporaries in strenuously advising, that first. the assault of mobs upon property may be at once repelled; and secondly, if attacks should be made upon the political rights of Englishmen, *by any other force than that of the wretched mob*, such attempts likewise may not go unpunished."

From the Times, October 29th, 1831.

" These oligarchs—these self-imagined grandees, constituting the boroughmongering and Tory faction, are no less terrified at the notion of a national armament for the reform of law, and a recovery of power, than the mob are at the consequences of a league for the protection of house, person, and money. *Against both sets of robbers* it is that the

people of England ought to stand on their defence. * * * * The principles on which the French National Guard has been formed, are well worth consideration here. * * * * There must be set over each local body of the "Union" some power of enforcing orders by adequate sanctions, *that the common enemy, whether the rich or the ragged one*, may not be justified in treating us with scorn."

From The Times of the 1st November, 1831.

"The real object of terror to the Tories is an union and organization of the people as contra-distinguished from the mob. The political unions, therefore, such as have existed for some time at Birmingham and elsewhere, throughout the north of England, where one hundred and fifty thousand citizens have assembled and separated with as much decorum as the congregation of the chapel of St. James's—such are the real sources of agony to the boroughmongering crew. * * * * We say then to our fellow-subjects, ORGANISE AND ARM; to the Ministers we say, hasten the meeting of Parliament; to Lords and Commons we say, sleep not until you have passed the bill."

I cannot afford room for any more extracts from the patriotic effusions of *The Times*. *The Morning Chronicle* of Nov. 12th terminates a very long and elaborate *exposé* of the right and duty of all Englishmen to carry arms, by this paragraph:—

"They (armed political associations) are the main stay of reform, of the government, of the people. The gates of the Temple of Janus will be shut only when the base boroughmongers cease to make war on the liberties and the property of their countrymen. UNIONS—ARMS—REFORM!"

Now, in accordance with these sentiments of our learned doctors in constitutional law, I terminate my preface to *Defensive Instructions* with the following paragraph:—

"We will hope that the people's cause, that is the cause of right, will triumph without the call for putting forth the peoples' might; but, should the day arrive when ILLEGAL FORCE must be opposed by force, my life shall be devoted to the contest. Should any aggregation of my countrymen in arms so far honour me, as to deem my personal

counsel and directions of any value, so soon will I fly to join them, to participate in their labours, their dangers, and their triumph.

(Signed) "F. MACERONI.

"8, Upper George-st., Bryanston-sq.
Jan. 2, 1832."

I close my *Defensive Instructions* as follows:—

"I will now conclude this little work with a few maxims which I look upon as being very essential for THE PEOPLE in arms to have constantly in mind.

"*First.*—COURAGE is the first thing necessary. Those who attack with bravery and alacrity run not half the risk of the more backward. Those who rush upon the cannon's mouth are far less liable to be injured by it than such as hesitate or flee from it. Any regular troops, as now armed, must be instantly destroyed if you can but once *close upon them* with my lances or with pikes.

"*Second.*—GOOD ARMS. Every man should procure the best arms he can, *and let that be done quietly BEFOREHAND, so that there may be no excuse for breaking into armourers' shops and plundering private property.* Of arms and of their use I have sufficiently treated in the preceding pages. I must, however, repeat that, in a contention between *the people* and a disciplined army, the former should, on every occasion, devote as much as possible of their attention, as is practised between regular armies and hostile ships, to bringing down the officers of the "regulars." Those men of the popular forces as are known to be good shots, and are provided with a good fowling-piece or a rifle, must be always on the look out to perform this essential service.

"It is generally observed, that nothing tends more to dishearten and disorganise troops, than the fall of their officers. But over and above this military maxim, in the species of warfare we are contemplating (which the Lord avert!) to "floor" the officers, becomes of infinitely more importance.—First, because we may have reason to expect that, in such a case, without their active superintendence and influence, the "men" ashamed of, and disgusted with their cause and occupation, would slacken in their efforts, retire from the contest, or actually join us. Secondly, because in this country, the commands in the army and navy, and all other good things in church and state, being regarded and held by the aristocracy and squirearchy, as rights and freeholds appertaining exclusively to their "order," it follows that the officers of

the British army, as a class, are the avowed supporters of the system which works so well for themselves; and are, consequently, the bitterest enemies to all reform. On this account, therefore, it becomes doubly necessary to recommend them to the especial attention of our sharp-shooters! And the higher their rank, the more attention should be paid to them! An infantry officer on horseback, for instance, should immediately receive the honours of at least, a dozen rifles. But do not, my friends, mistake your men! That smooth-faced youth, whose chest and shoulders are buried under those huge and gorgeous epaulettes is no field marshal; no—nor yet a general—nor a colonel—nor a major—nor mayhap a captain, but only a lieutenant, or a cornet—Spare him, good sirs!—but commend me to yon straight-coated, cocked-hatted gentleman, with nothing but a sort of footman's shoulder knot to decorate him, he is a general, or a field officer,—let him be attended to.

"In all European armies an absurd custom prevails, at least in the infantry, according to which, the officers are left comparatively unarmed. Even the serjeants of the British infantry, were, till very recently, without a firelock! So that an army is thus deprived of the physical prowess of some thousands of the bravest, most steady, and intelligent of its members! Let not the popular forces imitate this error; but let the officers and chiefs, be as distinguished for the completeness and efficiency of their weapons, as for the qualities which have caused them to be chosen to command. Alexander of Macedon exulted in the excellency of his defensive and offensive arms; Hannibal piqued himself upon being the best armed man of his army—and every noted commander of antiquity bestowed the most scrupulous attention to that particular. If the people would succeed, they must, whenever fit occasion offers, neutralise the discipline and tactics of their opponents, by rushing to the hand-to-hand work of the ancients. What are bayonets against lances or pikes, if once you can but close with them? Or even, against swords and bucklers? The bayonet's point, being once received upon the wooden or the blanket buckler, (35), the sword is certain at that instant to close the contest, by either falling on the advanced left arm, or entering the breast of him who bears the musket. Thus it will occur, that as the operations of artillery, field rockets, &c., become so much extended and improved, as to make victory depend upon the superiority of their numbers, and ability in their application, a revulsion must restore the equilibrium, and a rushing, charging, closing system, like that of the French system of

attack in column, in 1793, &c., will defeat the calculations of the tacticians.

"With reference to the arming of the officers, many cases might be quoted without recurring to the annals or fictions of chivalry, wherein the prowess of an individual, in a combat, has produced a great and important effect. But what can an unarmed officer do, except get himself killed, *pour encourager les autres!* During the defence of a position, a redoubt, &c., a French or Italian officer will always hasten to take a musket from the dead or wounded, or from the reserve, which is certainly better than looking on, with his sword tucked under his arm. But why should he not have proper arms of his own? The admirers of 'things as they are' will say,—because he could not make use of such arms, and at the same time pay proper attention to the conduct of his men. The absurdity and fallacy of this idea will become evident to any man who will think for a moment on the subject. And it will, I have no doubt, be one day acknowledged as erroneous by the different powers, and reformed accordingly.

"*Third.*—HEALTH. Must be attended to, or we shall soon cease to be of service to our country. Temperance is the very best preservation. Abstain from spirituous liquors—from all raw vegetables—raw fruit of every description. Endeavour always to be provided with some article of food, such as biscuit, bread, potatoes, or meat, in your havresack, so as not to be exposed to suffer the extremities of hunger, which lets in ague, dysentery, and other disorders.

"Provide yourself, if possible, with a flannel shirt, and another for a change.

"Never sleep in the open air, if shelter of any kind is to be found within any reasonable distance.

"Always be provided with a blanket; it will furnish a much better covering at night than a great coat. Two of my jointed lances, stuck in the ground at both ends, like two pair of compasses, a third lance extended and tied over each of the joints, and then covered with the three blankets, will form a snug little tent for the three 'Foot Lancers' to sleep in.

"To prevent or cure sore feet, from walking, rub the inside of your stockings well with tallow or hog's lard.

I have found that the feverish tendency which is excited by want of rest—sleeping in one's clothes—irregularity in diet—and exposure to the sun,—is checked and counteracted by taking a pinch or two of gunpowder two or three times a day, in a draught of cold water.

"*Fourth.*—BE MERCIFUL AND JUST,* For war is the greatest of all the evils incident to humanity. War is an injustice and an evil in its origin—an evil and a scourge in its prosecution—a loss and a suffering to the victors—a catastrophe and a desolation to the vanquished. By war are men torn from the useful occupations of life. Society is defrauded of their contributions toward the general support. Parents are bereaved of the long-looked-for and just compensation for their cares and solicitude. The rising generations are contaminated and brutalized. By military discipline, the minds of men are debased and disposed to cringe to power, to oppress the weak, to play the parts of despots or of slaves. War is injurious to commerce, *i. e.*, the interchange of produce, which is the only real wealth of civilized communities. War establishes and perpetuates error, and prejudices between the nations, equally injurious to them all. War originates and proceeds upon that monstrous fallacy, that to injure and impoverish our neighbour, is to enrich and benefit ourselves! War is a mania which, by engrossing every other faculty of those engaged in it—by infusing into the hearts of the communities none but ferocious and erroneous feelings—checks, more than any other *remora*, the progress of civilization and the advancement of mankind in the resolution of the first of all social problems, which is, the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

"Alas! those swift messengers of death, which have laid low that crowd of bleeding mortals, have also struck the heart of many a tender wife or parent with anguish and despair: and left a multitude of helpless children to be reared by strangers, and exposed to all the evil consequences of vice and miseducation. The "glorious news," which brings accounts of cities, towns, villages stormed, taken, and retaken, speaks not of the peaceful citizens buried under the ruins—of women, children, the aged and infirm, outraged, murdered, consumed in their

* I do not say, be "humane," for it is a palpable misnomer to call the opposite of cruel, barbarous, and atrocious, "humanity." All the ferocious, treacherous, wanton, or vindictive *human* cruelties, murders, massacres, persecutions, are, forsooth, called "*inhuman*"!!! The horrid acts of ruffian violence which we see committed every day, by sober or by drunken *men*, even to the murdering of their wives or children, are termed "*brutal*"!!!—And upon the same principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, the "brutal" *man* is also "beastly" drunk!

habitations, or turned shelterless and destitute into the open air!—This, in a few words, is war—'glorious war!'—And wherefore is it waged? In what does it originate? In the ignorance and madness of the many, encouraged and employed for the imaginary benefit of the ruling few. At every page of ancient and of modern history, our hearts are sickened with the list of massacres called wars, battles, triumphs! all originating in the errors, bad passions, and blood-loving propensities of 'emperors,' 'kings,' 'princes,' 'prelates,' 'nobles,' or of some small crews of men called 'oligarchies;' all offsprings of barbarous and ignorant times, and still existing only by the careful perpetuation of ignorance and error!

"If such be the miscalculations and the evils of international wars, what are we to think of civil war—of mortal strife between father and son, brother and brother, relatives, neighbours, and fellow-countrymen? What can be the measure of guilt and of responsibility assumed by those blind bad men, who plunge their country into this disaster?

"It is an axiom in politics, than which there is not a truer one in mathematics, that the will of the many in a nation, is the law and the right. It is only requisite that the existence of this will and opinion should be fairly proved and ascertained.

"A small minority of a nation being vehemently opposed to the decided will of the remainder—of the millions, is *ipso facto* proof—and more than proof,—for it is in itself, without reference to good or evil, the constituting essence—of the minority being wrong. This is the general axiom; but further, when we see the few opposed to the wishes of the many, we may safely infer, that the object of the former is to obtain or to preserve some unjust advantage, to the injury of the latter. In our case, however, we want no inferences—we know it well, from its outer surface to its very core. We know our grievances, in number and extent. We can put our finger to our scars, and wounds, and sores, and then point it at the insolent inflictors of them! They! they are the men upon whose heads will be the blood that may be shed, in their impious and hopeless struggle to perpetuate their usurpations! Upon them let the people's indignation rest. But for the misguided, coerced, and, for the most part, ignorant instruments, with which the borough-mongers and parsons will endeavour to overpower you, remember they are your countrymen, your brothers, your fellow-victims, and fellow-sufferers from the system which you are endeavouring to reform. Let not your animosity extend towards these beyond the exact bound of necessity and resistance. To the wounded—to the submitting—to the

captive opponent, extend the hand of brotherhood and of succour. You may thus redeem a relative—you will surely make a friend. Commit no wanton mischief: let not a cabbage or a blade of grass be consumed unnecessarily. Let your valour and your patriotism be consecrated and illumined by justice, kindness, and forbearance. So shall your cause be blessed, and your actions be recorded on the page of history, as a contrast and antithesis to the horrid deeds of men like those with whom you now contend.

"Let those benevolent men, who take an active interest in the welfare of mankind, be of good cheer! The time is fast approaching—without our dreaming of a second 'golden age,' or of the 'millennium,'—when the general diffusion of intelligence, and the knowledge of the social principles, will render war next to impossible among civilized nations. In a community, which is governed according to reason and common sense, *i.e.*, which governs itself, the general will must as surely and naturally prevail, as our individual will does quietly induce the natural satisfaction of our wants of food, sleep, and locomotion. So soon as the great majority of the people shall understand their real interests, they will be enabled to establish governments, founded on the basis of the general weal. And such governments (like that of the United States), being identified with the governed, can have no interests but those identical with the will and clearly-understood interests of the community. Those interests are, at every point, opposed to war; and, consequently, there will be no war. A good step towards the establishment, in this country, of so devoutly-to-be-wished-for a state of things, will be the success of the present preliminary measure of reform in Parliament.

"FRANCIS MACERONI."

Great was the indignation of the Tory press and of all Tory men excited by the publication of these defensive instructions. But strange to say to those who know not what blind, ignorant prejudice really is, not one of all the writers who gloried in vituperating me was there, but in his remarks let slip the most irrefragable proofs of never having read the book he spoke of. *The Literary Gazette* gravely assured its readers that I had preached up the "*old Italian* mode of stabbing in the dark our political

opponents." By other equally conscientious writers and verbal slanderers I am accused of having especially advised the assassination of the Duke of Wellington! What next? Why, I will end the subject by giving a short paragraph from the "True Sun :"—

"Defensive Instructions for the People, &c. By Colonel Francis Maceroni, 8vo., with coloured plates. J. Smith. Never let it be forgotten,—(people of England, engrave it on the mantel-pieces of your rooms,—inscribe it on the faces of your watches,—imprint it on every article of use on which your eyes so often rest,)—that when the late Ministry, the Wellington and Peel band, were ejected from office, 'preparations were making by them for keeping down the people by forcible means.' Ample evidence of this fact is in existence, and the occasion may come when it will be the duty of every man who has the means of using a pen to warn the people of England into a state of the most energetic action, by a full exposition of this heart-arousing text, and most important truth. At the present moment we dwell not upon it, although the appearance of the publication at the head of our article affords us a not unapt occasion for saying a few words on the subject Lord Grey may, nay, will (?) create an abundant stock of new peers to secure to the people their long-withheld rights, and to the country everlasting peace. But should he fail,—should nature prove traitorous to humanity,—we shall, at least, have one week's opportunity of enjoining, in the words of St. Luke, that 'he who,' in that emergency, 'hath no sword,' should instantly 'sell his garment and buy one.' Just now, therefore, we shall only transcribe the title in full of this work, that the existence of such a volume may be everywhere known. The book is but a few shillings in price,—is very ably written,—is full of defensive 'instruction,' and is worth every farthing of its cost, were it only for the extract it contains from the *Morning Chronicle* of the admirable editorial article on the arming of the people, which appeared in the columns of that journal on the 14th November, 1831."

By the "United Service Journal" I was favoured with a most liberal quantum of abuse, fraudulent misrepresentation, and misquotations. In my reply I said, "The review consists of assertion, insinuation, and ignorant assumption,

false quotations, fraudulent interpolations, and purposed jumble—babel of facts and ideas—accompanied by a constant explosion of empty sound and vulgar villification. Trash, and vulgar trash, as it all is, it may seem to glitter in the eyes, and impose on the understandings of the ignorant and simple, and also of those who are either too indolent or too prejudiced to read my book and judge for themselves."

This, my reply to the silly saucy balderdash of the "United Service Journal," was refused admittance, not but that the very honourable and courteous Editor, Major Clerke, promised and intended to insert it as a matter of common justice — but because its insertion was prohibited by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who was an especial patron of the Journal, and who on reading my reply, exclaimed — "Why this reply is worse than the original book." So I got five hundred copies of it printed, sent a number to the United Service and other clubhouses, and presented in person, copies to the Duke of Cumberland and to Lord Hill. This little sheet of only sixteen pages shall appear in my "Opusculi," in juxta-position with the subjects to which it refers.

I gave permission for many editions and extracts to be taken from the original which, in consequence of the pates, sold for five shillings; upwards of two hundred thousand of the cheap copies were sold all over the kingdom, especially in the north. I received numerous addresses from numerous political unions, and can safely record that at that particular crisis, upwards of three hundred thousand men were united in patriotic band, mostly armed, and each provided with a blanket or other garment to fit them for *a march towards the south*. But our "Lords" took the hint—the King sent for Lord Grey—and the storm was hushed.

As I have before remarked, it is an absurd calumny of

the usurpers of privileges to preach about the "*popular* desire for change;" so far from the people in general being fond of revolutions, it is proved by history, that the great body are always so averse to changes as submit for centuries to the most gross misrule. Even in this comparatively enlightened country of England, how difficult is it to make the people change any old habit, or submit to any novelty, either social or political. That the combined effects of the monopolizing corn-law; the grasping *abuse* of mechanical and elementary power, accumulating more produce (not food) than can be consumed at a remunerating price *to the labourers;* the stupid enclosure acts, which have deprived the cotter of every means of keeping a pig, a donkey, a goose, a hen, or of growing a cabbage, and many things which I have not space to mention here, not forgetting the infernal new Poor-law, must and will inevitably, before long, occasion a "servile war." Then shall the shortsighted suicidal authors of these evils begin to say to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills cover us; and it will be like a voice crying in the wilderness.

At the period I am speaking of, my sufferings, and the sufferings of my family ,from utter destitution, would form a diary of painful and almost incredible particulars, for which I have no longer any space in my biography. The sale of *Defensive Instructions* produced no profit to me, the writer. I had with difficulty found any one to print or publish it; and only on the condition of giving up all the profits, was it published at all.

I now published a second edition of a work that I first printed and distributed so far back as the year 1825, "*Hints to Paviours, Remarks on the Improvement of all Plaisters and Cements, on the Oxidation of Iron, on the Increase of Daylight in London, and on the Application of Coal-tar to the formation of foot paths, roads, &c., by ad-*

mixture with certain earths, sand, broken stone, &c.—forming a substance for roads as hard and durable as marble." The account which I give in this pamphlet of the ancient and modern paved roads of Rome and Italy in general, would, I flatter myself, instruct and amuse my readers; but my space here obliges me to reserve it for my "Opusculi."

The *Morning Herald* of some day about this time, after carefully criticising my history and theory of carriage pavements, concludes by saying:—

"Colonel Maceroni's invention is the only one that will produce a good street pavement out of the existing ordinary materials; without a penny extra expense; and which will evidently become better and better, the longer it is used, without a stone having to be ever taken up. Such is Colonel Maceroni's plan, and it ought to be immediately taken up by the public."

I will show my readers one more of the numerous laudatory examinations of my cheap paving system, and then they shall see how, even with such uninterested recommendations of the leading organs of public opinion, my invaluable suggestions have been neglected, and all kinds of expensive stupid jobs have been encouraged, because such draw vastsums from the pockets of the imbecile ratepayers.

The whole pamphlet including "Hints to Paviours," will appear in my "Opusculi," but I will here show the opinions of some other men of great acumen of its merits, in addition to those of *The Times* and "*Morning Herald*" editors. The "*Monthly Repository*" for February, 1834, contains the following article, which I must somewhat abridge:—

"Altogether the pamphlet in question is one which, if carefully studied by those interested in the improvement and economy of roads, could not fail to do great service. The introductory review, by Mr.

Robertson of 'The Mechanics' Magazine,' is a clear and instructive statement with regard to the respective merits of the different systems of road-making. It is written with great judgment, and rightly gives the preference to Colonel Maceroni's principles of paving, whether the material be stone or wood, or any other substance. These principles have hitherto been most strangely neglected by those who have had to pay for roads; but it is not a thing to be surprised at, that those who were gainers by road-making, should be anxious to get as much employment as possible, by not making the roads too durable. The first principle is, that the 'substratum should be made solid,' which has not been done hitherto. The second principle is to drive down the stones, when first laid, with a *machine* similar to a pile-driver, so that they may be compressed with a force or weight greater than is ever likely to be applied to them in the ordinary traffic of wheel carriages. Thirdly, to level the pavement from time to time, by the same process, as often as protuberances appear. The whole system, in fact, is based upon one general principle, which the sagacity of Colonel Maceroni, acquired by long experience in various portions of the world, convinced him was the true; viz., as it is self-evident that a stratum compressed by a given weight, is mostly capable of further compression by an increased weight, the only way to insure against casualties is to compress with the greatest weight in the first instance. An Irishman with a rammer, some forty pounds in weight, designated by the term 'Lady Griffin,' is set to drive down a stone over which has to pass afterwards, with considerable impetus, a coal waggon, weighing several tons, one-fourth of which this individual forty pound rammed stone has to sustain. The rammer ought to have been *a machine*, and the weight some six hundred pounds, with a corresponding momentum, and a stone thus fixed, would not be removed by any lesser pressure.

"The treatise of Colonel Maceroni, touches also on the subject of the ancient Roman roads, and their method of construction, especially in Italy, detailed apparently from actual observation and examination. There are some useful 'hints' on other subjects appended to the work; one on the artificial means of increasing the light in London, by whitening the buildings, which is well worth attention.* The propo-

* This fact "*soot* and water mingle in the atmosphere," is the very reason why it is necessary, as I propose, to whitewash the houses every year, so as to counteract the light—absorbing black—or soot! Good

sition to improve the quality of the cement which covers our modern buildings, is founded on correct principles, as well as that for preserving from rust the iron which is used in bridges and other erections, and on the soundness of which the stability of the buildings themselves depend.

"No one can rise from the perusal of this little pamphlet without being convinced that Colonel Maceroni is a man of considerable intellect and shrewdness, accompanied with great practical skill in all that relates to the general principles of engineering and architecture, so far as they form part of the business of a government. He is evidently also a man accustomed to the habits of self-reliance and prompt resource in cases of emergency. But the fact of his having been in confidential employment under the system of Napoleon, is an evidence of his being a highly useful man for public service, in things of more importance than mere soldiering. When Napoleon fell, he fell also, or shortly afterwards, and a black mark was put against his name by the Holy Alliance, sentencing him to be driven off the face of the earth, if persecution could accomplish it. The English Tories keep up the proscription, and the Whigs appear to back them, or they would have found employment for so enterprising a spirit. Had the English 'three days' come to pass when Lord Grey resigned, Maceroni would probably have been found in his element. He would have started into utility and notoriety as a leader of the people for the time, and the same skill which can construct roads would have known how to show others the readiest methods of pulling them in pieces, and forming barricades. England would now have been a republic, and employment suited to their capacity and to their works would have been found for skilful and active men like Maceroni. But as Colonel Napier, in his admirable work on the Ionian Islands, says of Sir Frederick Adam—the Whigs do not know how to choose men—even if they be sincere in desiring to choose the best. The quality which, above all others, gave Napoleon his ascendancy, was the capacity for choosing men; in short, the faculty of judgment. It has ever been the same with great men. It is the case with almost all successful men in every career, where an object is to be achieved by the multiplicity of hands. No man can do every thing for himself, and if he cannot choose fitting instruments he goes to ruin, if his undertakings be on a large scale. With manufacturers and merchants it is precisely the same, and in every branch of

Mr. Editor, what could you be thinking of? Were there no soot, there would be no need of "lime wash!"

civil engineering also. The highest powers of invention, if unaccompanied by this faculty, are profitless to the owner, unless he can combine them with the faculty in some other person."

Thus speaks the *Monthly Repository;* and very little does he seem to know of the malignity of party feeling, when he expresses surprise at my not being employed by any of the ruling powers of this land. My *Opusculi* will show far more of my real character for industry than this biography can possibly do; because, in consequence of the new arrangement, I have been compelled to omit all the details of my personal struggles against misfortune and starvation.

In 1826, I presented my plan for paving the streets of London, to Mr. Johnstone, or Johnson, a mighty paviour, near Millbank Penitentiary. This gentleman very candidly told me that such would never do for, paviours, because I wanted no new or extra materials: only the old small stones, which, laid and compressed by a machine, according to my suggestion, would become better and better the longer it was used. In 1834, I published a second edition of the work, and, in the face of it, several impudent men have taken out a patent, as described by the editor of a weekly paper, which I give.

Besides this, the paving boards have gone on repaving all the main streets of this vast metropolis in a manner the most absurd and expensive that could possibly be devised. They first lay a bed of gravel; then another of broken granite; then, over all, a pavement of new large granite stones; then pour liquid mortar over these; and then—prodigious!—expect that they have formed a pavement durably level! After *one day's* traffic, this monstrously expensive and stupid pavement becomes just as uneven as the surface of the neighbouring river Thames in a gale of wind; because all this expensive, superfluous substratum of gravel and granite is laid down loose and uncompressed.

Then, instead of beating down the protuberant parts by a powerful machine, they set fifty men to work to dig up the innumerable stones, *that have immediately sunk* below the level of the others. But I am sick at heart. Few but quacks and impostors are listened to in this country of impudent jobbing. I have repeatedly sent copies of my "Hints to Paviours, &c.," to all the newspapers of London, but none have noticed the useful work, save "*The Times*," "*The Morning Herald*," and the "*Monthly Repository*," whilst they have, at the same time, occupied whole columns on extracts from works of the most puerile and imbecile description. Do they go *snacks* with the paviours?

In 1829, having long been thoroughly convinced of the incapacity of Mr. Gurney's boiler and machinery, I abandoned all further thoughts of the business, and went to Constantinople, to serve the Mussulmans against the Russians. Being returned to England, in 1831, Mr. John Squire came to me, and informed me that he had built a steam carriage, which performed very well, and asked me to join him in the prosecution of the undertaking. I found that his little carriage was certainly much superior to anything that had been constructed by Mr. Gurney, but still it was a *tubular* boiler, and occasionally threw the water out along with the steam, as always occurred to Gurney's boilers, whether with or without the "separators," as he had variously constructed them. I declined having anything to do with any tubular boiler; but I undertook to join him in the construction of another, on my plan, for which a *valid* patent could be obtained—but I was without much money, having, through the "fortune of war," returned from Turkey with even less than I went out with. However, "a faint heart never won fair lady!" so I began to do what I could, and some time after, having expended all I could muster, I most opportunely mentioned my

dilemma to a gentleman, the like of whom there are too few of in this world—were such more numerous, the story of the golden age would very soon assume a near resemblance to reality! This gentleman was the sagacious scholar, and benevolent man, Mr. F. C. Parry, who holds a secondary station in a court of law, at the head of which his talents and long experience ought assuredly to have placed him.* Mr. Parry provided me with the funds for taking competent premises, purchasing lathes, tools, and establishing a factory on the Paddington wharf. I placed Mr. Squire in a house on the premises as foreman, and we set to work on an enlarged scale.

No one who has not been engaged in similar labours, can be aware of the many alterations of parts and positions, trifling perhaps in themselves, but which involve other adaptations, which altogether consume a considerable time, and consequently great expense. Certain delays in Chancery, and a fraud of which Mr. Parry was the victim, unexpectedly cut short his means, and left me for a whole year to struggle, not only for the very existence of the factory, at an expense of thirty pounds a-week, but for that of my family and self! A detail of my struggles, agonies, and unceasing sufferings, would occupy more time and space than I can now devote to a subject which can only be interesting, at some future day, to my poor children.

At length I obtained a small sum of money from a foreign gentleman, and the sale of a reversion with which I set the factory clear of arrears, and completed a carriage. To the advancer of this money we made over a portion of the prospective *profits* of the various patents which he took out for us at his expense on the Continent of Europe. We began to run the carriage to Edgware. Money was again

* Mr. Parry is Registrar in the Court of Bankrupts, *under* Mr. Commissioner Williams.

wanted—the weekly expenses of the factory were about twenty-five pounds—that would be but a pinch of snuff to the other steam-carriage projectors, who have all had their twenties, and thirties, and forties of thousand pounds, put into their purses, even before they had a moving thing to show. I had to struggle on in the midst of actual want and destitution. I wrote to Sir Charles Dance, inviting him to have a ride, and take an interest in the patent. He replied, that although the carriages he had been engaged with had failed in being effective, he had invented a boiler of his own, which he shortly hoped would answer all expectations, which it *did not*.

I also wrote to Mr. Hanning to the same effect, and he replied that he had already expended so much money, in Gurney's bootless undertaking, that he did not look to the solution of the Steam Carriage problem in *his* time; and that he felt the weight of years so rapidly coming over him, that he did not like to add to his cares and occupations. Every body else to whom I applied retorted "Remember Gurney!"

Well may Mr. A. Gordon, in his *Treatise on Elementary Locomotion*, say, that my carriage "is a fine specimen of indomitable perseverance!" The straights, and contrivances, and distress, that I have been put to for the last three years of ceaseless struggle, are not fit to mention "to ears polite." The journey to Windsor, recorded by Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hodgkin, &c., so far back as September, 1833, was effected with the produce of my last watch! I have lost seven hundred pounds worth of effects at the pawnbrokers; not having been able even to pay the interest! On several occasions we were not able to take our visitors even one of the short five or ten mile trips, *which my poverty confined me to*, actually by reason of not having wherewithal to buy a single sack of coke! Two or three gentlemen did, cer-

tainly, from time to time, assist me with a little money; amongst which I name with acknowledgement, Mr. Odell, Mr. Todd, Mr. Hullmandel, and Mr. G. Rahn, of the Crescent, Minories; but those sums, small and far apart, were but very trifling, compared with the rent, taxes, and expenses of a workshop, with six or eight men at two pounds a-week each, and thirty or forty mouths to feed! I had also to contend with constant persecutions and prosecutions.

One wealthy gentleman, "without chick or child," had after taking a ride or two, and becoming well-acquainted with my distresses, and with the rational prospects which the *unique* performances of the carriage fully warranted, *kindly* lent me one hundred pounds, upon my note of hand. Continued disappointments and delays prevented my paying it when due. It was renewed; but, not being even then paid, he sued me for the amount. I actually managed to pay the expenses incurred (thirteen pounds!) and three monthly instalments of ten pounds each, when my means became utterly exhausted, and the kind Christian man hunted me down like a felon, and has done so ever since, for the balance!

In January, 1834, Mr. Squire not being able to agree with me in many points on which his ignorant advisers made him think that he was aggrieved, while, in fact, I was being ruined by his waywardness and errors, signified to me his desire of separating from me, in the affair of the Steam Coach patent. He demanded two thousand pounds as his indemnity. I found a purchaser of a share in *the profits* of the business, and paid him eleven hundred pounds on account. I learnt that, at Birmingham, there were two companies formed to run steam carriages (Church and Heaton's), which, with all their capital subscribed, had not a carriage that could run. I, on the other hand, had a

carriage that could, and did run—immeasurably better than any thing that had hitherto appeared in the world, but had no company, or any party, to assist in bringing it fairly before the public.

The following are a few of the accounts of the performances of my Carriage.

"From August, 1833, to September, 1834, the carriage spoken of in the following reports, was kept in a state of almost daily activity. It was publicly announced to go out from the factory, Paddington Green, every day at two or three o'clock; so that two, or frequently three, separate parties were accommodated in succession the same afternoon, with a ride of five miles out and five miles home, on the Edgware or Harrow Roads, with hills as steep as any between London and Birmingham. By taking these daily short trips, the expense of forming coke and water stations was avoided, and the carriage was always ready to take out any body that wished to ride. Ten, twenty, thirty, or forty miles a day, performed during sixteen months consecutively by one and the same steam carriage, provided that no repairs be required to the engines or steam generator, is a more trying proof than the longest journies, followed by a complete overhaul. Machinery does not tire, like the animal muscles; but intervals of repose in the former, occasion injurious deposits and accumulations of rust, especially when, as in the case we are speaking of, the machinery is left in the open air. It would be superfluous to allude to the respectability of the evidence adduced in the following pages. Its entire disinterestedness, independence, and sincerity, will be manifest to the reader."

Extract from a Treatise on Elementary Locomotion, by

ALEXANDER GORDON, Esq., Civil Engineer.

"Colonel Maceroni and Mr. Squire's steam carriage (plate viii. fig. 3.) is a fine specimen of idomitable perseverance. Their operations have resulted in the quickest steam carriages yet running. Accustomed, as aide-de-camp to Murat, King of Naples, to follow that dauntless cavalry officer, Colonel Maceroni still retains a love of quick motion. Eighteen and twenty miles per hour is nothing uncommon.

"Colonel Maceroni has published the first few weeks' work of his

Steam Carriage in some interesting and admirably written pamphlets, published by Effingham Wilson, to which my readers are recommended. In one of them he says, "the rail-road engines on the Manchester and Liverpool line, cost, on an average, fifty pounds a month each in repairs!" Out of twenty carriages in hand, they have often had only six in a working state! It can be proved, that the carriage produced by Mr. Squire and myself has already run on common roads 1700 miles without requiring any repair."

"For this assertion, Colonel Maceroni has been much written against by parties who never went even to see his carriage. My own opinion, formed after narrowly watching and riding much upon this carriage, is, that it has already done, and can do again, more work than 1700 miles without repair. I do not, nor do the proprietors assert, that after running such a distance, it required no repairs. I know, and Colonel Maceroni never concealed, that it does require repairs.*

"Not to mention numerous short trips by this carriage, I have chosen to give my notes of two trips to Windsor and back. The distance is twenty-three and a half miles. In September, 1833, eight of us, besides Colonel Maceroni, Mr. Squire, and a fireman, in all eleven persons, were conveyed at the rate, all the way, as noted, averaging fourteen miles the hour.

"We made another trip to and from the same place with the same carriage, and with the same number of passengers, in October following.

"On both occasions I took the time with one of Arnold and Dent's chronometers; and the observations were made, sometimes upon one mile distance, sometimes upon two miles, and sometimes upon three miles.

"On the 26th of April, 1834, I travelled five miles from the patentees, and five miles back again, at the average speed of thirteen miles the hour.† But the quickest journey I have taken any note of,

* Yes, but only to the wheels and to the sheet-iron casing over the boiler, principally from rust, as I had not even a shed to protect the carriage from the rain.

† It was I who steered the carriage on that occasion, and I well remember, and have it noted down, that the ten miles were done exactly in forty minutes, although the company were continually entreating me to go slower. Mr. Macniell exclaimed, that I went much faster up

was on the 4th of October, 1833, to Edgware and back again, a distance of sixteen and a half miles (of very hilly road), in one hour, six minutes, and thirty seconds, exclusive of stoppages for water, an average duly performed for this distance of fifteen miles the hour.

From the True Sun, October 5, 1833.

"STEAM CARRIAGE.

"Colonel Maceroni and Mr. Squire, accompanied by eight other gentlemen, took another trip yesterday in their new patent steam carriage, from Paddington Green to Edgware. The average speed, whilst the vehicle was actually running, was more than sixteen miles an hour; including stoppages, it was nearly equal to fourteen miles an hour. The return from Edgware to Paddington Green, a distance of seven miles and a half, was performed in thirty minutes, twenty seconds, although eight minutes of that time were consumed in taking in water, and three minutes in adjusting the band which works the blower, and which had slipped off. The machine by which this experiment was made has gone to Windsor in two hours. It appears to be the simplest and most compact steam carriage that has yet been tried in public. It is capable of carrying twelve or fourteen persons fourteen miles an hour, including all stoppages, with perfect safety, on a turnpike-road, &c. &c.

From the Morning Chronicle, October 7th, 1833.

"STEAM TRIP TO EDGWARE.

"The steam carriage belonging to Colonel Maceroni and Mr. Squire, which we mentioned some time ago as having been to Windsor and back,* has had the misfortune (of breaking the axeltree†) repaired, Windmill Hill and Red Hill than down them; and it was true that I so managed the steam, as to ascend those hills at the rate, as he said, of twelve miles the hour, without, however, having occasion for more than half of it.—F. M.

* Cranked axles, of four to five inches diameter, are so difficult to make in a common forge, with sledge hammers, that not one in five, so made, by the best firemen, will prove perfectly sound. I have now had them made under a tilt hammer, weighing three tons, which turns them out as sound as wax. It was in direct opposition to my will and remon-

with which that trip terminated, and has been for some time again running on the Edgeware and neighbouring roads. On Monday last, it again carried a party down to Windsor in two hours; and after they had dined there, it brought them again safe back to town. Since Monday, it has run to Edgeware and back every day, and we* had on Saturday the pleasure of witnessing its performance. It started from Paddington at half-past three o'clock, and ran down to Edgeware, a distance of eight miles, as near as possible from the point of starting, and returned to that point in one hour and fifty minutes; performing sixteen miles in that time, including stoppages. The carriage stopped twice to take in water, which consumed a considerable time, much more than, under proper regulations, there will be any necessity for.† &c. &c."

From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 16th, 1833.

"STEAM CARRIAGE TRIP TO HARROW.

"Colonel Maceroni repeated his trip to Harrow-on-the-Hill yesterday, and notwithstanding the many obstructions, the badness of the road, and that additional difficulty from the late rains, completed the distance (nine miles) in fifty-eight minutes. The general rate of travelling was about eleven miles an hour, but in the ascent of Harrow Hill the speed was diminished to about seven and a half miles. The return to town was completed in about the same time. No accident of any kind occurred, nor did any inconvenience interfere with the pleasure of the trip. We were particularly struck with the simplicity of Colonel Maceroni's Steam Carriage, as compared with all others we have seen; and we understand that, in fact, their engine consists of

strances that Mr. Squire (who had been placed in possession of the premises) persisted in attempting to make the axles at our own common forge. The consequences of the four interruptions occasioned by these breakings of our axletrees, have been more distressing, and injurious and paralysing to me, than I have space to describe.

* Written by Mr. Hodgskin, at present editor of the *Sun*.

† When proper stations for coke and water are established on the roads, the water tanks, or butts, will be so placed, as, by means of a leather hose, to fill the steam-coach tank in the space of a minute. At present, having to do it with buckets, it causes the sad loss of time above complained of.

little more than one-half the number of parts contained in the engines of other steam carriages, which must, of course, render it much less liable to derangement. Carriages, coaches, and carts passed us upon the roads, but the horses did not appear to be in the least degree alarmed at the unusual sight of a coach running without their assistance; neither did they show the same unreasonable jealousy of an innovation which threatens to deprive them of employment, that some of their masters did. There can now be no reasonable doubt but steam carriages will answer on common roads, so far at least as the mere power of propulsion and the safety of the public is concerned. Much improvement may, and, doubtless, will be made, in the details of management; but that can only be acquired by practice and experience. The only real question appears to be, whether these coaches can be made sufficiently powerful and capacious to carry a remunerating number of passengers, with their luggage, &c., &c.; for we believe that all the steam carriages at present in use have little or no accommodation for luggage.* Colonel Maceroni states, that the expense of his coach in coke is only 2*d.* per mile, and we should think that all the other expenses do not exceed 6*d.* This is little more than one-sixth of the expense of a four-horse stage coach; and the number of passengers which a steam carriage will require to carry, in order to remunerate a proprietor, will of course be in the same proportion. But we do not think it too much to say, that steam coaches will be able to carry as many (if not more) passengers, with their luggage, as other coaches; and we should not wonder if the time were fast approaching, when four-horse coaches were as rare on the Cheltenham and Brighton roads as they now are on that between Manchester and Liverpool.†"

From the Times, Jan. 10, 1834.

"COLONEL MACERONI'S STEAM CARRIAGE.

"On Thursday last the steam carriage, for which Colonel Maceroni and Mr. Squire have obtained a patent, and which has been running

* Mr. Frazer did not perceive that the baggage is placed on the top. The second carriage which I built, which is now in Paris, carries fourteen passengers, and as much baggage as they please.—F. M.

† Written by Mr. Frazer.

daily from the Regent Circus, Oxford-street, to Edgware, and back, for the last fortnight, made a trip to Uxbridge; and, notwithstanding the extremely disadvantageous state of the road, owing at once to the long-continued rains, and to the quantity of loose gravel which is at present being laid down upon it, the trial afforded another unequivocal proof of the success which has attended the efforts of the patentees in bringing to a comparative degree of perfection the construction of locomotive carriages. The road, which even in fine weather is a very bad one, was, as before mentioned, in the worst possible condition, and yet the journey from the Regent's Circus, Oxford-street, to Uxbridge, sixteen miles, was performed (not taking stoppages for water into account) in an hour and a quarter. The consumption of time in the stoppages, for the purpose of taking in water and fuel, was, of course, considerable; but that is a matter that can be easily remedied, by the establishment of stations at proper distances, and with suitable apparatus, upon any road on which a carriage of the kind may be started. The first two miles were performed in seven minutes and a half, and the average rate of speed was twelve, fourteen, and sometimes sixteen miles an hour. Indeed, it was manifest, that in summer, and upon a good road, the coach would go even twenty miles an hour. Up some of the hills, which had been thickly covered with gravel, it went at the rate of eight miles an hour. On its return to town, one of the Oxford stages, in full gallop, passed it while taking in water at Kensington. After the lapse of a few minutes the steam carriage followed up Notting Hill,—came up with the stage, still at full gallop, passed it, and left it 'nowhere,' ere it arrived at the commencement of Oxford-street. This carriage, we understand, has already run two thousand five hundred miles, without being detained on the road for a single minute by any derangement of the machinery, save the breaking of the axletree, on its return from Windsor in last September—an accident to which every other species of vehicle is equally liable, and against the recurrence of which, in the instance of the steam carriage, the patentees state they have effectually provided. It is the intention of the patentees, we believe, to continue running the carriage for some days longer to Uxbridge, when it will be discontinued. They at the same time express their willingness to run the carriage, for the purpose of showing the power of the engine upon any road in the kingdom.*"

* Written by Mr. Sheridan.

The following graphical account of a steam trip to Watford, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, appears in "*Turner's Annual Tour*" for the year 1834 :—

"Drawn one day* out of a hut on Bushy Heath, by the appearance of an unusual commotion among the inhabitants of the village, we saw a steam coach, which had stopped at the door of the public house. The apparition of a vehicle of this kind, in such a place, was unaccountable. A balloon would not have surprised us; but the idea of steam was associated in our minds only with that of rails, flat ground, or the level ocean. Bushy Heath forms the plateau of a mountain, which is the highest point of *terra firma* in Middlesex; and, although so far inland, serves as a landmark for vessels at sea. The access to it, from the London side, is by a road far steeper and more difficult than the one by which we once climbed over the Simplon into Italy.

"While meditating on a phenomenon which left our philosophy at fault we were accosted by Colonel Maceroni, in whom we were glad to recognise an old acquaintance; and, in reply to our questions, he informed us, that although the roads were in a peculiarly bad state,† the journey had been performed with perfect ease; adding, that it was his intention to proceed to Watford. Now, if the road from Edgware to Bushy Heath was steep and difficult, the descent from Bushy Heath to Watford was much worse. A portion of it, more especially, called Clay Hill, we knew to be absolutely precipitous, and not only so, but of a soft and treacherous nature, answering to its name. When ascending this hill to the Heath, it is requisite even for the light stage coaches, drawn by four horses, to employ the service of a fifth horse, in order to surmount the difficulty. We told our friend that he might go by steam to Watford, but that we were quite certain that he would not return by the same means of locomotion. Nevertheless, at his pressing instance we consented to hazard our own person in the adventure.

"We set off, amidst the cheers of the villagers, at a pace about equal to the gallop of a stage coach. The motion was so steady, that we could have read or taken notes with the greatest ease; and the

* October 20, 1833.

† "Being entirely covered with new gravel, and very wet."

noise, so disagreeable to passers by, was not at all so great to us as that of a common vehicle.*

"On arriving at the somewhat sudden commencement of the descent of Clay Hill, the local inexperience of the attendant (who had never been on this road before), led him to be guilty of a neglect which might have been followed by troublesome consequences. He did not descend to perform that operation, which, in another kind of coach is called 'clogging the wheel,' till it became impossible. The impetus already acquired by a vehicle of such enormous weight, was irresistible† 'and we went thundering down the steep, at a rate, it was supposed, of not less than thirty miles an hour.' ‡

"Fortunately, there was nothing in the way; but even if there had been other carriages on the road, we are not prepared to say that any accident would have occurred. Our impression, indeed, is quite on the other side. Mr. Squire, who acted as steersman, never lost his presence of mind for an instant; and the huge vehicle—speed only excepted—appeared to be as docile in his hands as a lady's pony. It may be conceived what amazement a thing of this kind, flashing through the village of Bushy, occasioned among the inhabitants. The people seemed petrified. The front of the carriage, without horses, or other apparent means of locomotion—the line of black smoke streaming like a flag behind us,§ and the calm faces of the Colonel and his partner

* This is a curious instance of even a man of genius taking things for granted. Mr. Leitch Ritchie had heard that certain steam carriages made a disagreeable noise; so, contrary to the evidence of his senses, he assumes that our's must and did, although he could not hear it! —F. M.

† No such "enormous weight" neither; it is only two tons and a quarter.—F. M.

‡ See Mr. Ogle's evidence on his rate of travelling with his steam carriage, given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, &c.—F. M.

§ I at first thought that this about the "black smoke" must be a mistake, and that it must have been some waste steam, rendered visible by the cold damp evening air. But Mr. Ritchie is right, after all, about the smoke at that instance; I now remember, that being short of coke, we threw some coals into our fire, at starting from the Windmill Inn on Bushy Heath.—F. M.

in front, as each continued quietly to smoke his cigar, were alike unaccountable.

"In the busy and populous town of Watford, the sensation was similar. The men gazed in a grave and speechless wonder; the women, less reflective, but more generous, clapped their hands, and screamed for their brothers and husbands to come and see. We at length 'put about,' at the farther end of the line of street, in magnificent style; and as we commenced our return, were greeted with one long shout from the whole population.

"Our evil augury, we are happy to say, was not verified. We ascended Clay Hill at the same rate which is performed every day by the stage coaches with five horses; and if the road had been hard, or even covered in the soft places with broken granite, our speed would have been far greater. There was indeed a momentary stop; but this was caused by one of the wheels not being firmly enough fixed to the body of the vehicle.* We at length regained our starting-place, in the firm persuasion that we had witnessed the commencement of a revolution which will one day change the whole face of Europe, and produce results—moral, social, and political, so gigantic as to be beyond the grasp even of the imagination.

"The expense of running these carriages, as Colonel Maceroni informed us, compared with that of the four-horse stages, is as one penny is to a shilling.†

"If this is a digression, it cannot be considered a very irrelevant one in the narrative of a traveller. If our book, however, shall last a century (and unless the plates are detached, we think it will), the above account of our 'expedition' will be read with a smile. At that time, steam coaches will traverse the civilised countries of Europe from end to end —steam ships will circumnavigate the globe—and the descendant of Sir

* There being only one wheel "clutched" to the axle, out of that constant and fatal dogged contradiction to my desire, it slipped for about two seconds on a particularly steep and soft part of the hill. In going up such very steep and soft places, both wheels should always be "clutched."—F. M.

† That is to say, as regards the propelling and tractile powers, coke *versus* four horses.—F. M.

Charles Dance will come into town from his seat at Bushy in a steam gig."*

LETTER OF MR. R. WALLACE, M.P. FOR GREENOCK.

From the Scotsman, March, 29, 1834.

"STEAM CARRIAGES.

"We have been favoured with the following extract of a letter from Mr. Wallace, of Kelly, to a friend in Edinburgh, relative to Steam-Carriages:—

"'I have just returned from a second trip in Colonel Maceroni's Steam Carriage, and I am happy to say its performances even exceeded the former. We travelled rather more than ten miles and a-half in forty-three minutes; that is, we went out five miles and rather more than a quarter in twenty-two minutes, and returned the same distance in twenty-one; we did one mile in three minutes and a-half. In the whole distance there is not a mile without more or less of ascent to it, and two of these are longish, having a pull, as we were informed, varying from one foot in fifteen to one in thirteen. We ascended these beautifully, and certainly not slower than eleven miles an hour. I may here remark, the carriage goes fastest on level road, as it is not allowed to go very quick down hill. The time was kept by four watches, two of

* "The descendant of Sir Charles Dance!" What the deuce has the writer to do with "Sir Charles?" Why just been riding in his steam carriage, to be sure, who would not think so? Not a bit of it—he had never seen it, or any other common road steam carriage, in his life before! But he had just heard of it, for the people at Bushy, where we dined, had been talking to us about "Sir Charles" having been there with his steam carriage some time previous, while the roads were dry and hard, and free from new gravel, and having had horses to drag his "drag" up those very hills which, in spite of mud, clay, and new gravel, the author had so triumphantly ascended by dint of steam alone. The French will not comprehend this matter; but, thank God, in England it will be understood that it is the "Sir" and "seat"—the seat—which very properly carries off the author's steam-gig prize. Alas! for a "seat!"—not in "the bad house," but on some hill, or bushy place. I'll get me one, of some kind or other—somewhere or other—that I may have a "descendant" a hundred years hence, and a steam-gig.—F. M.

which had second hands; they agreed exactly as to the whole time, although the owners of those with second hands differed a few seconds on some of the miles. As before, no accident took place. The horses that did pay attention to the steamer were even less frightened than some had been on the former occasion. We met or passed all sorts of carriages, both public and private; one of the latter was a chariot with four-in-hand, this we met and passed at great speed. A very sleek spirited little horse in a gig turned round; with this exception, the others which shied were leaders in teams of three or four horses yoked end ways—as usual, fat pampered animals, short of work, and full of play, as these badly-yoked, half-worked horses, generally are. I returned highly pleased with my excursion, in which I was accompanied by two gentlemen from Scotland, who took accurate notes of the time, distance, and the state and form of the road, and who are both very competent judges of the comparative speed and use of horses and locomotive engines. One of these gentlemen resides in Edinburgh, the other in Glasgow, and may be referred to by any of the parties who shall yet be sceptical regarding the powers of this wonderful machine,* which was closely and carefully examined as a whole, and in parts also, at the manufactory, before we started; and it seemed to meet the entire approbation of the parties, one of whom is particularly competent to judge of the merits of this or any other steam engine applied to propelling carriages on rail or common roads. Colonel Maceroni has given me a *carte blanche* for myself and friends, who may wish to relieve their lungs of the mephytic air of St. Stephen's, by taking a trip now and then in his steam carriage.' "

Globe, May 22, 1834.

"STEAM CARRIAGES.

"About two months since, we gave an account of a ride which we took in Colonel Maceroni's steam carriage on the Harrow road. On Thursday we took another trip, of five miles out and five miles home, on the Edgeware road. Between the factory, from which the carriage started, and the Edgeware road, there are five right-angular turnings, so that, both in going and returning, a portion of the distance must necessarily be performed at a moderated speed. The five miles in going out were, however, completed in eighteen minutes and a-half; and

* Mr. Grainger, Engineer, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Sevigney, Glasgow.

returning in exactly eighteen. The mile which includes the Windmill-hill, and there is not a steeper between London and Birmingham, was run in exactly three minutes and three-quarters, and the mile of good level road from the fourth to the fifth milestone, was done in two minutes and forty-five seconds. The numerous carts, carriages, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback, rendered it necessary continually to lessen the speed, and at Kilburn turnpike the stoppage was so great as to bring the carriage to a perfect stand-still. These checks and stoppages would seldom occur at a greater distance from town, so that we may regard the speed at which Colonel Maceroni's carriage would conveniently travel to be considerably above the average of fifteen miles an hour, even when going at the rate of nearly twenty-four miles the hour, the steam-cock was scarcely half open, so that there was actually as much power in reserve as there was employed, &c., &c."

From the Morning News and Public Ledger, May 25, 1834.

"On Saturday we had a trip on the Edgware-road, with the second coach constructed by the gallant Colonel. Starting from the Paddington wharf, No. 19, we proceeded on the road in the most surprising style, the coach being turned, checked, stopped, or having its speed increased, under the complete command of the conductor. About three miles out we passed a stage coach, whose four horses were put to their utmost speed, with a comparative velocity to that with which the stage coach would have passed a waggon, our rate being at that time about eighteen miles an hour. Soon after this we ascended Windmill Hill with perfect ease, although, in consequence of the road undergoing repair, the part we had to ascend was cut into deep ruts, and covered with dry soil and dust from three to six inches deep; forming, perhaps, the most uncertain and disadvantageous fulcrum on which the wheel of a steam-carriage could ever have to act. We arrived at the Welsh Harp inn, which is several perches over the five miles from our starting-place, and turned the coach in the direction of Paddington, in precisely twenty minutes; having performed the distanee, inclusive of stopping at the turnpike, and on two other occasions, and despite the bad condition of Windmill-hill, at the extraordinary average rate of fifteen miles an hour! Our return occupied the same period of time; and after this completion of the trip, we made the round of Paddington-green, to gratify some gentlemen who had not arrived in time to witness

the more extensive trial. Among our fellow-passengers on these occasions, were Jerome Buonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, Prince Jerome his son, the Duke de Montfort, the Marquess Azolino, M. Vigne de Marseille, and other distinguished foreigners.

"Mr. Squires has, we are informed, sold out and left Colonel Maceroni sole proprietor of the steam carriage prodigy, which did the one thousand seven hundred miles without requiring a shilling for repairs."

From the Courier, June 4, 1834.

"COLONEL MACERONI'S STEAM CARRIAGE.

"On Saturday we had another opportunity of witnessing the performance of Colonel Maceroni's steam-carriage, in a short experimental trip on the Harrow-road. Among the company, on this occasion, were Mr. D. Gaskell, M. P., and Mrs. Gaskell. Colonel Maceroni had given directions that, to prevent Mrs. Gaskell from feeling any alarm at the ordinary velocity of the carriage, the speed should be moderated; but after experiencing the great apparent safety of the conveyance, she expressed a wish that there might be no diminution of speed on her account, and the full power of the steam having been brought into play, the carriage was propelled along the road at the rate of twenty miles and upwards in an hour, &c., &c.

From the Glasgow Herald, June 13, 1834.

"LETTER FROM MR. CAMPBELL, NEPHEW OF SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

"I went on last Saturday along the Harrow-road, on an experimental trip, in Colonel Maceroni's steam-coach, and was certainly surprised, both by the speed with which it got over the ground, and the safety and accuracy with which it was guided. Our pace averaged sixteen miles an hour, and that on rather a hilly road; but it has been already ascertained that it will go upwards of twenty miles in an hour, without any danger. Coaches, on the principles of this new invention, are in the process of construction, to commence plying as public conveyances; and if such a speed can be kept up with safety on common turnpike roads, rail-road shares must very soon be at a discount. From the samples I have seen of the powers of this new patent engine, I should consider its success certain."

From the True Sun, July 15, 1834.

"COLONEL MACERONI'S STEAM CARRIAGE.

"On Tuesday last we again took a ride in Colonel Maceroni's steam carriage. It was what they call a one-fire trip, being just five miles out and five miles back, on the Harrow-road. This road is narrow, tortuous, and hilly, and when we have been on it it has generally been much encumbered by hay and dung carts. Notwithstanding these circumstances are interruptions which render this road so inferior to most of our other roads for such an exhibition we were surprised to find that the ten miles were performed in exactly thirty-six minutes, being an average of eighteen miles the hour.

"It is now above nine months since we first had the pleasure of riding in this most surprising of all steam carriages. In the *True Sun* of the 5th of October, 1833, we gave an account of our steam trip to Edgware and back. From that time to the present day the carriage has been in constant activity, as may be seen from the accounts which have appeared in most of the London papers, as well as in their own. In the midst of last winter, the Colonel's carriage ran daily for three weeks, either to Edgware or Uxbridge, and it has been running ever since, whenever any party of gentlemen have intimated a desire to see its performance. According to our preconceived notions of steam carriages, and to the facts which regard the engines on the Manchester rail-road, we should have expected that so much use would have caused a considerable wear and tear, and deterioration in Colonel Maceroni's carriage; but, on the contrary, we can say, from continued observation, that the machinery and boiler of this carriage are in as good order, and as perfect as they were on the day of our ride to Edgware, on the 5th of last October. Why the admirers and would-be promoters of steam travelling on common roads have not been eager to establish even one of Colonel Maceroni's carriages on some turnpike road, we are at a loss to imagine! Others, whose carriages have turned out not to be worth a rush, have found monied supporters, even before they had anything to show.

"Amongst the party who accompanied us on our last Tuesday's ride, was a Danish engineer, Mr. Hiorth (sent purposely by the King to report as to the best steam carriage) and several other foreigners of distinction.

From the Globe, Oct. 1834.

"COLONEL MACERONI'S STEAM CARRIAGES IN BELGIUM.

Antwerp, Sept. 28.

"This day a trial was made with one of the locomotive machines which have just arrived in this country from England. It was perfectly successful. The carriage started at half-past eleven, along the paved road from Antwerp to Brussels, and proceeded as far as Luytagen, where the company stopped for twenty-five minutes. At a quarter to one the carriage had returned to Antwerp, and was running round the Place de Meir. Notwithstanding this speed, we observed that, on account of its being the first trial on our roads, the carriage was not allowed to go with anything like the velocity of which it is capable, and we are assured that in future it will be allowed to run even much faster. All along the road, the spectators, astonished at a sight so new to them, saluted the steamer with cheers and acclamations. This new carriage does not only run with extraordinary velocity, but it stops, and turns, and winds about in every direction with astonishing facility. This was particularly remarked during the evolutions in the Place de Meir, amidst crowds of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. Many persons had previously thought that the steam carriages would be the cause of accidents, by causing alarm to horses. This objection is proved to be completely chimerical; it was purposely put to the test in every possible manner. Horses were made to approach it in various ways, and not one, at any time, showed the least symptom of fear. Upon its going the rounds of the Place de Meir, we had an opportunity of recognizing amongst the passengers, Messrs Vangend and Sons, the great stage-coach proprietors, the Chevalier Vangend, and Messrs. Verheyn, Russens, Vaders, Vauden, Brand, and Vander Abeel.

From the True Sun, Dec. 1834.

"*Brussels, Dec.* 2.

"The steam carriage, constructed in England by Colonel Maceroni, has been running with the most brilliant success these two months past. On Thursday last we had a ride in it to Vilverde, which is three post leagues from hence. Owing to the impatience of the party, the carriage was started long before the fire was properly lighted. We

stopped a great many times on the road, to set down and take up many gentlemen and ladies, eager to have, at least, a short ride. The road, moreover, was literally crowded with the curious, on foot, on horseback, and in vehicles of every description; so that at every moment we were obliged to check our speed. Nevertheless, we reached Vilverde in thirty-five minutes! This was sufficiently astonishing! but our return, which was performed *d'amblé*, was far more so; for it was actually accomplished in seventeen minutes and a-half, being at the speed of something less than six minutes the league! A deputation from a company formed in Paris is arrived here, to hasten the departure of this steam-carriage for that capital, and we understand it will proceed there in a few days. —*From l'Eclair.*"

STEAM CARRIAGES IN FRANCE.

From the Journal of the Academie de l'Industrie,

"On the 10th and 11th of this month we had the pleasure of riding to Versailles and back to Paris in the steam carriage of M. d'Asda constructed in England by Colonel Maceroni. The speed averaged about five leagues the hour, as this distance was done, stoppages included, in one hour and two minutes. At times we went six leagues and a-half the hour. On such paved roads one would expect to see the machinery fly to pieces every minute; but nothing ever occurs to it. The carriage seems to possess far more power than can be used on such roads; and we observed that the blowing apparatus is little wanted. On the 14th we had another ride to St. Germain, at about the same rate of speed. The steep paved hill into St. Germain, which is at least a third of a league in length, was ascended in four minutes and a-half!—so that we left all the accompanying horse coaches and vehicles behind us. It appears to us a great pity that the nature of our roads in this part of France cannot allow of advantage being taken of the power of speed possessed by such steam carriages, except on a limited and suppressed degree. The pavements, however, may be improved, and they should be less arched. But, notwithstanding the violent and continued concussions it has been subjected to, neither the boiler, nor any of the machinery of this comparatively slight-built carriage, appear to suffer in the least degree since the breaking of the steam-service pipe. This carriage carries sixteen persons, with their baggage. Coke and water are required every three or four leagues. We are quite afraid to state

the rate of speed at which we are convinced it would travel on such of our roads as are constructed of small broken limestone. Scientific men, who have watched it daily, do not hesitate to speak confidently of eight leagues the hour.

"A company has been formed with a large capital, for the purpose of working (*exploiter*) the patent obtained for this invention in this country.—*Globe, Ledger, &c.*, May 19th and 20th, 1835.

"The following article alludes to the smaller carriage, boiler, and engines, to which all the notices contained in this selection refer, with the exception of those mentioned in the note below. Upon Colonel Asda proceeding with the new carriage from Brussels to Paris, in Jan., 1835, he left the old one at Brussels. It would appear that both the carriages are now in Paris. But Colonel Maceroni, not being favoured with any communication from his friends there, all that he knows about the matter is derived from the newspapers!!

"'A steam carriage on the principle of M. d'Asda (Maceroni's) has just arrived in Paris from Brussels. *The journey was performed at an average of from five to six leagues the hour.* Every necessary preparation of fuel and water having been made on the road, so as to prevent any interruption on the journey.* It is in contemplation to establish steam omnibuses between Paris and Rouen, and some of these carriages are already being constructed. Each will carry thirty-six passengers."—*Paris Paper.—Globe*, June 5th. *Chronicle, Ledger, &c.*, June 9th and 10th, 1835.

On the 26th of April, I steered Mr. Macneill, Mr. A. Gordon, and a full party, a ten-mile run, on the Edgware-road, which I accomplished in thirty-eight minutes. I then told Mr. Macneill that I intended to take a run to Birmingham, and as I had not the advantage of scientific friends to make the proper stations of coke, water, &c., I should drag a cart after me with a supply of coke, and get the water as well as I could. Mr. Macneill requested me to do no such thing; declaring that he would form proper stations of coke and water for me all the way. I consequently relied on his promise, which I believe to have been made in all sincerity; but week after week passed away,

* Of two hundred and twenty-five miles.

and Mr. Macneill said he would be ready in a few days. At length, I received from that gentleman the following note :—

"Easty's Hotel, Southampton Street, Strand,
"Wednesday, 12th of June, 1834.

"Dear Sir,—I have not yet got any answers to the letters which I wrote to the inn keepers, to have the coke ready for you on Friday; but I conclude that all will be prepared for that day. I will thank you to let me know, to-morrow, at what hour, and from what place, you purpose to start on Friday morning, as I will go with you, if I possibly can.

"Your's, truly,
"JOHN MACNEILL."

I am far—very far from mentioning this little circumstance, and quoting Mr. Macneill's note, with the most distant idea of imputing any blame, or casting any reproach on that gentleman. But how could I start upon such vague "conclusions" of the stations being prepared? Had I stopped short *for want of coke*, what would have been the cry or yell of the writers in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, and other of my inveterate persecutors?* All I mean is, to show that I was, most unfortunately, prevented from taking the trip to Birmingham when I had a few pounds in my pocket, and *could* have done it; whereas circumstances immediately followed, which put it out of my power, and bound me down, Prometheus-like, to the rock of dreary penury and torment, upon which I am still stretched in agony!

And now I must mention a case of the blackest ingratitude, and mean malignant envy, that can well be

* There is in particular one sculking anonymous slanderer, who signs himself H. By reference to No. 603 of that work, it will be seen that I called upon the insolent poltroon to show his face; but he has not done so!

imagined. I have already given a brief outline of the manner in which I saved Mr. Gurney from ruin and extinction, by obtaining for him the timely aid of 3,000*l.* from Captain Dobbyn, 16,000*l.* from Mr. Hanning, and 1,100*l.* from Mr. Boulnois; and how it happened that he advanced me 150*l.*, on account of the one-farthing a mile mileage, as my commission. On the 4th of June, 1834, just as I had given a ride to Mr. D. Gaskell, M.P., and Mr. Campbell, nephew of the present attorney general, Mr. Gurney caused me to be arrested on my premises for a pretended claim of 150*l.*—six years, five months, and twenty-six days, after the date of the note of hand, which I had no more recollection of than of my baptismal register. I was not actually taken, because I turned the tables on the officers, and confined them in the premises, while I walked away. But the evil consequences of that malignant and cowardly attack were most fatal and paralyzing. I was kept away from the factory, and my business in town, for more than six weeks; during which time several persons came to London from Scotland, Ireland, and France, purposely to treat with me for licences and steam carriages, but whom I could not meet. The new carriage, now in Paris, had also to be finished without my personal superintendence; the consequences of which have been very serious. Mr. Gurney has subsequently attempted to throw the odium of the persecution on his bankers, Sir James Cockburn and Co.; but he perhaps does not remember, that a month before his cowardly sneaking attempt upon my liberty, he told Sir Anthony Carlisle of his intention, and boasted of having it in his power to put a stop to the brilliant feats of my Steam Carriage, and nip my prospects in the bud, by clapping me into prison! After all, the fellow had not the courage to do the thing in his own name, and stand my defence, in which I should have set off my promised and fairly-earned com-

mission, &c., of five per cent on 20,000*l.*; but he got Messrs. Cockburn to be unknowingly his cat's-paws in *his* base, fraudulent, cowardly, sculking attack upon me! Had I been stupid enough to copy any of his miserable pretended mechanical "arrangements," or his still more miserable and utterly useless boiler, or boilers, the legal course was open to him; as was also the open appeal to public opinion in the pages of the *Mechanics' Magazine, &c.!* But he is already, or will be, sorry for what he has done. Sorry as is a cur, that runs yelping away, under the smart of a proper good hiding, or a kick in the jaws from the heel he had attempted to bite, as may be seen in a pamphlet, published by Effingham Wilson.

Towards the end of July, 1834, I was determined to run the carriage to Birmingham, with stations or without stations; but go I was determined, as well as I could. Numerous negociations had been overthrown by unforeseen accidents, quite independent of the running of the carriage, which never failed. Constant penury—absolute distress—never able to endure the expense of long runs—only one carriage—no patronage—continual arrests—executions for rent and taxes. On the day that Prince Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, with several Italian noblemen, rode in the carriage, one of the company was an officer in charge of the premises and effects taken in execution for rent! Prince Jerome also asked me why I did not establish a regular set of carriages on some road? I answered, because I had no money! He said he would speak to his brother Joseph, but who, alas! "gave no sign!" In fine, no end to the succession of horrors and interruptions! I set out for Birmingham the latter end of July, and established the stations of coke along the road.* I conferred with the

* Or rather, I should say, I ascertained that those of Mr. Macneill were still in existence.

directors of Dr. Church's, and Messrs Heaton's Steam-coach Companies, and acquired the certainty that had I arrived there in one day with a steam carriage, I should have done what might be called "*very good business.*" I had just money enough left to take me back to London on the 5th of August. I had found a person to lend me 100*l.* to defray the expenses of taking the Steam-carriage to Birmingham; and now I thought myself at last on the eve of salvation; when lo! Mr. Squire (who had remained in possession of the premises, mark ye), was, by some very bad advisers, induced to oppose the carriage going to Birmingham, until he was paid the balance of his indemnity, 900*l.* This was part of the conspiracy through which I was soon after compelled to allow of the carriage being taken to the continent by my *friend* Asda. In vain I urged that he should go with the carriage, and that I had the certainty of receiving a sum of money at Birmingham, out of which I would pay him instanter. All of no avail; and those gentlemen who had behaved to me with so much civility and cordiality at Birmingham, cannot, to this day, divine the cause of my non-appearance, although I gave them as broad hints as I could, without absolutely treating with them "*in formâ pauperis.*" In vain I endeavoured to induce them to send a deputation to London, who, after taking any number of rides to Watford, Harrow, &c., might, by their conscientious report, induce the directors to make me an advance of 1,000*l.*, so as to enable me to settle with Mr. Squire, and take the carriage to Birmingham. This proposal could not appear unreasonable. The very same parties had expended at least ten thousand pounds on Dr. Church, upon *the promises, hope, and expectation that he would produce* a carriage that could run! They had advanced 2,000*l.* to the Messrs. Heaton, because they engaged that they *would* build a carriage that SHOULD average ten miles the hour! Whereas—monstrous fatuity!

these same men of such silly *faith* in the *future* tense, and in things which were not, and which have turned out to be but dreams, refused to consult the evidence of their senses, by *seeing* the performances of a carriage, which for more than a year, had been running almost daily on the worst turnpike roads in England, at an average of from fifteen and "EIGHTEEN MILES THE HOUR!" An analogous, unaccountable, and inconsistent infatuation, prevented us from disposing of my patent for Scotland. In 1831, a company had been formed at Glasgow, by Mr. A. Macleod, for the purpose of purchasing the patent of Mr. Gurney. The latter gentleman, accompanied by Mr. John Ward, took a carriage to Edinburgh. Forty-five thousand pounds would have been given for the patent. But the new pattern carriage took three entire summer days, and a part of a fourth, to accomplish the forty-two miles of beautiful road from Edinburgh to Glasgow, where it only arrived at last by the aid of horses! —so the purchase of Mr. Gurney's patent was adjourned *sine die*. Upon hearing, however, of the performances of my carriage, Mr. Macleod reunited the greater part of the members of the Gurney company, and many gentlemen of the first respectability, amongst whom Sir John Maxwell, M.P., Mr. R. Wallace, M.P., and other distinguished individuals subscribed, for the purpose of bringing my carriage to Glasgow. But being always in distress, though always apparently on the eve of effectual relief, it was never in my power to take the carriage there, unless the company would have sent a deputation to London, and advanced me 1,000*l.* upon the satisfactory result of any required number of journies with the carriage. This plan was over and over again on the point of being acted upon, during a period of more than eighteen months; and if it had, by this time steam carriages would have been *effectually* and *triumphantly* established, not only in Scotland, but on many roads in Eng-

land. At Edinburgh another company was formed in 1833, under the auspices of Mr. Learmouth, which called itself "The Steam Carriage Company of Scotland;" and these gentlemen, acting on the Birmingham principle, of faith in the *future*, rather than reliance on the present positive fact, expended at least fifteen thousand pounds, in constructing eight steam carriages, on *the faith of a paper*, written by Mr. John Scott Russell in the *Foreign Quarterly Review!* The faith of the Learmouthites, like that of the Gurneyites, Churchites, and Heatonites, and Johannah Southcoteites, and many other ites, has produced befitting fruits; they have a "seal" (the patents) to show for their money!

It may probably be asked, why I give such particulars of personal distress and difficulties? I answer, that it is only by doing so, that I can show how it has happened that, with so complete and triumphant an invention, I have not succeeded in doing anything with it. I have been continually asked by those who rode upon the carriage, why don't you run a couple of carriages regularly on some line of road? Why don't you do this? Why don't you do that? I would advise, and think you had better——Curse your *advice!* I was tempted to say;—and I often *did* say, why don't *you*, who so well know this carriage, advance the money to execute what you advise! Alas, advice—advice, as honest Sanco has it—"butters no parsnips," and I did not find it pay my workmen's wages, or my rent, or even for a leg of mutton for my children! At the suggestion of some of the liberal *advisers*, I addressed a circular note to thirty-nine gentlemen, who on the 23rd of April, 1833, constituted themselves into "the provisional committee of a society for promoting the application of Steam to general transport and agricultural purposes."* The advising gen-

* See my *Facts on Elementary Locomotion*, published by Effingham Wilson, page 75.

tleman assured me that the thirty-nine "right honourable" and "honourable" volunteer patrons of "Steam transport," amongst whom were twenty-five capital M.P.'s, would naturally listen to my proposal, which was only, that after having, on *public* grounds, investigated the *performances* of our carriage, they would act up to their *public* professions, so far as to enable me to put a couple of carriages on any line of road, which they might accomplish by a small individual subscription among themselves. However, I was rightly served for my simplicity, in catching at such straws, and froth, and bubble, and squeak. Only three out of the thirty-nine gentlemen had the gentility to make me any reply (refusals, of course)! I consequently take this opportunity of presenting to the genteel thirty-six, my cordial compliments, *greeting*—with "the fig of Spain" to boot! What will the *advising* gentlemen say to this? Gracious goodness, my dear sir, you will make thirty-six enemies by such language! Be it so, say I. Open enemies are far better than false, pretended, useless "friends!" I am told that *one* of the thirty-six has dared to speak of my circular as "a begging letter!" If he will avow himself, or if any body will name him, I will give him a lesson which will do much good; if not to himself personally, at least to society!

Never was the inefficiency, impolicy, and absurdity of the law of imprisonment for debt (and on *mesne process*, too) more cruel and effectively exemplified, than in my case! To enumerate the clear and palpable occasions on which, in despite of the unsleeping political persecution which has followed me into all quarters of the globe, I have been on the very point of reaping the fruit of my ever-active industry, would fill a volume of not uninstructive or unamusing materials. But confining myself to the subject of steam carriages, now before us, I could not in one hundred pages

of letter press, give but a faint outline of well-proven facts, to show how that vile, partial, contradictory barbarian law, suicidal to the creditor, murderous to the debtor, has contributed to retard, embarrass, and paralyze my exertions, and *lucus a non lucendo*, over and over again defeat the object which the stupid contrivers of such a legal engine *are supposed* to have had in view, when they constructed it!

A man owes me fifty pounds. I know him to be overwhelmed with difficulties. I know that he toils and moils from morning till night. I have reason to believe that he has a fair prospect of overcoming his embarrassments by, at least, reaping the fruits of his unremitting exertions and perseverance. I hear that he is likely to make some bargain which will accelerate and perhaps decide his pecuniary regeneration. Make haste! arrest him! Throw him into prison, that he may make the better bargain! Cut off his legs, that he may walk the faster. Chop off his hands, that he may work the better!! Alas! alas! how often has this been my unhappy case! Arrest after arrest, for trifling sums. Days and weeks expended in persuading the stupid appliers of a stupid law, that they were "cutting their own throats." Interruptions, costs, and expenses to pay. People come to treat with me when I was "out of the way;" my workmen waiting for instructions *as well as for their wages;* in fine, nothing could have saved me from the definitive stoppage and ruin of my undertaking, but the generous, untiring, and disinterested aid and intervention of Mr. John Evans,* who, at some pecuniary cost, as often restored me to liberty, as the atrocious stupid law deprived me of it!

* This gentleman is a solicitor, whose office is in Tooke's-court, Chancery-lane. He has the great social honour of being son-in-law to that enlightened, undaunted reformer, long before reform ceased to be called *treason*,——Hayward, the friend of Horne Tooke and other patriots, to whom statues are due.

Here you are (say the *advising* gentlemen), proclaiming your poverty and abject distresses, in the face of day! in the face of a public with which the word "respectable" is purely synonymous to rich and independent, &c. I care not a fig for the vile prejudices of the vile portion of society. I well know that if a man stands forth who will not condescend to conceal his sentiments, or to say less than he knows to be the truth, his, so-called, "friends" even join in the hunt against him, and, in unison with his enemies, call his frank and conscientious words, "imprudent," and prate about the "danger" of saying so much. They even have the hardihood to "*lament*," that while he evidently supports the TRUTH, and good measures, he should do so with good reasons! In illustration of this lamentable truth, I will go out of my path a minute to state, that a certain number of gentlemen, calling themselves my "friends," one day met by appointment, to consult whether I ought, or ought not, to be assisted in any of my acknowledged useful and important undertakings. The result of this deliberation of liberal-minded wiseacres was, "that my sentiments and professions, in matters of politics and religion, were so very liberal, and subversive of "social order," &c., that it would be far better for society that I should be allowed to sink and disappear," &c. &c.! Oh, the pious Christians, and worthy patriots!

At length my affairs became quite desperate. Mr. Squire urged a conclusion of his payment. The patent would have gone into Chancery. The Belgian patent would be lost, if a carriage were not there to run before the 1st of October. An execution was on the factory premises, for rent and taxes; I could not obtain a single shilling for any kind of purpose! In fine, nothing but the total annihilation of all my unremitting labours and concentrated hopes appeared hourly at hand!

It now remains for me to expose the cruel and extraordinary circumstances through which I was deprived of the fruits of my genius and perseverance. Finding it impossible to act any longer with Squire, we agreed to separate, and that I should pay him two thousand pounds indemnity. I paid him eleven hundred pounds—when one of those infamous rascally attorneys, who live upon strife and misery of their own concoction, got hold of Squire, and led him by the nose. Through the manœuvres of this fellow, I was compelled to sign a warrant of attorney for the nine hundred pounds, being paid within a certain period. I could have obtained any some of money from the Birmingham steam carriage companies, as Mr. Rotton, the banker, and other men of eminence of that city assured me, had I only run my carriage there. When I was all prepared to do so, this attorney induced Squire to refuse to allow of the carriage being taken out of the yard, unless I *first* paid down the nine hundred pounds. In vain did I shew the certainty of my having the money to pay, the very day after my arrival at Birmingham. I vain I exhibited the written proposals of another Birmingham company, which had many thousand pounds already subscribed. In vain I told Squire, that he and his attorney, even might come with the carriage to Birmingham, retaining *possession* of it until he were paid. In vain I exhibited the letters from the Glasgow company, offering to remit me one thousand pounds, on account of the purchase of my patent for Scotland, by the return of the post that should acquaint them with my arrival by steam at Birmingham, and further that upon my bringing the carriage on to Glasgow, they would give me twenty-five thousand pounds for the patent. The attorney aimed at bringing about an execution and a chancery suit, and a long bill of costs.

An Italian Jew, of the name of Asda, on whom I had con-

ferred great benefits, happened to come to London. He had obtained some money by marriage. Having ridden many times upon my carriage, he became acquainted with Mr. Squire and his precious attorney. I had taken out patents for my boiler in France, Belgium, Holland, several states of Germany and Italy, besides for England, Ireland, and Scotland. According to the French and Belgian patent laws, the object patented must be in some degree put in operation, within six months of specification, or forfeited. This time was fast approaching. I had just completed a second carriage, very handsome and much larger than the one spoken of in these reports. I was on the eve of losing them both in execution daily threatened me by Squire and his attorney, and they would undoubtedly have included all the lathes, engines, &c., in my factory, worth above fifteen hundred pounds, which latter were also in jeopardy for arrears of rent and taxes. On the other hand Asda craftily offered to pay me fifteen hundred pounds, provided I would allow him a share in the patents and allow him to take one of the carriages to Brussels, and then to Paris, where by running them a few days the two patents would be saved. From day to day, delays were managed so as to involve me deeper and deeper in difficulty, danger, and perplexity. Persons were even instigated to take out writs against me, that I might be prevented from attending at my factory. At length, I was actually compelled to consent to *both* the carriages being taken to the Continent or no money would be paid, and all would go to Chancery or to the hammer of the auctioneer. But it was solemnly stipulated that ONE *of the carriages should be returned to me within six weeks;* with which carriage, and a few hundred pounds in my pocket, I should have run to Birmingham, Glasgow, &c. Moreover, Asda had really support and tenders of large sums of money, both from Belgian and Parisian capi-

talists. My solicitor, Mr. Evans, examined carefully into my distracting case, and said I had no alternative but letting the carriages. Not half an hour before I signed the deeds, he took me aside and asked me whether I had confidence in Asda? I solemnly answered—"no! but do you take upon yourself to recommend my refusing to sign, and let the carriages go?" "No—I cannot—as you are circumstanced; it is quite evident to me, that he will receive in Belgium and in Paris large sums of money; several of the capitalists from both places have been over here on purpose to ride upon the carriages, and they are gone back on purpose to collect their friends to join them—Asda will surely not keep *all* the money." Thus did I sign the deed and power of attorney. To be brief with this dismal story. Asda did pay Squire; but did not pay the rent; he did not pay me the balance of the one thousand five hundred pounds; but by keeping me away from the factory, he managed to get off with both the carriages; and left me without a single shilling in my pocket—overwhelmed with wretchedness and persecution!

I dissembled my fears and feelings, whilst he continued to write me every week with promises of large remittances!

My readers have seen by one or two of the numerous reports of the Belgian journalists how the little carriage performed at Brussels. But Asda (why I do not know) hastened to Paris with the new carriage, and exhibited its surprising and unique powers to the public. The King took a ride,—gave Asda, *who now called himself the inventor, constructor, and sole proprietor, a gold snuff-box.* A party of rich capitalists, amongst whom were Messrs. Aquado and Maugin, offered him eighty thousand pounds for the patent,—twenty thousand pounds to be paid in cash, the rest in shares, which, being in urgent demand from all

parts of France, would have been as good, or better, than cash; but this sum was not enough for "the beggar on horseback." He allowed several months to slip away. The railroad influence and mania spread like wildfire from London to Paris. No longer could he obtain the sum he had refused; but somehow or other he was content to take 400,000 francs, or 16,000*l.* This money he invested in a coal mine, I am told, in the name of his wife (according to French law). I have not received a shilling. All my effects at the factory were taken. My spoons, sheets, books, every moveable, even to my clothes, progressively have been lost at the pawnbroker's. I have managed to keep my family from actual starvation by letting lodgings a few miles out of London. But what a life! My liability to arrest for several little debts paralyses all my efforts at obtaining employment. Besides, I am in rags. A company was formed for running my steam carriages, but it fell still-born, because I had no carriage to exhibit to such as have never seen either of those of which I was so cruelly robbed. Again, last year, the company was received by Mr. Baxendale, of Great Winchester-street, and Mr. Alexander Gordon, the Engineer; but a commercial panic came over the commercial world, so that, having no carriage to exhibit, the most important and valuable invention of the present age remains in abeyance.

Within the last eighteen months, I have invented and constructed the models of two new boilers, far, far superior to that even which propelled my steam carriage five thousand miles, at the *average* of fifteen to eighteen miles the hour. I have been unable to exhibit my model to the public, because I have not the means of taking out the patent, the extortional fees and expenses of which, carry the cost to three or four hundred pounds! These sums go to increase the emoluments of public officers, already overpaid. I have no remedy against Asda—I am almost daily in want of

the necessaries of life—no money to advertise; and in the introduction to the world, of any of my useful inventions, as helpless as was James Watt, until he found a Bolton.

In 1806 a company was formed at Hamburg to run my steam carriage between Altona and Kiel. The King of Denmark granted it a charter, in consequence of his engineer, Mr. Hiorth, having ridden on all the common road steamers in England, and reported that mine was the only one that, in fact, could be said to exist. The company, however, remained in abeyance because I had no carriage to send over for exhibition!

The following letters express Mr. A. Gordon's opinions concerning my new boiler:—

"22, Fludyer Street, Westminster, April 19, 1838.

Sir,—Having been requested to give my written opinion of Colonel Maceroni's *new* boilers, I beg to say, that I consider them quite new in construction, differing essentially from other boilers of small chambers or compartments, and, for *all* purposes of steam locomotion, superior to any others which are known to me, and of entire, absolute safety. I may add, that if such a boiler were fitted to a steam-carriage, such as Colonel Maceroni constructed, and used some three or four years ago, such steamer would, in my opinion, far surpass even his former one, my favourable opinions on which, have already been given and published.

I would engage that such a Steam Carriage, with Colonel Maceroni's new boiler, should beat any horse of Newmarket, on any turnpike-road.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) ALEXANDER GORDON.
Civil Engineer.

"22, Fludyer Street, Westminster, 21st May, 1838.

Dear Sir,

My object in writing to you now is, not the furtherance of bituminous roads; I wish to rouse your dormant energies, and urge you to make another effort to introduce your steam carriages. Can nothing be done? I have seen all the steam carriages yet attempted, but yours have surpassed them; and that beautiful new arrangement for a boiler, which you showed me—must it be lost? Can nothing be done to introduce it? Let me recommend you to to see Mr.

Baxendale; if you like to do so you can show him this letter. Ask him if he cannot now bring forward your steam carriages. I am perfectly confident, that a company may be formed and so managed, that with *your* steam carriage and boiler we can drive past all the rest, and make money for the company.

Let me be the engineer and be you the builder, and if this looks like place-hunting on my part, I am willing to take all my pay in shares.

"Yours, truly,

ALEXANDER GORDON."

"To Colonel Maceroni,
3, St. James's Square."

This boiler weighs only eighty pounds at most, per horse power; it has no chimney, or draught through the fire whatever. A cube of four feet each way possesses a twenty-four horse power; it can convert three gallons of water a minute into dry steam of three hundred pounds pressure to the square inch. The water being contained in above one hundred separate cylinders, any injurious accident is impossible.

Had I now but a cube of some few inches of that necessary matter—gold, to serve me for a fulcrum, I would operate some important improvements in human things; and my name should go down to posterity, not as a legalised slayer of men, but as one who had contributed to extend their powers over the elements, diminish the mania and the evils of war, and increase the faculties and general welfare of the human species!

MACERONI.

SYNOPTICAL APPENDIX.

PLOT of the Spanish Ambassador, Duke de St. Carlos, to kidnap the Author and put him on board a Spanish frigate anchored at the Nore—A beautiful young Spanish lady employed as the bait for a trap laid for the Author—Author escapes the snare—Foreign Enlistment Bill passed by the Castlereagh and *Canning* Ministry, to gratify Spain and the Holy Alliance—The *subsequent* boast of that impudent rhetorician Canning, of *his* having "*called into existence the Republics of the New World*"—Author sails past the Spanish frigate in the Downs the day before the Bill became law—The chief command of the expedition, collected and organised by the Author, unwisely given to General Mac Gregor—Imbecile and infamous conduct of that Mountebank at Porto Bello and Rio de la Hacha—Interesting and romantic particulars—Author returns to France—The Republic of New Granada, having united itself to that of Venezuela, under the common name of Republic of Columbia, and Bolivar, President of Venezuela, being elected President of Columbia, Mr. Luis Lopez Mendez, hitherto Minister for Venezuela, in London, is invested by Bolivar with full powers as the representative *in Europe* of the Republic of Columbia. Mr. Mendez transfers full powers to the Author for the purchase of arms, &c., and the organization of a fresh expedition under his (the Author's) command—Some particulars—Sets up Mr. Mendez in a handsome house, with servants, &c.—Fits out another expedition of three fine armed ships and six hundred and sixty French, Italian, and Polish veteran officers, with nine thousand stand of arms—*Important* suggestion of the Author to the French Government concerning St. Domingo, accepted—Negociations—*Agreement*—Change of Ministry and change of policy—Spanish and Holy Alliance influence prevail at Paris—Author's second expedition thwarted—Remarkable trial and acquittal of Author's agent at Brussels:

At the time of this trial taking place, I was in Paris, where I had enrolled several hundred French, Italian and Polish officers, and had made great progress in bringing the French Ministry to a proper sense of the benefit they would ultimately derive from winking at, if not aiding me in my operations. To show the importance which the Spanish government and their "Holy Allies" attached to my proceedings, I will here transcribe one out of a number of official articles which appeared in the newspaper organs of the "Holy Alliance." It appeared in "Le Drapeau Blanc" of the 25th January, 1820, and the following is a literal translation.

"Madrid, 13th January, 1820.

"The King appeared this morning at court, with an air of great contentment, which was very consoling to all good Spaniards. The liberal party show no sign of joy. I hope to give you important news by the next courier. It is most devoutly to be wished that the great powers of Europe would seriously set about the destruction in their several states, of that revolutionary turbulence which, for so many years, has been aiming at the destruction of the altars and the thrones.

"The general opinion is that the expedition will not be delayed for a moment. Ferdinand is, and always will be, the idol of the soldiers. A handful of Liberals, actuated by discontent or ambition, will not be able to prevent the speedy return of America to the dominion of the metropolis, as likewise to the favour of the best of sovereigns.

"The King was contemplating the alleviation of the suffering of the exiles who are spread over the surface of France and England, when he was interrupted in his efforts of royal clemency by some acts of insubordination amongst the expeditionary troops at Cadiz, by certain false orders sent to these troops, and by the seditious recruitments, effected in the most open manner in the kingdom of the Netherlands, by that false Baron de Beauregard, who calls himself 'Inspector General of the Artillery of the army of New Granada.' These disagreeable events are not calculated to aid in the dissipation of the differences which the King so ardently wishes to see accommodated, but, on the contrary, cannot but adjourn the day of general reconciliation.

"If these hostile acts of the so called Baron de Beauregard, or, more properly, of Monsieur Granier, Chevalier of St. Louis, native of Villefranche (department of Aviron), were of such a nature as to displease the government of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which has brought that adventure before the Court of Assizes, at Ghent (and the decision of that Court is not calculated to quiet the just indignation,) we may hope very soon to see at Brusselles, an ambassador of Maceroni Ist, representing the new nation of New Granada, acknowledged by the Court of Brusselles, unless it gives the lie to, and reverses the decree of, the Assize Court of Ghent, in causing the expulsion of the guilty beyond the frontiers of the kingdom.

"We hope that his Excellency, the Count of Latour-Maubourg, minister of war, will verify whether his predecessor ever authorised M. de Granier to enter the service of Maceroni I., or whether, on the contrary, this knight of St. Louis has not violated his oath of fidelity to the King (of France), and, therefore, forfeited the honour of the order of St. Louis, from which he ought to be excluded."

Don Francisco Antonio Zea arrives in London, with a quire of blank powers, signed in due form by Bolivar, President of the Republic of Columbia—Remarkable intrigue of Mr. Zea to place a Bourbon Prince on the throne of Columbia—Author sends a special messenger to apprise Bolivar thereof—Betrayal of Author's despatch to Zea—(1819)—Diamond cut diamond—Zea cheats the scoundrel *who cheated the Author*—Issue of Columbian debentures in liquidation of all claims—Author's accounts examined and approved by Mr. del Real and Mr. Mendez, with the exception that the mean, ungrateful men

struck off from the claim the sum of one thousand two hundred pounds, which the Author had expended in maintaining several scores of veteran officers at inns in London and Gravesend, in which they were compelled to wait, without means of their own, until the ships were ready to receive them—Author defrauded of his just and sacred claim through the enmity of Zea—Author's Father liberally supplies him with money—All claimants on the Republics of Venezuela and New Granada, now united under the name of Republic of Colombia, paid in full—Author, who was the only exception, robbed of thirteen thousand seven hundred pounds—Joseph Buonaparte offered the throne of Mexico—Author invited to aid—(1820)—Author advised by the leading "Whigs," brings an action *for a libel* against the Editor of the Quarterly Review upon the latter refusing to give up the name of the writer of a slanderous article in No. 57 of that party work—How the author lost his action, and had to pay three hundred and fifty pounds costs.

My readers have already seen every item of my proceedings on my mission to Corsica.—How I endeavoured to dissuade King Joachim from his fatal enterprise, and how, as a last resource, and as a physician often administers a potion, which, *if* it do no good, *can* do no harm, I delivered to Murat the passport for *himself and six attendants* to proceed to Trieste; and how that passport did *not* avail him, *when it was attempted to be used in an irregular way*.—All this I had published in 1817; and the "Edinburgh Review" gave, under the heading of "Foreign Policy of England," a critique on my work (said to be written by the then Mr. Henry Brougham), called "Interesting Facts," of which I have already spoken. In this review my work was highly applauded and quoted in deprecation of the said "Foreign Policy of England's Ministers." Now the spirit of Toryism moved the writers in the "Quarterly Review" to take a directly opposite *view* of me and of my doings.—In its No. 57 appeared the following paragraphs, Sir Robert Wilson's work on "The Military and Political Power of Russia," being used as a peg whereon to hang the required vituperation.

No direct notice or analysis of *my own* simple book of facts had been attempted by the "Quarterly," *because* its twitchers well knew that they could not gainsay one single word of it. But thus saith the Albemarle-street oracle, in alluding to the work of Wilson, "For the story of the unfortunate and *vacillating* Murat we are referred to Count Maceroni. As this is not the only occasion on which the authority of that gentleman has been quoted for the purpose of vilifying England, it may be well to see to what degree of credit he, on his own showing, is entitled. Mr. Maceroni acknowledges himself to have been empowered by the Emperor of Austria to offer Murat a retreat if he agreed to reside in the Austrian states as an individual. To this effect he was furnished with a passport for *himself* as Envoy of the Allied Powers, and a passport for Murat, under the name of the Count Lipona. Mark the conduct of this 'Englishman' (Mr. Maceroni, *too*, it seems, is an Englishman). He arrives in Corsica—General Murat declines his proposal, and confides to him his desperate project on Naples; and this *honest* Envoy thereupon furnishes him with that very passport, *to be used against the Allies*, which the Allies

confided to him in case he acceded to their terms. For Murat we cannot feel respect, but we feel very considerable pity. Of M. Maceroni we are tempted to predict, that he has little reason to apprehend the honourable mode of death which was inflicted on his master. His *vocation seems to be to another kind of exit.*"

Further, speaking of the capitulation of Paris, the Reviewer says:—

"What further proofs can we require, that the opinions of all parties concerned, at that time, coincided with the Duke of Wellington, whose honour, as yet, no man has ventured to call in question, and who has publicly declared, that he regarded the convention as merely military.

"'But,' says Count Maceroni, 'Talleyrand, the minister of Louis, was present on the morning of the 4th of July, when the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Stuart, and Posso di Borgo, were assembled in Council; and Talleyrand turning to the Duke, requested him to read to the Count the capitulation which they had just concluded.' On the degree of respectability, which on Count Maceroni's own shewing, attaches to his character, we have already spoken; and Sir Robert Wilson may judge how far a man of honour may think his assertions worthy of a direct contradiction."

Now, my honourable and unprejudiced readers, *you have already seen* all "my own shewing" of the transactions here alluded to by the Reviewer, and I will leave it to your candour, whether from those acts any obloquy can be fairly attached to me, and *how far* I can deserve that "men of honour should think my assertions worthy of a direct contradiction."

Not content with defending and amplifying the absurd imputations of his client—the Reviewer, in the matter of the passport,—His Majesty's Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley (now Lord Lyndhurst), undertook to concoct out of his own imagination, so fertile in infamy, various other charges against me, such as my having allowed *five days* to elapse between my joining Murat at Ajaccio, and the performance of my promise to apprise Captain Bastard with his final hostile determination. That Murat made me the part payment due to me, in a bill of forty thousand francs, as the bribe or price of the wonder-working passport I had given him. Further, that my agency between the French Provisional Government and the Duke of Wellington in negotiating the capitulation of Paris, was, on my part, a criminal and traitorous transaction!

As to the mare's nest of the passport, my readers will no doubt look to the writer in the Review for an explanation how any special passport, which was only valid for the purpose expressed therein, of giving safe conduct to the bearer, with *six attendants, to Trieste*, could in any way be used, as this Reviewer presumes it was my intention it should be used "against the Allies." How could it assist Murat in his invasion of the *Neapolitan* territory at the head of three hundred men, and with *five armed vessels?*

Besides the heavy costs I had to pay for being thus calumniated and vilified, my history would have shewn, had I had the space to *print* it, that this party attack upon me greatly influenced my subsequent destinies. The entire pack of official curs have hounded me ever since through all quarters of the globe as a man especially obnoxious to their masters, and whom it was meritorious to insult and persecute.

Author writes his book, called "Ars Logica Copleiana," in order to expose the falsehoods and trickery practised against him, on the trial by Sir John Copley, then Solicitor-General—Author's important services to Queen Caroline, on the occasion of her trial in the House of Lords. See *Times* journal of that period—Most important plan and negociation between the Author and the Spanish Ambassador in London, the Duke de Frias, regarding the formation of a *ship* communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, through the Lake of Nicaragua—Irrefragable proofs of its practibility—Execution of this project eminently beneficial to the Independent States of South America, to Spain, and to the world in general—The Duke despatches a special messenger to Madrid, urging the immediate adoption of the Author's plan—Author to be Captain General of Guatimala, &c.—The result will be shewn in its proper place—Well-digested plan for rescuing the Emperor Napoleon from St. Helena—Barry O'Meara—Conduct of his relations in that affair—Tom Reynolds, the Irish spy and blood-money man of Castlereagh and Co.—Infatuation of the Spaniards in all that regards their quondam colonies—The same of the Portuguese in respect to the Brazils—Curious illustration of this fact—Most interesting and unpublished particulars of the Neapolitan revolution of 1821—Liberty-side intrigues of A'Court and de Narbonne, English and French Ambassadors at Naples—General Church, the Abisbal of Naples—The Carbonari: very interesting account—Generals W. Pepe, Ambrosio, Colletta, Filangeri, Carrascosa, &c., all old friends of the Author—Real cause of the overthrow of the Neapolitan Constitution—A warning to all people—Diplomatic intrigue, deception, credulity, not military defeat—Author concludes a contract in London for a vast supply of arms and ammunition (on credit) for the Neapolitans—Neapolitan Parliament pass a decree to authorise the Executive to accept the services of the Author, he not being a Neapolitan—Unpublished and real account of the overthrow of the Neapolitan Constitutional Government—Proscriptions—Astounding infamy, falsehood, hypocrisy, and treachery of King Ferdinand—Author purchases 1,719 acres of land near Philadelphia, of Mr. W. T. Franklin, grandson of the celebrated Benjamin—General W. Pepe arrives in London—Plan concerted between the General and the Author, of vast and sure operations, with means, money, men, and complete arrangement—Louis the XVIII. meditates the invasion of Spain, with the army of the pretended *Cordon Sanitaire*—(1821) Base acquiescence of the British Ministry in that crusade against liberty, and the re-establishment in Spain of the most degrading despotism, Monkery, and the Inquisition—Author secretary to the "*Freres Constitutionnels Européens*"—Lafayette, and all the *Coté gauche* of France and Spain and Portugal affiliated—General Berton and Lafayette—Conspiracy in the army "Cordon Sanitaire"—Money to carry on the plan procured by the Author—Garrisons of Genoa, Turin, Milan, Sicily, all prepared — (1821) Author marries — How his family reside a little way out of London—Author's arduous struggles—Grand and effective diversion against the attack on Spain—Holy Alliance—"Too many irons in the fire"— Author about to visit Paris, in order to confer with Lafayette, Zea, &c.—Author warned by Lord Sligo of orders being at the outposts to arrest the Author—Author's expedient—Messrs. Williams, Graham,

and Herring, together with the Author's valet, arrested in Paris—Author's trunks, papers, &c., seized by French Police—(1822)—General W. Pepe and the Author proceed to Spain, on the promise of the loan of a couple of old ships and a few thousand stand of arms, for the purpose of making a descent in Calabria or Sicily, at the head of 1,500 Italian and French refugee officers—Author arrested at Ramsgate, for goods he had never received, and which had never been out of the plaintiff's shop—Mr. Scarlett's opinion—Most singular case of "law"—Loss of 240*l.*—Voyage to St. Ander—Sharks—Dutch galliots—Great comfort—Author takes with him deputies from the French army, now called "*Army of Observation*," who were empowered to make an arrangement with the Spanish Government, so that the French army should "*fraternise*" with the constitutional Spaniards, hoist the tri-coloured cockade, proclaim Napoleon II., and march to Paris instead of to Madrid—Most interesting, important, and unpublished particulars — Gross infatuation, simplicity, and imbecility of the Spanish Ministry—A voyage to St. Ander—Author's carriages, &c., seized as contraband—St. Ander—Snipe and woodcock shooting—Fish and fishing—Theatres, &c.—Author's military operations in Upper Castile—Roxo de Valderas—Author kills an insurgent chief with his own hand—Burgos, the Cura Merino—Author arrives at Madrid—Interviews with the Ministers—Gross imbecility—Many particulars—Roads, canals, bridges, manners, agriculture, costume — Author's soirées — Sir W. A'Court — Infatuation — Impunity —Choice of generals and authorities — (1823)—Monks and ecclesiastical property — Bessieres, Venuesa, Asda, and Italians — Conspiracy of King Ferdinand of the 7th of June, 1822 — Conspiracy of the same, of the 19th February, 1823—Royal Palace occupied by the garrison of Madrid — Madrid under the command of General Espinosa—Author, at the head of a party of Italian and French refugees, bivouacs in the palace—Extraordinary circumstance which saved the wretched and infamous Ferdinand from paying the forfeit of his crimes, on that occasion—Childish ignorance of the Spaniards —Lack of talent—Great benefit to Spain, had the government of Joseph continued—Author's endeavours to dispel their delusion that England would never allow of the Bourbon Crusade against their constitution—Sir William A'Court —Lord Holland—General Downie—England, as a nation, always inimical to liberty—Castlereagh's base avowal of that sentiment in the House of Commons —A federative Monarchy or Republic, best suited for the social and territorial condition—Reasons—Superiority of the Spanish Constitution even over that of the United States of America—Tricoloured flags, and fifty thousand cockades made at Madrid for the French army—The plan for revolutionising the French army, and thus saving Spain and great part of Europe from the hideous iron sway of despots and of priests, being quite matured—The Spanish ministers, to show their "Magnanimity," place in the hands of their enemies, the invincible sword with which they were armed, and reaped their just reward by having their thoats cut for their pains—Astounding facts—Spanish ministers reveal the plot to the French government—Arrest of French officers—Positions of the different French corps changed—Aid-de-camp of General Count Guilleminot, Commander in Chief of the French Army (under the puppet D'Angoulême), arrested—Party

of Italian and French Refugees, ignorant of the treachery of the Spanish ministers, having presented themselves at the French out-posts on the Bidasoa, find all changed—are fired upon, and fifteen killed or wounded—Colonel Colegno, late Aid-de-camp to Prince Carignano, (now King of Sardinina)—General Fabvier —Author endeavours to obtain assistance from the Spanish Ministers to make a landing in Calabria—Stupid indecision and excuses—Author's last interview with Don Evraste St. Miguel—Isturitz, &c.—"*Infrancesados,*" the best men of Spain—Foreign king—England to wit!—Author proceeds to Seville—Many particulars—The inn and the windmills of Don Quixote—Travelling—Banditti —Skirmish—Canals—Roads—Costume — Inns—Seville—Bull Fights—Storks with swallows on their backs—Aloes—Gaspaccio—Lizards—Voyage by steam down the river Guadalquivir to Cadiz—State of Cadiz—Conspiracy of General Downie—Apathy of the Spaniards—no preparations for defence—Gold and silver mines have been the curse of Spain—Industry extinguished—Gambling —Author's expostulations and proposals to the Spanish ministers—Twenty-six howitzers a *la Villantrois*—One of these, now in St. James's Park—Open treachery of King Ferdinand during the siege—None so blind as those who will not see—Author falls ill—Escapes on board an English brig of war—"The Dwarf," Captain Gould—Port St. Mary—A sot—Distressing and disgraceful behaviour of the captain—Drunk by seven A.M.—Ditto on the public promenade at Port St. Mary's, and at the British Consul's—Ludicrous scenes—The gentleman surgeon, Boyd—A merchant ship "Brought to"—Reckless firing—Naval gunners—Author's improvements—Arrives at Plymouth—Robbed of his segars—Custom-house regulations—Author's velvet saddle and gold trappings seized at Dover.

1823,—Author recovered from a long illness, applied himself to experimenting on many of his inventions for increasing the efficacy of naval and military means of attack and defence.

List of Inventions by Colonel Maceroni, for increasing the effect of Naval and Military operations, *proved* by ample experiments in 1823, 1824, and 1825:—

1. The best Paddle Wheel existing, which works perfectly well if entirely under water.
2. A new compound Naval Rocket, which, at an horizontal range is equal to cannon shot of equal weight,—infallibly sets fire to the sails, ropes, yards, masts, &c., &c., of an enemy's ship in fifty places in a minute.
3. Sail and Tent, and Tilted Waggon Burners, to be projected from a common musket.
4. Spiral and cylindrical Percussion Shells, for horizontal projection. They contain two and three times the quantity of powder of a spherical shell of equal calibre.
5. Spherical Percussion Shells, for parabolic projection, which can never explode too soon or too late.
6. New and improved Wild-fire, for shells, &c.
7. New Sea Rocket, five hundred pounds weight, which skims along the surface, and enters the enemy's ship with sixty pounds of powder in its cast iron head.

8. Double Range Rockets, which are discharged without stick, from a *bouche à feu*,—*after* which, it begins its *own* range.
9. Spiral Bullets and Cannon Shot, through which every smooth barrelled piece acts as a rifle.
10. Foot Lancers, or the means of combining the use of a ten-foot lance, combined with that of a carbine, fusee or any fire arm. So that the use of the one does not impede that of the other, with the facility of *instantaneous* substitution.
11. Shot-proof Steam Ship of War, armed with twelve-inch bomb-cannon, and a frame for launching fifty of my twenty-four pounder incendiary rockets, in a minute, at two thousand yards' distance.
12. Noli-me-tangere Fire Ship, which cannot be towed away by the enemy, and sets them on fire at two thousand yards' distance. It is useless to fire the hull timbers of a ship; there are plenty of hands to put it out; but fire the sails and ropes, &c., in fifty places at once, and she must strike or be consumed.
13. Percussion Waterproof Lock for Artillery. The best and only sure one. Invented by the Author in 1829, for the Captan Pacha. Highly admired and commended by Captain Pechell, Lord of the Admiralty, Captain Sir Ph. Green, and others, who poured buckets of water over it, twenty times whilst I pulled the trigger, without one miss-fire. I hear it has been pirated at Woolwich.
14. Rifle Cartridges, by which a rifle is loaded with as much ease and despatch as is a common musket.
15. Buck-shot Cartridges, which overcome the difficulties hitherto existing in giving the shot *all* the blast of the powder.

Several others—no room.

Description of some of these inventions—Thames angling—Large trout—Eels—The question of the generation of eels decided—The city of Comacchio—Community subsist entirely on the eel fishery—Curious particulars on the natural history of eels—Congers, &c.—Lakes of Nemi and Thrasimene—Author, having closely investigated the subject of a *ship* communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and having also consulted Baron Humboldt, is convinced of its practicability by means of the river St. Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua—Further confirmed in his opinion by the view of a chart which he procured from the Hydrographical Repository at Madrid—Author receives two thousand pounds for chart and two hundred shares—Author succeeds in forming a company in London called "*The Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company*."—Plan explained.

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The rising greatness of the new American States, and the liberal principles of their Governments, give the fairest hopes that the grand desideratum of Commerce, the union of the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean, may now be accomplished. British Capital, combined with British energy, will complete this important work; and it will be reserved for Englishmen, under the reign of George the Fourth, to carry into effect an enterprise, the advantages of which every commercial nation has perceived, and most writers of Spanish America have pointed out.

To effect this object, an Association has been formed, for the establishing a ship navigation through a part of Central America, which affords the greatest facilities for such an undertaking; for working the valuable mines with which those provinces abound; and for establishing a trade with those countries, and the shores of the Pacific.

It appears from documents, late in the Hydrographical Cabinet of the Spanish Minister of Marine, that accurate surveys were made of Central America, and sent to Madrid; one of these, containing a correct description of the situation most favourable to the undertaking, is now in possession of the Company.

From this it appears, that in the Province of Nicaragua, lat. 10° 10, long. 82° 15 W. the River San Juan falls into the Atlantic, after running a south-east course from the Lake of Nicaragua, in which it rises; and, according to the latest information, the Admiralty has, the distance is about fifty miles. This River, in the rainy season, has been navigated from the Sea to the Lake by ships of from two hundred to three hundred tons; but it may be rendered navigable for the largest vessels at all seasons. The passage is at present partially obstructed by vessels sunk by the Spaniards, to prevent the intrusion of foreign ships.

The Lake Nicaragua, soundings of which, and the River San Juan, the Company possess, is about one hundred and fifty miles long, and sixty broad. It is surrounded by many populous towns; amongst others, that of Nicaragua, the capital of the province, containing thirty-five thousand inhabitants; and is throughout deep enough for the reception of the largest vessels.

A communication from the Lake to the Pacific can be effected with peculiar facility, by a Canal of not more than eighteen miles in length; and from the actual survey made for the Spanish government, now in the Company's possession, the greatest difference of level in the intervening country, is not more than fifty feet. To prove the practicability of this project, it is only necessary to cite that distinguished traveller, Baron de Humboldt, who has been consulted, and has given it as his opinion, that the Lake of Nicaragua holds forth the greatest, and probably the only, advantages for carrying the proposed plan into effect.

To point out all the advantages of a junction of the two great oceans would be impossible in the limits of a Prospectus; they are as various as the many sources of profitable trade to which they would give rise. The intercourse of Europe and America, with the States on the shore of the Pacific, would be enlarged to an incalculable extent. The South Sea Trade, the Whale Fisheries, and the facilities for working the Mines in the Central Provinces, in Chili and Peru, would be increased in an extraordinary degree. The India Trade would likewise be augmented, and the voyage to China enormously facilitated, and shortened by ten thousand miles!

A bill is now before Parliament to carry these objects into execution. A Deed is in progress for the regulation of the affairs of the Association.

A deposit of ten pounds per share is to be paid into the bankers on or before Wednesday, the 9th day of March, 1825, and the remainder of the Capital will be called for by the Directors, as the business of the Association may require.

Capital Subscribed — Author named "Chief Commissioner" for carrying the undertaking into effect—Ship (the Saucy Jack) chartered to take out the Author and Mr. Rennie, the engineer, &c., to Nicaragua—Great and sudden "panic" of 1825—Company falls along with the numerous "bubbles"—Author's suggestion adopted by the Dutch—The King of the Netherlands subscribes two hundred thousand pounds—Dutch Commissioners sent to Nicaragua; report in favour of the (my) plan.

Author provided by his father, with his power of Attorney, and one thousand pounds to go to Rome for the recovery of property illegally wrested from Author's grandfather—1825—A very happy combination of circumstances, which rendered the Author's success a matter of rational certainty—Canning refuses a passport to the Author, because he had written Interesting Facts, &c.!!—Pitiful spite—Author's father will not allow him to go without a passport, through which he might, in case of arbitrary imprisonment, claim the *investigation* of the nearest British Envoy or Consul—Nick of time lost—Pope Pius VII. dies—Cardinal Gonsalvi dies—Duchess of Devonshire dies—Princess Borghese dies—Author's father dies—George Canning dies—Author still alive

and hopes to live long enough to expose the dirty malice and ignorant baseness of his persecutors.

Author's proposal for the steam navigation of the river Po, and the Lakes of Upper Italy—Stupidly neglected—now no room for the prospectus—Curious case and trial of the Author for a pretended assault on the servant of the Reverend George Ogle of Mapledurham in the county of Bucks, the said servant having been sent by the Reverend George Ogle to interrupt and splash (i. e. assault) the author, while exercising his lawful right of angling in the River Thames, the said river Thames being a navigable river and the fishing free to all—Interesting and amusing particulars—Important exposition of the law respecting fisheries —Author condemned to pay a fine of fifty pounds to the King—Case costs the Author three hundred pounds, 1825—Similar case tried on the same day, Ogle being *Defendant*, a Mr. Williams plaintiff, for being splashed by Ogle's servant, damages against *Ogle*, one hundred pounds—In the Author's case the Judge spoke vehemently as though he were counsel against the Author—in the case of Williams, a lady was in the punt!—Such is justice!"

FISHING IN THE RIVER THAMES.

"To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle."

SIR.—In your report of my being brought up for judgment on Saturday last, for an alleged assault on the servant of a Reverend Mr. Ogle, who, on the strength of a pretended private right of fishing in the Thames, sent him to interrupt, splash, and assault me, whilst angling there is an inaccuracy, which, as it regards a public question, I hope you will allow me to correct.

You state that "an affidavit was put in on the part of the prosecution, in aggravation of punishment, in which was introduced the copy of a letter written by the defendant, since the trial, to a man named Carter, advising him 'to fish with nets in Parson Ogle's private fishing, and to take care not to throw any fish back again into the water.'" I beg to state, that I wrote to Carter, not to advise him, but to engage him to assist a regular fisherman, whom I intended to establish on the spot, for the purpose of fishing daily with lawful nets, until Mr. Ogle may think fit either to abandon his pretended private right, or bring the question to a legal issue, I placed the words "private fishery," in my letter, between inverted commas, in derision of the groundless claim. In consequence of the outrage committed on me by the Reverend Prosecutor's orders, I proceeded with several friends, not only to angle, but to fish with nets; in these said "private waters," though, consistently with my avowed object, which was merely to decide a question of right, I threw all the fish so caught, into the river again. Now, after experiencing so much more insolent malignity, I really do not think, as I told Carter, that there was any reason for continuing such considerate forbearance.

As the right of fishing in the sea, and in navigable rivers, certainly constitutes a public question, I flatter myself you will allow a place for the following few quotations, out of the many I could adduce, in support of that right; and that you will allow me to conclude with an observation or two on my own most cruel case.

I speak of fishing with lawful nets, and did so fish—and will so fish—not for amusement, not, as the Lord Tenterden said, "to do all the mischief possible;" but to vindicate a public right, and to bring to their senses its impertinent usurpers, who would even oppose the quiet angler by personal lawless violence and assault!

By the two great Charters of King John and Henry III., the public right of fishing in

navigable rivers is secured, and all grants of private fisheries in such rivers made by the King's subsequent to Henry II., are declared void. 2 Black Com. p. 39.

"A several fishery is where one hath a grant of the royalty, and owneth the ground on each side of the water, and no man can have a several fishing but in his own soil: but a free fishing may be in the soil of another man, as in the case of navigable rivers, when all have libera piscaria, for then the fishes are said to be feræ naturæ"—Mich. 17. Ed. IV. 6; Pasc. 18, Ed. IV, 4; Coke Inst. 3, fo. 109, 110: Hale's Pleas of Crown, 67, &c.

"The soil of the river Thames is in the King, but the fishing is common to all. A person claiming a free fishery, a several fishery, or a common of fishing, must shew the foundation of his claim; for the right is prima facie in all the King's subjects."

One claiming solam piscariam in the river Ex, by a grant from the Crown. Et per C. J. Holt: "The subject has a right to fish in all navigable rivers, as he has no fish in the sea, and a quo warranto ought to be brought to try the title of his grantee, and the validity of his grant," Lord Fitzwaller's case, 1 Mod. 105; 2 Chitty, 250; Salk. Rep. 357.

In the case of Warren and Matthews, 6 Mod. Rep. 73, it is decided that every subject of common right may fish with lawful nets in a navigable river, as well as in the sea, and the King's grant cannot bar them thereof.

In Carter and Murcot, 4 Burrow's Rep., Lord Mansfield stated, "In rivers not navigable the proprietors of land have the right of fishing on their respective sides, and it generally extends 'ad filum mediuu aquæ.' But in navigable rivers the proprietors of land on each side have it not; the Fishing is common: it it prima facie in the King, and is common."—4. Burns, 1 Mod. 1 Chitty.

The Statute of 2 Henry VI. c. 15., is an Act to prevent the unfair taking of fish in the river Thames by fastening the nets to posts, &c. and has this saving clause—"Saving always to every the King's people, their right, title, and inheritance, in their fishing in the said waters with lawful nets in the usual way of fishermen."

From which it is evident, that if the fishing was of a private nature, every man in his private fishing, except in salmon fisheries, would unquestionably have a right to use what nets and engines he might think proper.

An Act of 1 Eliz. c. 17, ordains—"No person of any degree soever, shall with any devlce or engine (except by angling) take and kill the young fry or spawn of fish, nor kill pike under ten, salmon under sixteen, trout under eight, or barble under twelve inches; nor fish (except for smelts, loaches, minnows, gudgeons, or eels) with a net of a mesh less than two inches and a-half from knot to knot, under a penalty of twenty francs, and the forfeiture of the nets and fish."

These quotations must suffice for the present, but for a full account of the various statutes, decisions of the courts of law, and of the judges, by which the public right of fishing in all navigable rivers of the realm, and more especially the Thames, has been repeatedly proved and maintained, I must refer your readers to a little pamphlet, entitled, "Observations on the Public Right of Fishing," recently published by Cannon, of Great Marlow, Bucks. It must be allowed, Sir, that the right of fishing is a public question, and as such alone I would venture to solicit for these observations so much space in your columns. We are all bound, and are supposed to be acquainted with, the law in all its branches. Both Mr. Justice Vaughan, who tried my case, and Mr. Justice Bailey, who passed sentence upon me, have given birth on those occasions to something choice and new, which should be speedily introduced to the acquaintance of the public. It is probable that Mr. Justice Bailey was tempted to produce his little bit of new law, from my having exhibited in my mitigatory address, the pretty little first-born logical production of his brother Vaughan. I gave it in the following words:—

"It is true, my Lords, that in the case which preceded mine at the Assises, of Williams v. Ogle, the learned Judge contended, that although we 'might have a right to fish, the others might also have a right to beat the water!' What becomes of the right of fishing when

neutralised by such beating of the waters, I will not be so presumptuous as to inquire." After this, which requires no comment of mine, it is not surprising that Mr. Justice Bailey should have been tempted to exhibit something new of his own! I had stated in my address, that "at the time of my being interrupted and insulted by the plaintiff, I was angling in the very middle of the river Thames, where I had, for many years previously, angled without let or hindrance, and where multitudes of other persons, many of them my friends and acquaintance, have angled for these thirty years past, without dreaming of asking leave of any person whomsoever. It is true, my Lords, I have heard of one or two cases of pretensions to private rights of fishing in certain parts of the river Thames, but I have also heard, that in no case did the pretender get any thing for his trouble, but defeat, ridicule, and costs.

Subsequently to my suffering the outrage which has brought me here before your Lordships, I have given Mr. Ogle, the master of the plaintiff, every opportunity of trying the question of his private right by regular course of law. I gave him legal notice of my intention to fish on a certain day with nets, and I did so fish for several days—but he heeded it not! and if I live I will again fish there with nets, that the law may be made more manifest and triumphant. In this same spirit of respect for the rights and for the law, and to try the question fairly, I have also published handbills, to check illegal and unseasonable fishing; such fishing, my Lords, as I could prove is quite habitual to these lawless Proprietors of the River Thames. Surely, my Lords, this is not the conduct of a man who disregards the rights of others, or the law, or who would usurp its attributes! Such, rather, is the plaintiff's master, who, instead of fairly meeting me by law, upon the right of fishing, speculated upon the infirmity of man's temper, and employed his servant to exasperate and assault me!!"

Now were it not indelibly recorded, it would hardly be believed, that, in passing sentence on me last Saturday, May 26th, 1827, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Justice Bayley, referring to my endeavours to compel Mr. Ogle to prove his private right, and to my consequent letter to Carter above-mentioned, designates my public-spirited perseverance, in asserting the rights of the many against the impudent usurpation of the few, as "indicative of a very bad spirit and feeling towards the Reverend Gentleman!—a determination to do as much mischief as possible!—an aggravation of my offence, which did not entitle me to any leniency from the court!!" Now, in the name of common sense and common honesty, I would ask Mr. Justice Bayley to inform me, how I am to get Mr. Ogle to prove his private right, and justify his interruption of the public otherwise than by persisting in the act of fishing, so as to induce him to sue me for a trespass? Am I to institute, or can I institute, a suit to prove a negative—to prove that he has not a private piscary? Surely, it is the claimant who must prove the affirmative, by shewing his title.

Mr. Justice Bayley further lamented that I should be so ignorant, as not to know that there really were such things as private fisheries in navigable rivers. I was about to beg of him to point out only one for my instruction, when I was silenced by an officer of the court! We are to learn, however, I suppose, from this, that there are such things as private fisheries in navigable rivers. The Thames is a navigable river, and the Reverend George Ogle claims a private right in the Thames. *Ergo* the Reverend George Ogle's right is proved, and I am an ignorant man, and a bad one to boot, for troubling the said Reverend George for his "reasons" and his proof!!

This point settled, I am condemned for such lack of faith, and repugnance to be splashed, to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and give security to keep the peace, in three hundred pounds more.

His Lordship and his Reverence may be assured, that I am not inclined to break the peace; but if I live, I will break the spell by which the usurpers of a public right would juggle the public into submission to their pretensions.

Those men of law, in one sense, were right, who told me on going into Court, "don't attempt to justify or to reason, speak in all humility, and meek submission—he that bends his body lowest to the ground, is sure to meet most favour."

The having thrown three stones in self-defence, to drive away a man who splashed and interrupted me in the exercise of what is not disproved to be my lawful right, will cost me on the whole, near three hundred pounds. Should any public-spirited gentleman wish to assist, or to contribute towards bringing to legal issue, the public right of fishing in navigable rivers, especially in the Thames, they may signify their intention to Mr. J. P. Nash, solicitor of Henley-upon-Thames; or to myself, according to the subjoined address.

Over and above the duty which every man owes to himself and to society, to resist and to repel insolence and injustice, I must observe, that all lovers of angling in particular, would find their interest in the overthrow of these pretended private rights, which are nugatory and injurious even to those who assume them. These greedy "proprietors" of the River Thames fish it incessantly, without the least regard to legal nets, or legal seasons, and take out cart-loads of useless fish, in mere ignorant wantonness. Upon the fishing being acknowledged free to all, such gentlemen, whose senseless selfishness so sadly injures it, would, in their own defence, not only hinder all fishing with illegal nets, or in the fence time, from February inclusively to June, but they would also, under the inspection of the Navigation Commissioners, so stake the river in their respective neighbourhoods, as to prevent a net being put into it at all. This state of things would benefit all parties. The resident gentlemen themselves would much increase the stock for angling, while the intervening fishermen by trade, would be greatly benefited, as well by being compelled to fish according to law and reason, as by having in their vicinities extensive tracks of water, staked and preserved from nets.

According to the Statute of 17 R. 2, cap. 9. Justices of the peace generally are bound "to be conservators of the Statute of Westm. 2, cap. 47, and 13 R. 2, and shall search all weirs in navigable rivers, lest by their straitness, they destroy the fish, or their fry. The said Justices shall also have power to swear under conservators, to punish all offenders in unlawful fishing by fine and imprisonment. The Mayor and Wardens of London, have power in Thames from Staines to London, and in Medway, as far as the city grant extends." Now, the distance by water from London to Staines is thirty-seven miles, and from Staines to Abingdon-bridge (leaving Oxford out of the question, as I am told that the Corporation of that city really have a valid right, *solam piscarium*), it is seventy miles; yet, in consequence of the law, both as to nets and fence time, being strictly and judiciously enforced by the water bailiff, and certain tracks of water being here and there well staked and preserved from nets, the first mentioned portion of the river which is indisputably free to all with net or angle, not only maintains at least double the number of fishermen; but it after all affords twice the quantity of fish for the angler's amusement.

For the edification of the public, but particularly of Mr. Ogle's friends and co-proprietors of the Thames, as well as of mine own, I intend shortly to publish for gratuitous distribution, a Report of my trial, with my address to the court; also, a Report of the trial of Williams v. Ogle, and of some other trials and persecutions, in which the said Reverend gentleman has been publicly concerned; the whole accompanied with notes illustrative and explicative, of matter of much merriment to anglers, and edification to the pious.

I had suspended my letter at this point, having been assured that the argument for a nonsuit in the case of Williams v. Ogle, would come on to-day in the Court of Common Pleas. It has come on, and the verdict against the reverend gentleman is confirmed. I was interrupted and splashed by order of the reverend George——and to the sound of his bugle, which he carries under his arm, and ever and anon gives blast on, to announce his awful coming to the lieges, for which I have been condemned to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and give recognisances in three hundred pound more! Another, some days after, meets with similar treatment — in the same place — from the same party—obtains a verdict against the reverend trumpeter, who is told, to boot, by another Judge, that "his conduct was most unjustifiable!"

I am Sir, your's, &c.,

8, Upper George Street, Portman Square, May 28, 1827. FRANCIS MACERONE

Author's pistol and rifle shooting—Author's conferences with Sir H. Torrens and the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral of England, on the subject of his naval and military inventions—Author destitute and ever on the alert to obtain employment—Great distress and privations of Author and his family—Author's proposal to salmonize the River Rhone, &c.

"*Translation of a Letter addressed to Count Martignac, Minister of the Interior to the King of France, dated 24th of March*, 1828 *and Duplicate sent 20th of January*, 1829.*

"Excellence,—I have often contemplated with satisfaction, the great advantages which would result to that part of France situated at the mouth and along the course of the Rhone, if salmon were introduced into that beautiful river, which possesses advantages above any other in Europe for the propagation and supply of that valuable fish.

"Salmon do not frequent the seas or rivers of warm latitudes: they delight in a rather cold climate. In Europe, the most southern limits of their visits are the rivers of the north of Spain, in the 44th degree of latitude. No salmon are found in the Mediterranean, because, as they do not exist in the Black Sea, they can only come from the Atlantic Ocean; and in order to get admittance by the only inlet on that side, they would have to descend southward to the Strait of Gibraltar, which, being in latitude 36°, is beyond the limits of their southern migrations. The mouth of the Rhone is in the same degree of latitude as the river of St. Andre, where I have found salmon to abound, that is, in 44°; and the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and of the little rivers that flow into it, which may be called, as regards the salmon, the terminus of the Rhone, are pretty nearly of a similar temperature with the Scotch and Irish rivers, which they so much frequent.

"Several of the salmon fisheries established on the Tweed, the Tyne, the Shannon, and the Eden, produce an annual revenue of 5,000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, and 12.000*l.* a year to the proprietors. Near the mouth of the river Eden, as many as 882,000 large salmon have been taken in seventy-two days.

"The propagation of fresh-water fish, which is somewhat attended to in districts remote from the sea, can never become an object of national importance, or of extensive sustenance, because such fish, as trout, pike, perch, and eels, being fish of prey, can never be produced in a lake or pond, or river, beyond the number that can be supported by the small fish on which they live, that are furnished by the same confined waters, for their sustenance. Carp and tench may be fed on grain, &c.; but salmon are fed gratis on the vast stores of the extensive ocean. After the salmon has gained a rapid growth—through the inexhaustible store of food, which he knows where to find in the sea—he returns to our shores; ascends the rivers; penetrates into the interior of nations; mounts up to the very sources of the streams on the highest table lands, and gives himself up, well fattened at the expense of the ocean, to people who, perhaps, know little of the sea, but from the rich tribute which it thus annually sends them.

"I do not here propose to address to your Excellency a regular treatise on the habits and natural history of the salmon; but it is necessary that I should remind you of the fact that this fish returns periodically, with entire constancy during the whole of its life, to the river which gave it birth; and that whenever any number of salmon were let free, in an appropriate river, during the season which precedes their spawning, there would not be one of them that would not hasten to mount against the stream until it had found a fitting place to stop and deposit its eggs.

* No answer returned ! ! !

"Salmon begin to enter the rivers of Scotland and Ireland, more or less, about the month of April; it is, however, in June and July that the greatest quantity arrive. It is immediately after its arrival from the sea, in which it has been long living on abundant and nourishing food, that the salmon is in perfection. Its flesh is then of a bright, deep red colour; but in proportion to its sojourn in the fresh water of the rivers, in which it, comparatively, eats nothing, and as the time of its spawning approaches—it deteriorates in quality from day to day, its beautiful colour fades by little and little into a dirty yellow, its delicious flavour is lost and becomes flat and disgusting, its firm and solid flesh becomes flaccid and almost gelatinous, and an hitherto wholesome and nourishing article of food has become pernicious and disagreeable.

"The *ovarie* of a female salmon, of the age of four or five years, contains generally rather more than 600,000 eggs. It appears that, at variance with the habits of many other fishes, one male only is attached to one female. About the month of December, the former aids the latter in digging with the nose a furrowed bed in the gravel, in which furrows the female deposits her eggs. The male then completes the work, and covers the eggs over with gravel, as a gardener would a drill of spinach. According to the season, but generally about the beginning of March, the eggs begin to hatch; the first appearance of which most closely resembles that of a bed of onions just beginning to grow. The shells of the eggs and the heads of the fry being still engaged in the gravel, the tails are seen standing up erect for several days before the detachment occurs.

"I beg to assure your Excellency, that on this subject, I can speak from some experience I am much addicted to angling, have caught many salmon with the hook and line, and have had many opportunities of personally observing their habits. To another point, also, I have paid much attention, and that is, to the best method of keeping fish alive, and transporting them to a distance. I furnished a curious instance of this knowledge, on behalf of the late King of Naples, when I had the honour to be one of the 'Captains of the Chase.' With the particulars of this procedure, which was much noticed by men of science at Naples, I will not trouble your Excellency; but I will only state, that I can point out a sure and cheap method by which fifty male, and fifty female salmon may be conveyed, either from a Scotch or French salmon fishery, and turned out alive, safe and sound, into the Rhone, somewhere about Avignon. As sure as that a stone thrown up into the air will fall again to the earth, so surely will the salmon so turned out, immediately betake themselves to ascend the stream, and in due time deposit their eggs in the Lake of Geneva, and its innumerable ingressing rivulets, localities possessing advantages and capacity for that purpose greater than all the rivers of Scotland and Ireland put together!

"At the rate of only a hundred thousand fry, produced by each female salmon introduced, we should have five millions of fry, without reckoning that the original fish would return (barring accidents) to the same river to lay their eggs the next year, and so on in succession to the end of their lives.

"The young salmon hatched in March, go down to the Sea in September. They return next March, to stay only to July, when they weigh from two to four pounds; next Spring, they return again of the weight of from six to ten pounds; and the third year they weigh from fifteen to twenty-five pounds.

"Thus, at the expiration of three years, the produce of the first spawning, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, would begin to breed at the rate of five hundred thousand each; and then a commencement might be allowed to the fishery, which in such a river, and conducted under proper regulations, would in all probability yield not less than one million francs, (forty thousand pounds) annually!

"The British salmon fisheries would undoubtedly produce more than ten times what they do, were the laws which are intended to protect the propagation of the salmon better digested, and, above all, better enforced. There are numerous Acts of Parliament on the subject, all pulling

one against the other. A penalty is enforced against the taking of salmon, but none against the public exposure for sale during the prohibited periods. The sale of hares, partridges, &c. is punished; but a matter of national interest is neglected, as beneath the notice of our bird-killing legislators! One river has one law; a second has another; and so has a third! It is unlawful to take salmon at the mouth of some rivers with what are called stake-nets (which, by-the-bye, under due restrictions, is the best plan), and in others it is the only way pursued! In fine, there is no well-digested law in England on the subject. In some districts remote from the sea, almost every female salmon is speared by the peasantry when in the act of spawning; and no punishment is awarded to the wholesale destroyer, who obtains nothing but poisonous food for his pains. Should your Excellency do me the honour to reply to this communication, and require my suggestions, I shall be able to lay before you a well-reasoned and clear statement of the laws and regulations which ought to be enacted on the subject of salmon fisheries; and also on other fisheries in general, not forgetting that of oysters, which is sadly mismanaged, both in England and France.

"There is no doubt but that when once salmon shall become indigenous in the Rhone, the 'surplus population' of these colonists will spread far and wide, and by degrees, populate or salmonate all the rivers that fall into the Gulf of Lyons, and of the Mediterranean in general. It has been said most justly, that eternal honour would be due to him who should cause two blades of grass to grow where only one had thriven before.' Not only posterity, but the present generation, will have cause to bless the name of your Excellency, if, by your instrumentality and patronage, a vast, gratuitous, and unlooked-for supply of delicious human food is wrested from the bosom of the ocean for the daily benefit of thousands of your countrymen.

"The expense of carrying into effect the useful introduction I have suggested to your Excellency, would not exceed 40,000 or 50,000 francs. Should it be undertaken by an individual or by a company, it would be well worth while for the Government, on the ground of national utility, to grant a special privilege of the fishery within a certain distance from the mouth of the river, of ten or fifteen years, beginning from the third year after the introduction of the salmon.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Excellency's humble and obedient servant,

"F. MACERONI,

"*Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.*

"*London, March* 28, 1828."

Author invited by the Ottoman Government to repair to Constantinople to assist in the war against the Russians in 1828—1,000*l.* remitted the Author for outfit and travelling expenses—Author embarks—Shark angling in the Bay of Biscay—Extraordinary vitality of the shark—Visit to the Isle of Sardinia—Commander of the ship a pleasant well-informed young man—Turns out a complete sot—Narrow escapes—Author, to save the ship and those on board compelled to confine the Captain, and take the command, and navigate the ship himself—Difficulties of his position — Island of Sardinia — Excursion on shore—Angling—Ship on the rocks on the Island of Naxia, in the Archipelago—A near point—How got off—An anxious night—Fast aground again in the Gulf of Smyrna—Difficult job—Disinterested aid from a Greek ship—Author arrives at Smyrna—Many interesting facts and observations—Astonishing PROBITY OF THE TURKS—Benevolence—General recital—Author supplied with horses, camels, and escort, by the Pacha of Smyrna—Departure from Smyrna—Mode of travel-

ling—Baggage—New remarks on camels—Smoking pipes—Extraordinary mode of soliciting aid from the charitable, practised by sick peasants (1829)—

Whilst I was at Smyrna, I often chatted with an Italian innkeeper who supplied a vast quantity of poultry, ducks, geese, turkeys, &c., to the English, French, and Austrian vessels of war and merchantmen. I observed that large carts, drawn by oxen, brought the poultry enclosed in great cages, like crates, each crate having a parchment ticket attached, stating the number of birds it contained. I also remarked, that the purchaser paid for the number stated, without ever thinking of counting them; when off drove the Turkish seller. One day I asked him: "Are you not afraid of paying for less than you receive in these baskets?" "Certainly not, Sir," was the reply, "do you not perceive that I deal only with Turks! I assure you that I am much more likely to find half a dozen birds *above* the number stated, than *one less!*"

The Pacha of Smyrna supplied me with an escort on my journey to Constantinople. The chief of these men, or *Chaouse*, spoke a little Italian, and I knew a few words of Turkish, which I had learnt on my passage. The second morning of the journey I remarked a spade stuck up by the way side, and under the spade was spread a bit of carpet, about a foot square, on which were lying several small silver coins. I asked my *Chaouse* the meaning of the spade and carpet and coin upon it? He said, that in the vicinity, some poor husbandman was ill in bed; the spade being indicative of his calling. That his wife being forced to stay at home, in order to attend upon him and on her children, came early in the morning and left the spade and carpet to collect the contributions of the charitable passers-by; then in the evening, she returned to carry home the money. "But," said I, forgetting I was in Turkey, "is there no fear of any person taking away the money thus exposed before she comes to fetch it?" In the simplicity of his heart,—certainly with no intention to offend me, my *Chaouse* answered, "*Bourda-Effendi, yock Giaour,*" i.e., "There are no Christians here Sir."

Asia Minor—Interesting geological features—Recruiting dance—Eggs—Principal towns—Agriculture—City of Magnesia—Splendid Gulf of Adramiti—Timber for Ship-building—Moudania—Curiosity of the Turkish women—Asia Minor; a series of dried-up lakes—Beauty—Smyrna, sponges—Enormous shrimps—Leaping leeches—Splendid scenery amongst the marble mountains of Olympus—Anecdotes—Author arrives at Constantinople—State of the campaign with the Russians—Author introduced to the Captan Pacha—Sojourn on board of his flag ship—Author's substitution and new method of bottoming thirteen-inch shells, instead of the stone shot projected by the magnificent thirteen-inch calibre guns of the Turkish ships—Captan Pacha always promises to attack the Russian fleet "*To-morrow*"—Many observations—Author introduced to the *Nazir*, or Governor of the forts of the entrance of the Bosphorus—Unhappy fate of the Nazir the very next day—Author on board the Capudan Pacha when the *Nazir* was bowstringed—Afflicting scene of the affixing the seals on the house and effects of the executed Nazir, and the turning out his family—Author present with the Captan Pacha at the ceremony, smoaking their pipes—Sale by auction of the Nazir's effects—Success of the Russians, more attri-

butable to intrigue, treachery, and seduction than to the power of their arms—Russian squares of infantry broken over and over again by the Turkish cavalry (Spahis)—Six thousand Russians thus killed in one week—Reflections on the relative power of infantry and cavalry—Vulgar notions respecting the strength of infantry squares—Various disquisitions—Anecdotes—Reminiscences—Circular of the Author to the foreign Ambassadors on the subject of the numerous shipwrecks in the Black sea—[1829] A palliative proposed by the Author—Christian persecution of each other—Four Greeks impaled for *proved* incendiarism—Modification in the mode of impaling—Bazars—Absence of crime—Singular probity of the Turks—Boatmen—Turkish caiques or wherries—Absurd idea of London Lord Mayor impeding steam ships, because the London wherries are stupidly constructed, with only an inch of gunwale—Author's suggestions on this important subject neglected by the London Press—London Press open only to the rich—Poverty the unspeakable—Smoking but enormous loss of time and produce of labour, occasioned by Turkish long-pipe smoking—Intrigues through which the Sultan was kept in ignorance of the Author's arrival in Constantinople—Sir Robert Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, British Ambassador at Constantinople—Author introduced to the Seraskir Pacha—The secret of the apathy of the Captan Pacha, and of the Author's being kept from the Sultan, explained—Calumnies and intrigues against the Author by the British corps diplomatique—Civility of the French and Austrian Ambassadors—Captan Pacha repeats to the Author the absurd charges and sneers of the Tory Ambassador—A good joke—Heads in danger—Turkish Army—Pay—Discipline—Games—Officers and men—Italian and French officers *for drill*—Cause of the superiority of the Egyptian over the Turkish armies—Inconsistency and impolicy of England and France opposing the conquest of Constantinople by the Pacha of Egypt, *if* they wish to keep away the Russians—Explanations, geographical, geological, agricultural—Anecdotes—Reverence of the Turks for animal life—Few Turkish "sportsmen"—Fish of salt and fresh water—Lake of Boujouck Checkmigi—Pike—Carp—Perch—Fish peculiar to the Black sea and Bosphorus—Pelicans—Huge Stags—Conflagrations—Firemen—Engines—The Arsenal—Author makes a kind of compact cases of seven eight-inch and five ten-inch shells each, for the guns of the Dardanelles of twenty five inches calibre, to be projected horizontally, used instead of the stone balls—Author's laboratory and experimental battery—Author invents and constructs a percussion lock for the cannon of the Captan Pacha's ships—Religious toleration—Catholic converts—Charity—Voluntary principle—Thousands of ownerless and houseless dogs—Singular habits and interesting account of these poor animals—Benevolence of the Turks—Brutality of the Christians—Hydrophobia not known at Constantinople—Author's ideas on that important subject—Daily rations, called *Taim*, distributed by the Turks, who can afford it, to the ownerless dogs, doves, falcons, &c., with which the city is overwhelmed—Mistaken kindness—Many miscellaneous subjects, too numerous to name—British Embassy—Young sprigs of

" *nobility* " attached to it " *to give it splendour !*"—Curious particulars—Real impression made on Turks and Christians by the conduct of these " attachés " —Anecdotes—A most interesting young Greek lady bought at the slave Bazaar, *not* for the purpose of restoring her to her distracted parents at Scio, as many Turks, even, had done by others on the same occasion—Author's visit to Tahir Pacha, introduced by Captain Esembach, attaché of the Austrian Embassy—Russians arrive at Adrianople—The Porte thinks of defending the capital—General arming of the Musulman population—Entrenchments on the heights of Ramischiflick—Author's proposals and expedients to increase the strength of those lines by rolling down shells by hand—Turkish government, bewildered and bamboozled by the Ambassadors of their " good and ancient allies," are forced to make peace with Russia—Russian weakness as an *agressive* power—Turkish lady, and sister, and child from Negroponte in Eubea, captured by Greeks, &c., &c.—Grecian ravisher and stabber—Captain Califfa cut the throat of a young woman, and obliged the husband to eat her fœtus—Wretched state of their forces at Adrianople—36,000 sick—none recover—No medical staff—Scodra Pacha—The biter bit—Fears, so emphatically predicated of the evils of Russian possession of Constantinople, most unfounded and erroneous—An extended line of coast with numerous ports, preferable to a union of all the ports in the world, with only one issue, like the Black Sea, Marmora, and Dardanelles, in case of war—Vast benefit to mankind, and to England in particular, that would flow from the occupation, by any civilized people, of the territory called Turkey in Europe, and Constantinople — Vast increase to British Commerce that would result from even the Russianizing of Turkey in Europe, or the occupation of Constantinople by the Pacha of Egypt. England, deeply interested in the increase of the numbers of the consumers of her manufactured productions. Nothing to show that the Plague is not epidemic instead of contagious. The Crimea—Nations bordering on the Black Sea—Facility of blockading the Dardanelles—Empires extended much beyond the limits prescribed by nature, that is by language, rivers, chains of mountains, &c., must split and fall to pieces—Examples—Alexander of Macedon—The Roman Empire—Charlemagne—Napoleon—Asia Minor fitter to form a more condensed, therefore, integral and powerful nation, than all the Old Turkish Empire so loosely put together—Advantage to the Sultan, were he to be confined to that magnificent and circular region—Geography, geology, and agriculture—Nations powerful and prosperous, in proportion as the inhabitants are in propinquity, and can act as with one body and one mind, are free and virtuous—Comparative condensation of social staength in Russia, Prussia, England, &c.—No wealth or prosperity lasting, but such as is derived from labour, industry, and Commerce — Voyage from Constantinople to England—Pirate at exit from Dardanelles—Defence—Another sea sot—Nine ships out of ten that are lost owing to the drunkenness of the masters—Anecdotes—Electrical phenomena, sub-marine lightning—Clouds chrystalized into cubes—Phosphorescence of the Sea—Transformation of animal into vegetable identities—Animal rudiments formed by the electric or galvanic action—Sword fish—Porpoises—Pilot fish—

Turtle—Author's method of catching them—Malta—Lazzeretto—Appearance of the Island—Cove of Cork—Mackrel fishing—Improved Method—Author arrives in London—Author's negociation with Generals Saldanha, Mascarenhas, &c., agents for Don Pedro, then about to land in Portugal from the Island of Terceira—Admiral Sartorius—Author's Defensive Instructions for the people—Author turns his attention to steam carriages for common roads, as will be shown more at length in the previous few pages.

THE END.

LONDON:
THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.